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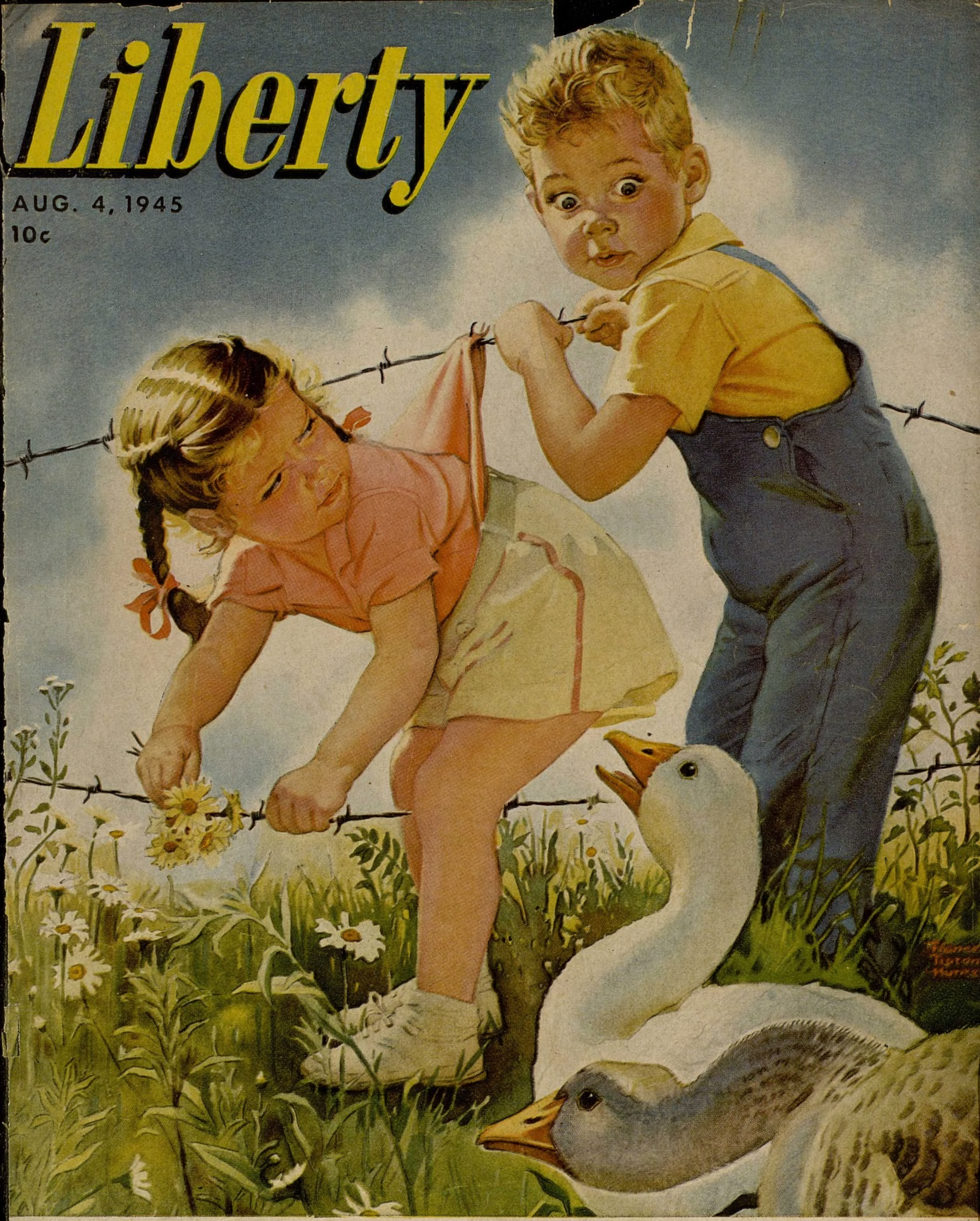

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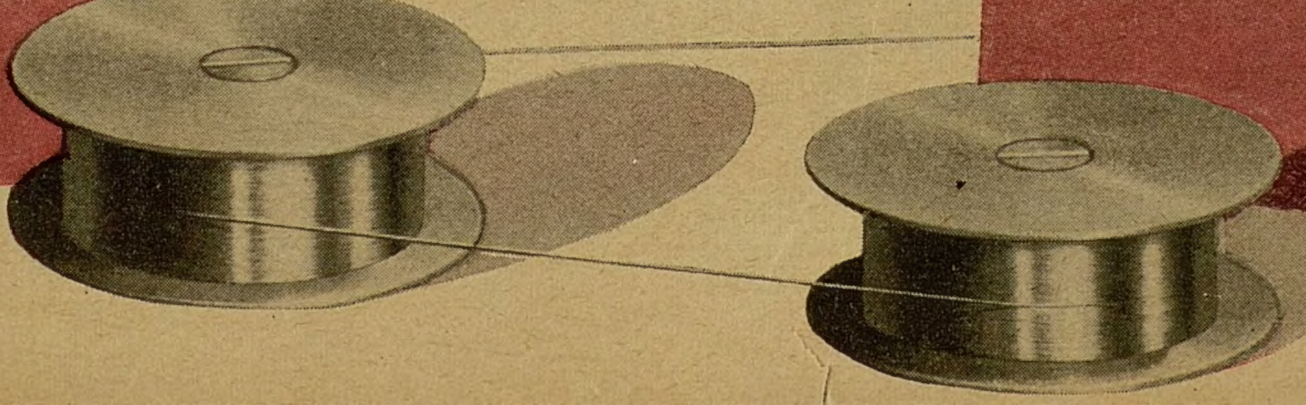

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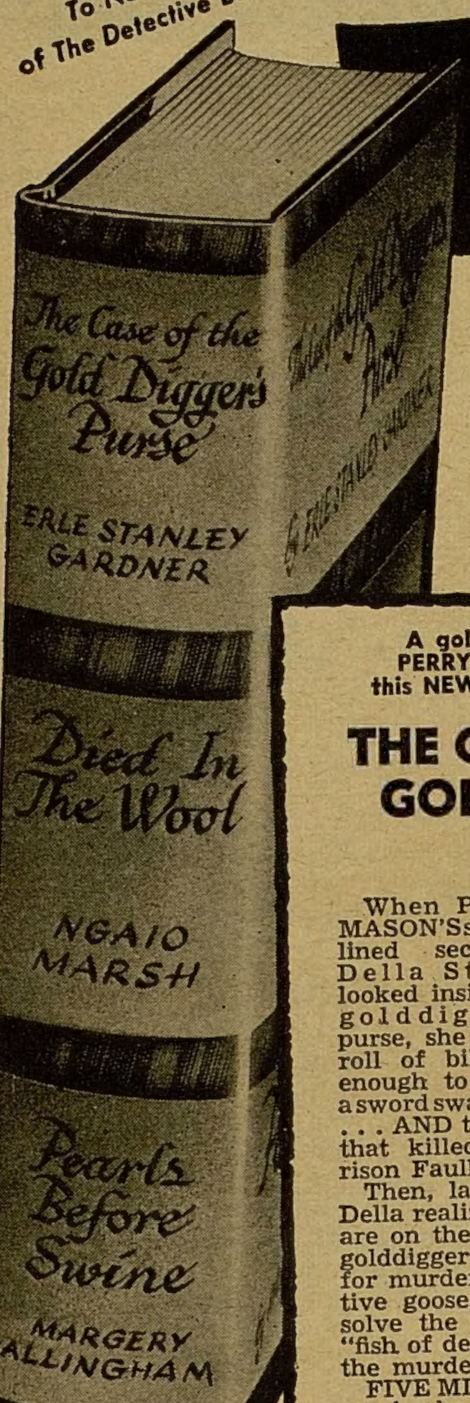

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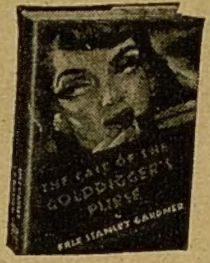

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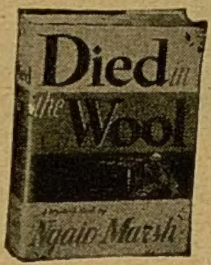

What was left of Florence Rubrick might even have been shipped off to a clothing factory — but the warehouse-foreman noticed **something odd and startling about a bale of wool . . . and found murder!**

The famous Inspector Alleyn must trace a frigid trail. He must discover why the young musician went white when asked if he played Bach's "Art of Fugue" well. How the lock of wool got in the carpet sweeper. What happened when the Dunkirk veteran "blacked out." In fact, WHO even **considered Florence Rubrick "murder-worthy"!**

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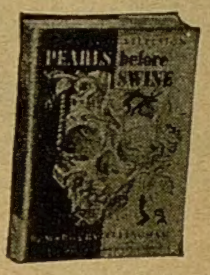

Just one little murder is nothing in a plot like this. But this particular one, and the odd events which follow, seem like fingers of a hand: **each separate in themselves but all a part of the same thing.**

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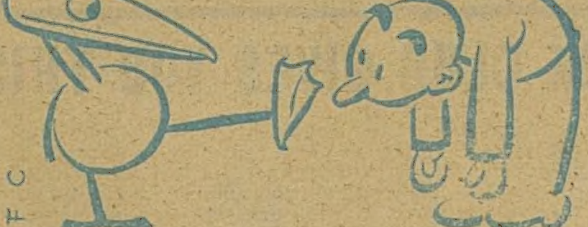
VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

A DROP IN THE BUCKET

San Francisco, Calif.—Russia's mechanical power did not come "mostly from us," as W. J. Keogh states in Vox Pop (July 14) when discussing my article, It's a Different Way of Life (May 26). A look at our lend-lease figures will show that although we supplied considerable equipment, it was a drop in the bucket compared to what Russia had to use. Without minimizing our aid, which the Russians thoroughly appreciated, the truth is that Russian war production in the transplanted factories of the Urals and Siberia did the trick, as Donald M. Nelson and Eric Johnston learned on their visits there. In Russia's biggest drive of the war, the campaign of mid-1944, American correspondents at the front at Vitebsk and Minsk saw *no* American tanks, few American trucks, but lots of American jeeps. We also saw many Airacobra and Havoc planes, and American Douglases make up practically all of Russia's air transportation. Boiled down, our most important aid to Russia was in the form of jeeps, leather boots, and communications equipment. As for the Finnish war, Mr. Keogh forgets that the supposedly impregnable Mannerheim Line was completely smashed by Russian artillery and tanks, and early Russian setbacks in that war were caused by (1) Russian underestimation of the equipment that would be required; (2) delay of the Urals factories in achieving full war production. As for tommy guns and automatic weapons, which replace the rifle in the Russian Army, all are Russian-made.—*Alexander Kendrick.*

SEA GULLS



Frazer, Mont.—Stanley Washburn Jr.'s story, The Blind Flying the Blind (June 23), was an excellent tale. Not only that, but, judging it on its literary merits, the author certainly knows how to construct a well-balanced yarn.

I was well engrossed with the story until I came to the part where the author mentioned that sea gulls have webbed feet. I have never heard nor seen sea gulls with webbed feet. Gulls in this part of Montana do not have them.—*Dick Bluetalk.*

Montana sea gulls may be unique, but the dictionary defines a gull as a long-winged, web-footed, larine swimming bird.—Vox Pop Editor.

REAL COMMON SENSE

Asheville, N. C.—Paul Hunter's editorial, What to Do About Germany (June 2), is real common sense. I only hope this editorial will be read by those who are in authority over the defeated German-Nazi people. More, I hope and pray that it may serve as a pattern for our administration in whatever part of Germany is turned over to us. Already the signs of indulgence are making their appearance. We are being prepared with stories about our obligation to feed and clothe these people who want nothing better than to be taken care of while they go about the business of getting ready for another attack on civilization.

Make them responsible for raising their own food, for rebuilding their own houses, and they won't have time to build another war machine.—*G. O. Shepherd.*

DREAM BOAT

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.—James Burke's article, Pacific Troopship (June 16), was a great source of disappointment to us. From past experiences neither we nor our shipmates can credit the article with too much truth. How one troopship could cause such a hullabaloo is beyond our comprehension.

If this article is true, it is the exception that proves the rule, and we apologize to Mr. Burke and suggest he take a look at any of the many other Pacific troopships.

We are consistent readers of your fine magazine, but we protest such distortion of facts as in Mr. Burke's description of a dream boat!—*M. E. B., ARM 1/C; J. M., ARM 2/C; B. B., ARM 2/C; J. G. B., ARM 3/C.*

TALK IS CHEAP

McComb, Miss.—Last summer I met some Puerto Rican soldiers who seemed very fond of the United States and our way of life. Today I read Wenzell Brown's article, America's Island Hell Hole (June 16), and I began to wonder.

I'm just an ordinary high-school student, but I think I have a right to express my opinion. Luis Muñoz-Marin, the leader of the Popular Party, is a man to be admired; that is, if he is *not* truly Fascist. Isn't there some way for our government to find out and make a definite stand? As long as he has the people behind him, it looks as though friendliness should win the people. But evidently they need more than just kind thoughts.

In this wonderful freedom-loving democracy in which we live, merely talking about those horrible conditions isn't doing one bit of good. How about some action—now?—*Joan Hughey.*

(*Continued on page 8*)

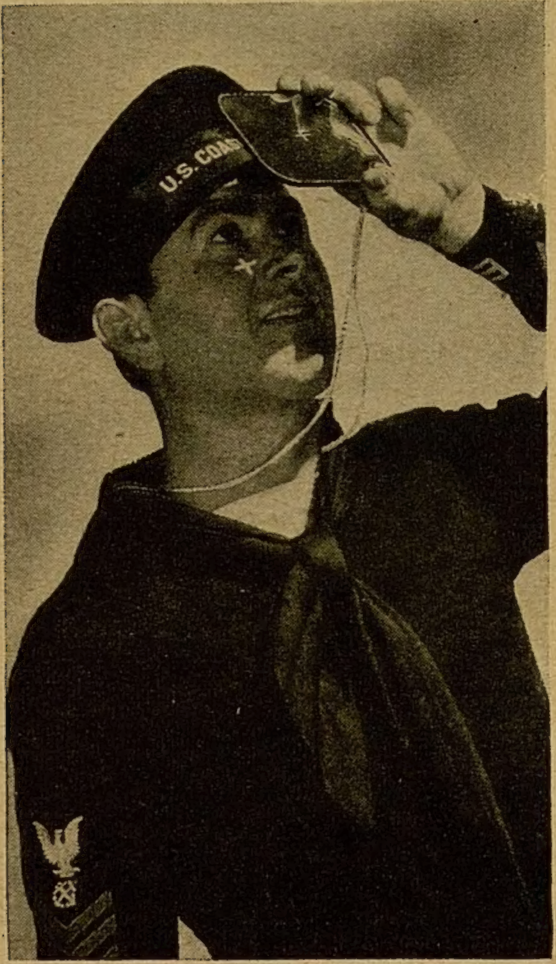
War machines that save lives

In no other war, and in no other country, have greater precautions been taken by military leaders and industry to safeguard the lives of fighting men.

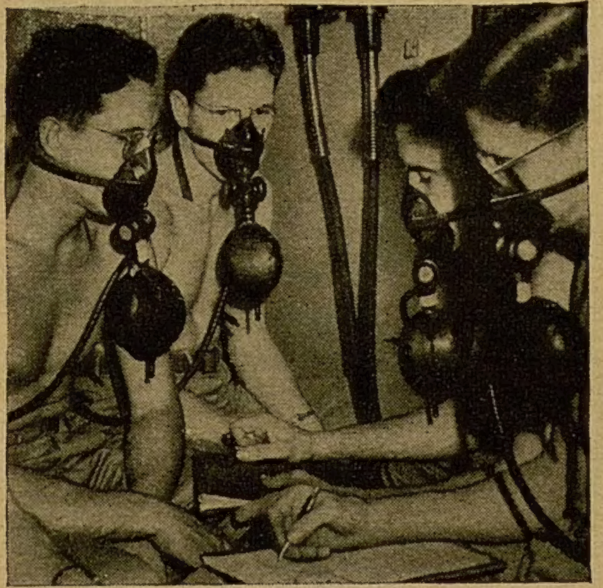
Protection of artificial fog to conceal troop movements . . . Warmth of electric blankets to protect wounded airmen . . . Better chances of rescue for men shipwrecked or shot down at sea . . . these are just some of the things that U. S. commanders asked for to protect American troops.

On this page are a few of these war machines that *save* lives—in which G-E research and engineering played a part. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

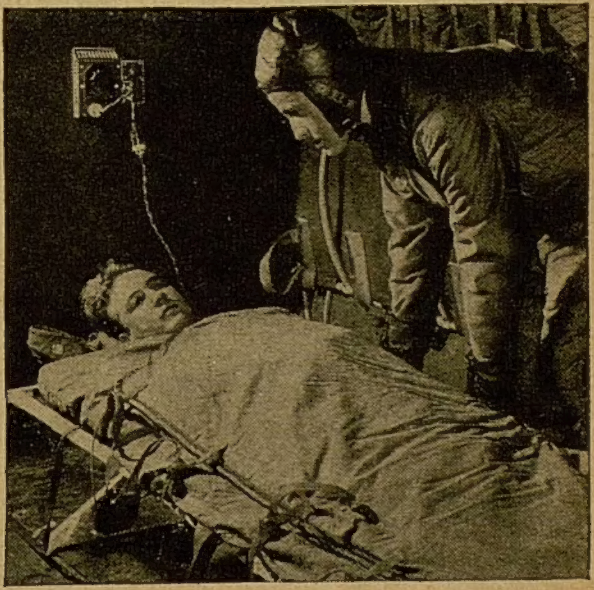
Stealing the enemy's eyes. Our soldiers carry their "fog" with them, mobile smoke generators that blanket whole battle areas in dense white mist. New U. S. smoke machine uses a brand-new principle of smoke generation first worked out in the General Electric Research Laboratory by Dr. Irving Langmuir. These smoke machines have saved many American lives at fighting fronts.



Solar searchlight designed by G. E., in cooperation with the National Bureau of Standards, gives flyers and sailors adrift at sea a way to signal rescuers as far away as ten miles. Most important problem was to find a method of aiming mirror so pilot of plane would catch the reflection of the sun.



Diagnosing flyers' troubles. Photos of subjects in high-altitude test chamber, taken with General Electric x-ray equipment, show the formation of tiny gaseous bubbles in tissues and joints, a condition described as more painful than rheumatism. X-ray studies like this help answer what happens in high-altitude flights.



Blanket saves flyers' lives. In high-altitude bombers, wounded airmen need emergency protection against freezing cold. Now General Electric is supplying the Army Air Forces with electrically heated "casualty blankets" that automatically maintain a protective warmth in temperatures as low as 60 below zero.

★

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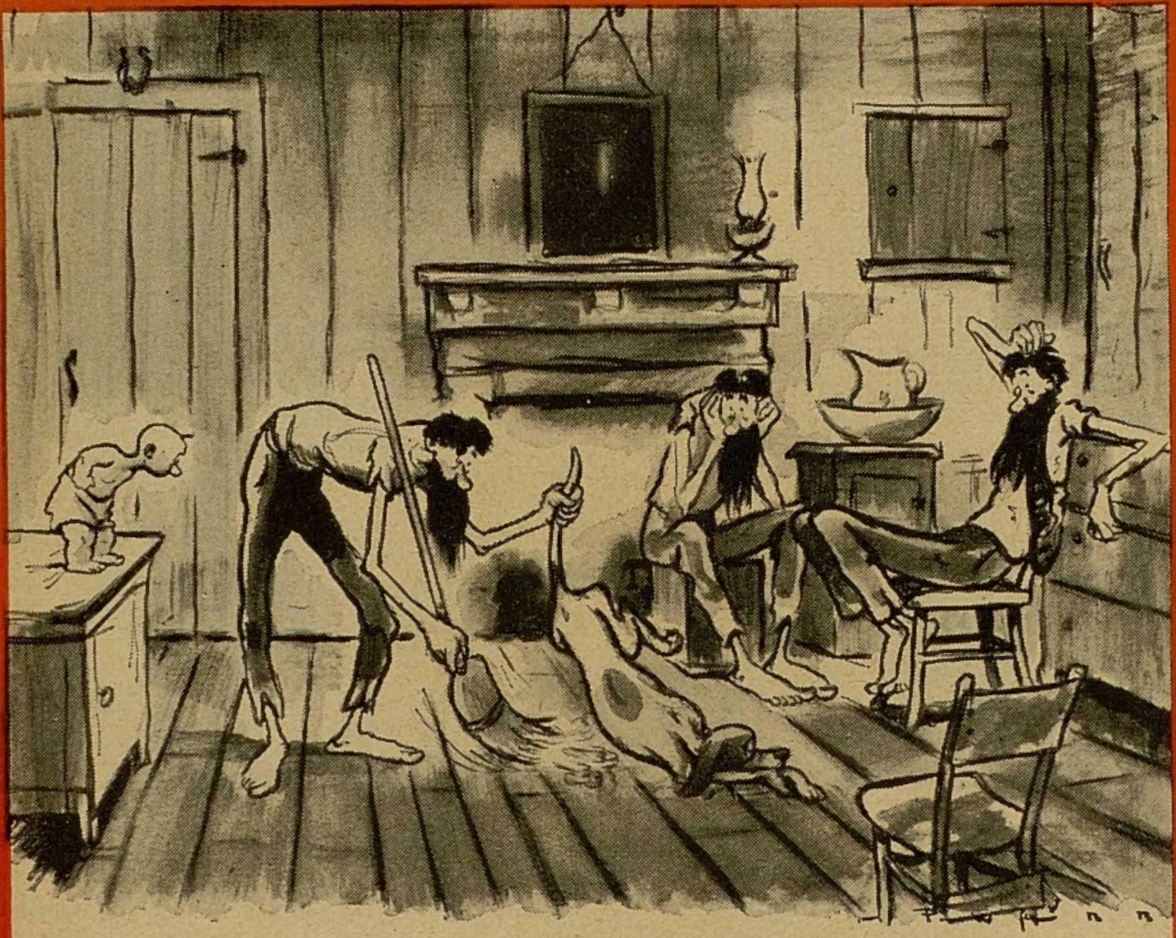

"Cain't hide dirt under Lightnin', Willie . . . he gits up most every day."

FIX DIRTY SPARK PLUGS... THE "PLUG-CHEK" WAY

Cleaning a spark plug often isn't enough. The plugs may be faulty, the wrong type or improperly gapped. Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" inspection service is the quick and accurate way to find what corrections should be made to improve gas mileage up to 12%, according to tests made by the American Automobile Association.

Have your spark plugs inspected the "Plug-Chek" way by your friendly Auto-Lite dealer. But if new plugs are needed, ask for Auto-Lite spark plugs — they're ignition engineered.

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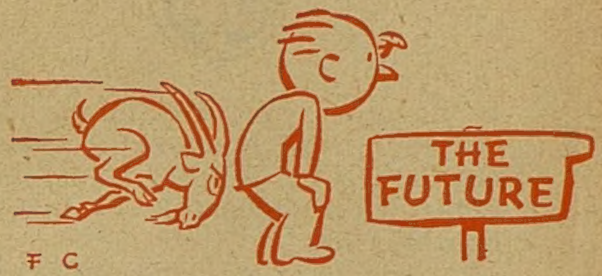
(Continued from page 6)

GIANTS AREN'T NEW

Trenton, N. J.—Amram Scheinfeld, who wrote Are We Growing into Giants? (June 23), evidently did not bother to read up on his subject at all; yet he assumes the tones of an authority speaking for science.

A perfect example of dastardly prejudice is his rejection of the story of Goliath and of a *race* of giants as legends with no factual bases. Since when are the historical records of the Hebrews to be regarded as legend, while those of the Greeks and Romans and Chinese are history? Does not Mr. Scheinfeld know that the skeptics were put to rout some thirty years ago when cities of giants were discovered in the uninhabited Ledja of the Hauran?



Wadlow, contrary to Mr. Scheinfeld's belief, was not the tallest living man.

The Java man and some of his ancestors were thirteen-footers, and for as far back as we have been able to trace prehistoric man, the more ancient the man the greater his stature.

I am an occultist, and in a trance I can project the astral body across time and space into the future. In one projection I saw in Siam, ten or twenty years from now, a group of giants who said they were the last of their race and that the last female had died some years before. They were of the white race. Some of them were over thirteen feet and most were over eleven feet.—*Curtis L. Gibson.*

VETERANS' HOSPITALS

St. Paul, Minn.—It has often been said that the trouble with most psychoneurotic veterans is that they have too much initiative to adjust themselves to military life, too much sympathy to be inured to suffering, and that a P. N. discharge is nothing to be ashamed of.

Yet why is it that these men are treated like common criminals when they return home from service? When you seek aid from a Veterans Administration branch, and you mention "nerves," though your condition may be of a nonviolent nature, you are at once placed in a cell and your mail is censored. Though you have entered the veterans' hospital of your own volition, you're not granted counsel from your doctor or a humane psychiatrist. You're just plain jailed. And if you question this, you're told this is treatment, and you must not try to tell the doctor his business.

The psychoneurotic is being given the most unjust, inhumane treatment of any returned serviceman, and I write this from my own experience. Treatment by all on the home front has been so bad, as far as the psychoneurotic veteran is concerned, that he long ago learned, sick as he is, to keep his troubles to himself, for he knows very well that, violent or nonviolent, his complaints will only wind him up in a cell, with no real physical or occupational therapy treatment, and with no help from a humane psychiatrist. What is going to be done about this terrible injustice, and when?—*Frederick A. Richardson.*

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featuring that Hit
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"My Heart
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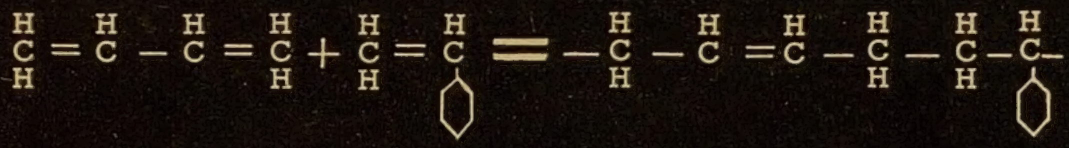

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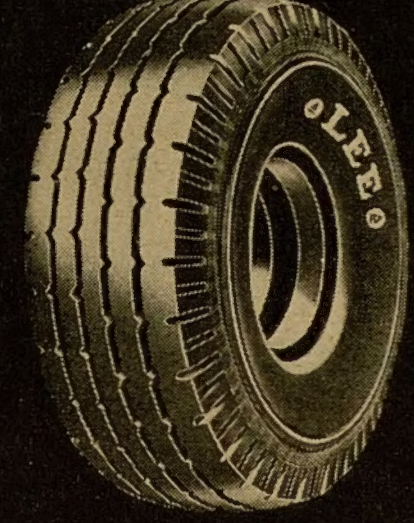

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

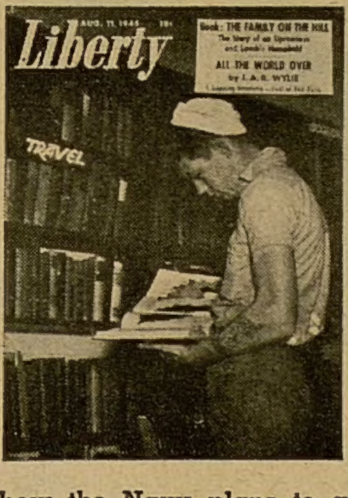
SHEEAN—TRAVELER AND WRITER

EVER since Vincent Sheean left the University of Chicago in 1921 to work on a newspaper, he's been going places and seeing things. On the Paris staff of the Chicago Tribune from 1922-25, he covered Germany, Italy, and Spain. Then, after visits to Persia and China for Asia Magazine and the North American Newspaper Alliance, he started free-lancing and went back to Europe in 1933 to write the successful book, Personal History. Commissioned a captain in the Army in 1942 and attached to Air Intelligence, he took part in the North African invasion, went through the Sicilian campaign and landed at Salerno. Later he was sent to India and China as staff observer with the 20th Bomber Command. Author of this week's short short story, NO PAL FOR THE MAJOR, he's now in this country—an officer of A. U. S. on inactive status.

NEWCOMER IN FLORIDA

AFTER serving as executive assistant to Norman Davis, head of the Red Cross, John Maloney spent three years as an officer in the Navy. Honorably discharged almost a year ago, due to a bad heart, he's now in Florida killing two birds with one stone—taking a prescribed rest and gathering material for a book on Florida as it looks to a newcomer like himself. ANOTHER MAN'S POISON was inspired by a thriving snake-venom laboratory in Silver Springs—the town where Mr. Maloney has set up housekeeping.

NEXT WEEK



IF the United States should enact universal military training, our Navy is ready with a program to create a reservoir of trained specialists. How would this program operate? Where and how would our men be trained? What would be their status? Vice-Admiral Randall Jacobs tells how the Navy plans to go about TRAINING CITIZENS FOR AN EXPANSIBLE NAVY. . . . In THE MASSACRE AT PALAWAN, nine out of 150 Americans in a Jap labor battalion escaped. Hannibal Coons describes what happened in the worst mass atrocity of the Pacific war. . . . I. A. R. Wylie starts a two-part story, ALL THE WORLD OVER—of a girl from the London streets and her reception in the Montana town where she comes to meet her husband's people. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE FAMILY ON THE HILL, by Ambrose Flack, is a delightful novel of an ex-flier and his wife who find life in upstate New York as exciting as on the Burma Road.

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THIS man has followed the advice of his Penn Mutual Underwriter. By means of the Salary Continuance Plan, he has arranged that, in the event of his death, his family can count on a graduated amount of his salary while they are going through the period of readjustment to a different way of life.

A few minutes' conversation with your Penn Mutual Underwriter will determine whether the Salary Continuance Plan is indicated for you. In any case, the Penn Mutual representative can advise you about complete family protection, taking into account your Social Security and the taxes your heirs will have to pay. Why not get expert advice on your particular needs?

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When the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr. gave his name to **OLD TAYLOR** he acted from a distiller's pride and a taster's joy. For though the old Colonel had been the originator of many noble whiskies, none seemed so full of Kentucky sunshine nor so rich in grainy flavor as **OLD TAYLOR**. Thus, even to this day, his name and his fame live in as fine a bourbon as ever caressed your tongue—a whiskey rightly known as The Master's Choice.

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STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY**

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.,
NEW YORK

OFFICIAL A. A. F. PHOTO

The ! on this North American P-51 Mustang's fin is the 2d A. C. G.'s trade-mark. The streak of lightning is a take-off on the C. O.'s name—he's Colonel DeBolt.

ON THE BEAM

What it takes to hunt Nip bombers as a U.S.M.C. night owl . . . Our fighters are tops, says a veteran who has flown four other nations'

BY WAYNE PARRISH

TAKE it from Marine airmen, you have to have plenty of savvy and guts to be a night fighter pilot in the Pacific, but that doesn't mean that you have to be a reckless stunt flier. It's a rough game, but one that requires the greatest possible skill and co-ordination of the senses.

Thanks to Captain John H. Breiel, U. S. M. C., and Staff Sergeant Bill Dvorak, U. S. M. C., we can give you some close-up accounts of night fighters who are on the hunt while others are sleeping.

Night flying in the Pacific has been important ever since the Japs, unable to bomb conventionally in daylight because of our vast air strength, began bombing at night. At Okinawa and the Philippines the Japs were especially active after the sun had gone down.

"If you can't see 'em, you can't hit 'em" may still hold true in baseball, Captain Breiel says, but it doesn't apply in the far more serious contest being waged out Tokyo way.

"Principal job of the night fighters is to locate the Jap sneak raiders in the dark, then hang on their tails until the opportune moment to knock them off. Chances are, if the night fighters do their job well and get half a break, the Nips will never know what hit them. Bear in mind, though, that the Jap is also endeavoring to catch you by surprise. It's an eerie business, and not a pastime for anybody with jitters."

Far from being reckless, the night owl is one of the solidest performers in wartime aviation, on the word of Major William C. Kellum of Los Angeles, skipper of a Marine night fighter squadron which did a job on Okinawa.

"A good night fighter," according to Major Kellum, "is a conservative type of pilot who sticks strictly to business at all times in the air. One lapse, and he might plow into a fellow night rover or might wrap himself around the nearest obstacle.

"Razzle-dazzle is out. You don't get much kick out of fancy formations or stunt flying when there is no audience, and most of the time it's so black up there the boys can't even see themselves."

Sometimes the pilots fly for many hours without spotting a Nip aircraft, but at other times the hunting is good. One squadron in the Philippines commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Peter D. Lambrecht of Tucson, Arizona, compiled a record of twenty-two kills, three probables, six planes destroyed on the ground, and four small surface vessels sunk, all in the period from December 3, 1944, to January 11, 1945. That's no small record for night operations.

Colonel Lambrecht says luck plays a big part in night hunting. The man who logged the biggest flying time in the squadron never saw an enemy airplane. The colonel himself flew forty hours and saw only one Jap. But in one furious fifteen-minute engagement, the squadron blasted eleven Nip planes.

One neat trick, if you can do it, is to spot a Jap squadron and edge into the formation and follow it back to its base without being perceived. When the Japs turn on the landing lights, then it's a field day for sure. One Marine aviator caught six Jap planes by this method.

Night fighters in Marine Corps Aviation are all volunteers. They started as day fighters and changed of their own volition to the night shift.

"Musts" for night fighters include the power of concentration. The average patrol lasts from two to three hours and during that time the pilot sees nothing, hears nothing, and says nothing that doesn't have to do with his mission. Sure, it's lonely, and sometimes there's a tantalizing moon.

But even though there is no room for razzle-dazzle in the air, the night fighters don't hesitate to go to extremes in painting names on their aircraft. These names range from Two O'Clock Jump and Ignatz Ratzky Watzky and Gruntin' Gizmo to Moonlight Cocktails, Wistful Wally, and Melancholy Baby.

Cockpit Fighter Ratings

When Major Richard A. Campbell says America has the best fighter planes in the world, he ought to know what he's talking about. Not only is he tactical planning officer for the Army Air Forces in the India-Burma theater, but as a fighter pilot he's flown U. S. fighters of every type and flown all British types and some Russian, German, and Italian.

And, just to clinch the deal, he's one of the most decorated pilots in the the-

(Continued on page 16)

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Yours *for years!*

...the luxury of a fine pen at a modest price

That is exactly what has been achieved in the new VENUS . . . a distinctive fountain pen that offers you *every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much* . . . including an extra large 14 Karat gold point, *iridium* tipped.

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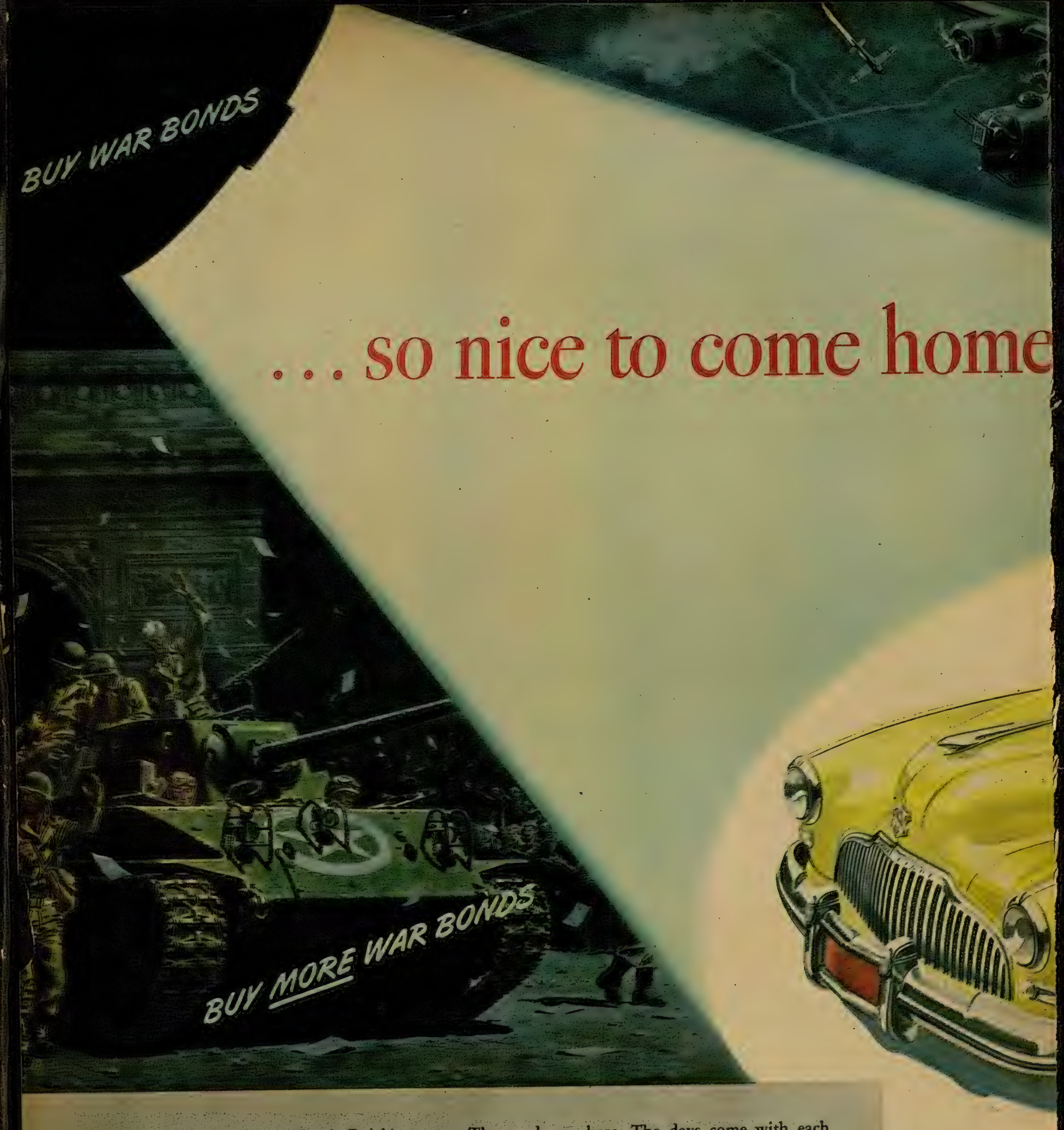

. . . so nice to come home

No, the fighting isn't over. Nor is Buick's war work finished.

But victory in Europe is releasing many fighting men to come home — and permitting the country to turn, at least in part, to the making of things they will find nice to come home to.

To many a fighting man, this will mean such pleasures as an open road, a glorious day—and a bright and lively Buick.

The roads are here. The days come with each rising sun. And the bustle that now enlivens Buick's factories is the make-ready process for getting back into the production of cars.

We aim to make those Buicks all that returning warriors have dreamed about — cars that from go-treadle to stop light will fit the stirring pattern of the lively, exciting, forward-moving new world so many millions have fought for.

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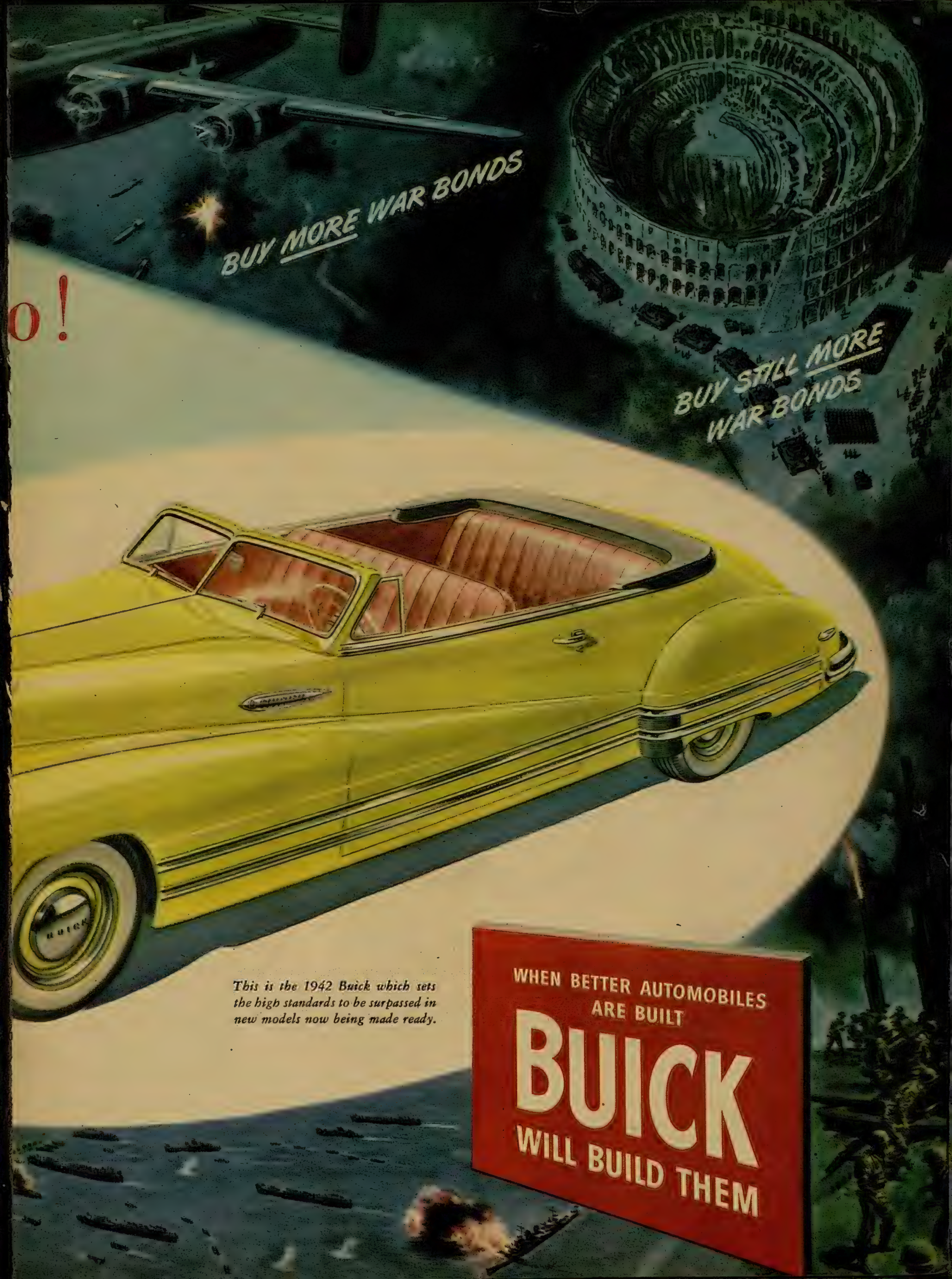
The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over all Buick plants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This is the 1942 Buick which sets the high standards to be surpassed in new models now being made ready.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT

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"Today, I fly an all-metal fighter...

tomorrow, I'll have fun in an all-metal SILVAIRE!"

NOTHING less than the best is good enough for our combat pilots. This explains why nearly every fighter plane is of all-metal construction—it ensures maximum structural strength . . . longer service life . . . and trim streamlining that increases air speed. Soon, you'll be able to enjoy your own all-metal personal plane. So, look first to Luscombe—pioneer builder of all-metal light planes. In a handsome postwar version of the SILVAIRE, Luscombe will offer you a truly fine plane reasonably priced . . . a sturdy, dependable plane that's easy to operate . . . an all-metal beauty surprisingly low in maintenance cost. Mail coupon below for further information.

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Until Victory, we'll continue to make all-metal parts and metal sub-assemblies for United Nations' fighter planes. Then, our vast reservoir of experience gained during years of pioneering all-metal light plane fabrication again will be directed into peacetime channels. The result: stunning new SILVAIRES *that will do much towards making tomorrow the age of flight.*

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(Continued from page 13)

ater, holding the Air Medal with eighteen oak-leaf clusters, the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross with two clusters, the British D. F. C., the Russian Order of Merit, the Asiatic-Pacific theater ribbon with two battle-participation stars, the European-African Middle Eastern theater ribbon with five stars, the American Defense Service Medal, and the American theater ribbon. Known as "Jocko" Campbell, he calls both Natchez and Vidalia "home."

So Major Campbell's appraisal of U. S. fighter aircraft unquestionably ought to carry weight.

He believes the Lockheed P-38 Lightning is the world's best all-purpose fighter aircraft, even though he admits he's prejudiced because he's flown it more than any other type. He likes it because the extra Allison 1,750-horsepower engine gives him a "return ticket" which he's used more than once. The P-38, he says, can drop several 500-pound bombs on a target and still remain a good fighter plane. It can be used as a level bomber, a dive bomber, or a fighter.

The Republic P-47 Thunderbolt, with its Pratt & Whitney 2,000-horsepower engine, is an excellent high-altitude escort, Major Campbell says, but because of its ruggedness it is also a good all-around aircraft. It will take terrific punishment and is hard to put out of commission. Maintenance is easy.

The sleek, fast North American P-51 Mustang, powered with a Packard Merlin engine, is a fine long-range escort, but is used quite widely in the theater for other purposes.

The Northrop P-61 Black Widow, a relative newcomer in this area, was designed for night fighting, but has been doing daytime low-level bombing and strafing because there has been little work for it to do at night.

Major Campbell also has praise for the British types, especially the Spitfire, which he says is the best short-range interceptor.

What would the major like to see in future fighter planes?

Outside of the fighter pilot's natural desire for more speed and power, he'd like to see an improvement in instruments so that they would stand out better under the battering a fighter plane must take. He'd like a semi-automatic pilot to assist in maintaining directional stability in instrument weather.

And, last but not least, the fighter pilots would welcome more comfortable cockpits, he says.

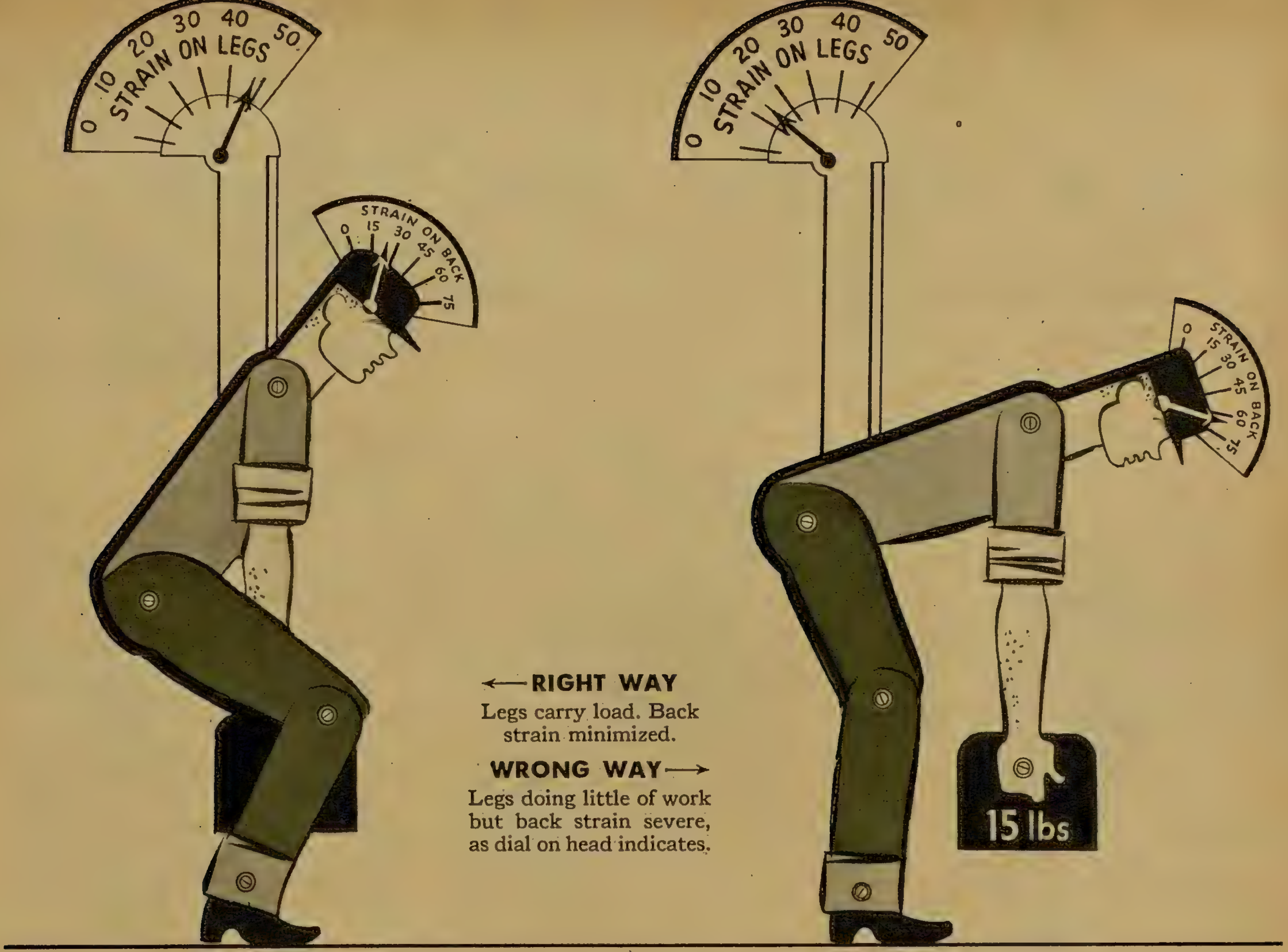
Souvenir for a Liberator

Here's a story that should demonstrate as well as anything that American aircraft and engines are built to "take it."

A Consolidated Vultee B-24 Liberator bomber, powered with Pratt & Whitney engines, was flying over the Indian Ocean recently. Flight Lieutenant V. R. Ensom of Toronto, Canada, and his British crew were bombing a Japanese motor vessel off the Nicobar Islands in the Andaman Sea, south of Burma.

Diving to a height of twenty-five feet to straddle the Jap ship with bombs, the Liberator clipped one of the ship's masts. One of the Liberator's inner engines was badly damaged, and the propeller was feathered to prevent fire. The bomber returned 900 miles over the ocean to a Ceylon airfield, arriving with half an hour's fuel. That's a right smart distance to fly with a disabled aircraft.

Examining the plane, the crew discovered that they had a souvenir. Part of the Jap ship's mast was still stuck in the damaged engine.



←RIGHT WAY
Legs carry load. Back strain minimized.

WRONG WAY→
Legs doing little of work but back strain severe, as dial on head indicates.

The mechanical man gives a lesson in weight-lifting

Protection of industrial workers against injury extends far beyond the elimination of accident hazards, to include safe working practices on every phase of the employee's job.

Bethlehem safety engineers developed this mechanical man to show employees the right way and wrong way of lifting—and why the wrong way can cause serious injuries. After it had been used only a short while at a Bethlehem shipyard, injuries attributable to incorrect ways of lifting fell off materially.

The dummy is equipped with dials that register the actual strain in the back and legs as a 15-pound weight is lifted. When the weight is lifted correctly, the work is done chiefly by the powerful leg muscles, as the dials indicate. But when the dummy bends down from the waist to pick up the 15-pound weight, a strain as great as 60 pounds is registered in the back.

By watching the dials as the weight is lifted an employee can appreciate why, when he himself raises an object by squatting, so that his leg muscles carry the load, he is working in the easy, *safe* way—and avoiding the risk of painful back injuries that can follow wrong methods of lifting.

The weight-lifting man is one of many methods that Bethlehem safety engineers and supervisors are using in their continuing efforts to drive home the safety message. Through group safety meetings, signs, posters, exhibits, special devices, the Bethlehem employee is kept safety-conscious and alert, so that he follows safe working practices almost as a matter of instinct.

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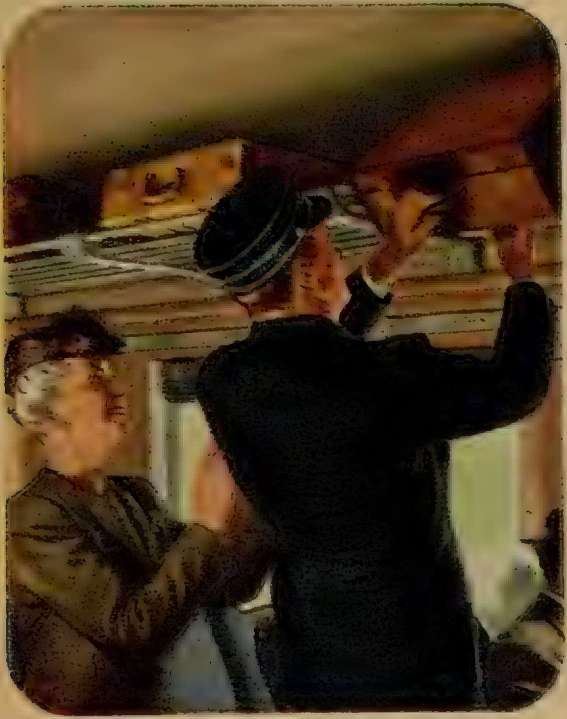
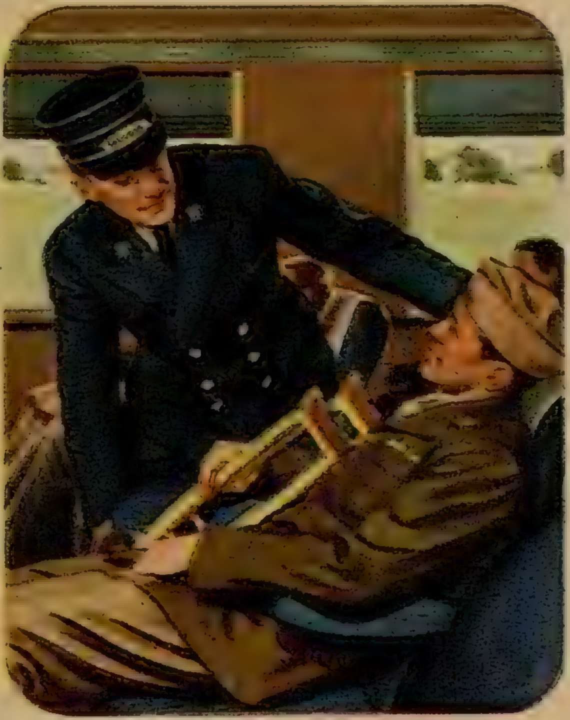
It's all in a day's work!

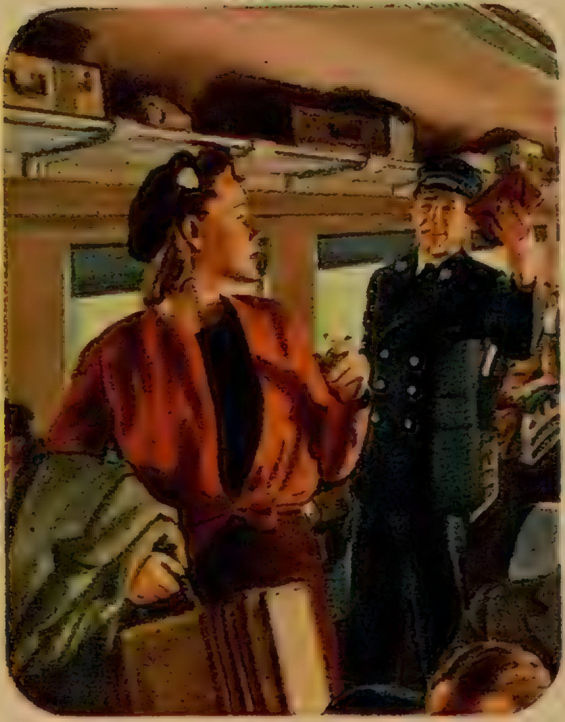
. . . WITH A PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TRAINMAN



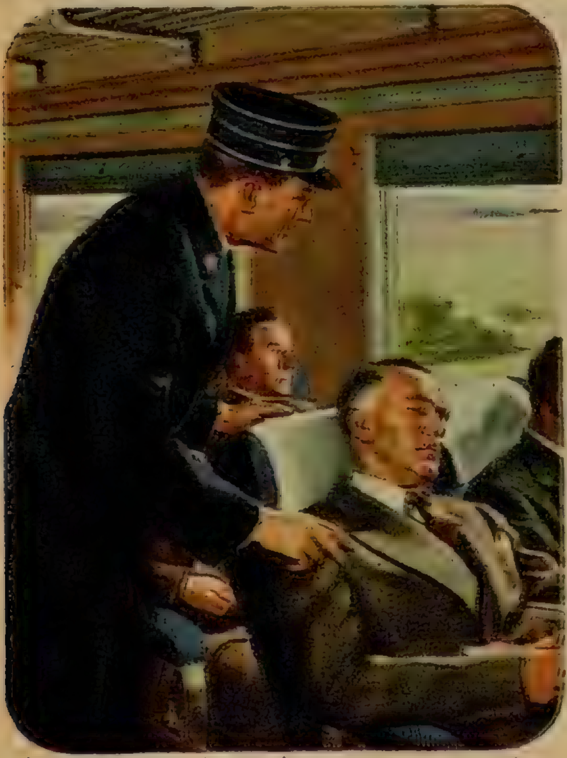
"Let me take that, madam." Half the pleasure in any job is in helping others. That's a little thought the Pennsylvania Railroad always seeks to develop among all employees.



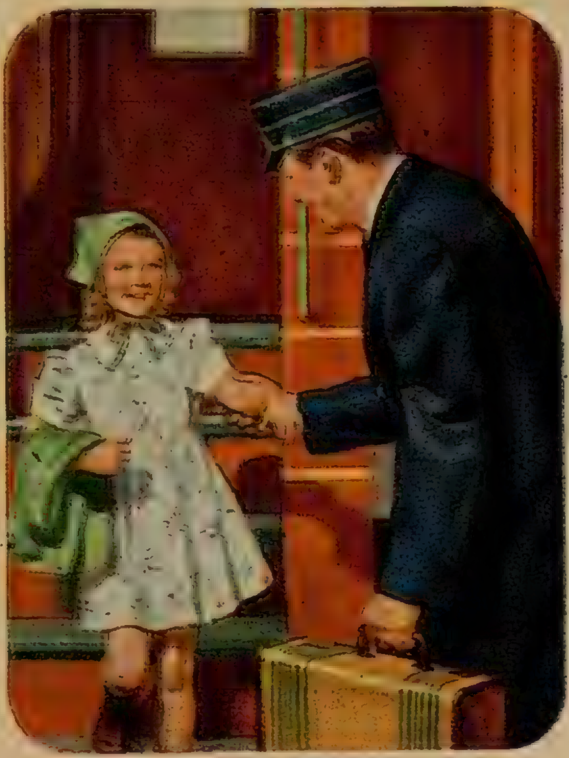
"Just let me adjust that seat!" It's the little things that count. Making just that extra effort to make passengers a bit more comfortable—that spirit everyone appreciates.



"Forgot your purse, miss." Making these discoveries before rather than after, saves passengers embarrassment. That is another reason why alertness is encouraged.



"Your stop next, sir." Looking after the welfare of passengers is almost like being father to a big family. But if it has responsibility, it has its satisfaction, too.



"That's it! Just step down." Not only a safe journey for one and all—but a pleasant journey also. Through alert, friendly personal service Pennsylvania Railroad trainmen help make this possible.

More than 4 times as many people are traveling by train as in 1939. So a trainman has his hands full! Nonetheless every Pennsylvania Railroad employee—in whatever job—is trying to do his or her best to serve both travelers and shippers—with that spirit of "tireless friendliness" which we seek to encourage among all employees at all times.

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Serving the Nation

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

★ 53,091 entered the Armed Forces ☆ 871 have given their lives for their Country

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

PHOTO © HARRIS & EWING

Clint Anderson is the man who's going to stock your pantry. Since he believes in surpluses, maybe you'll get more.

America's New Food Czar

BY JACK H. POLLOCK

Clint Anderson, new Secretary of Agriculture, has probably the biggest feeding problem of all time on his hands. Here's the man and the policies he'll likely use to get the job done

WHEN President Truman appointed Representative Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico to succeed both Claude R. Wickard as Secretary of Agriculture and Marvin Jones as War Food Administrator, he did more than abolish a division of authority and an overlapping of function. He made Anderson a wartime food czar whose policies will reach into every American pantry. You probably will want to know more about Anderson. Here he is.

Whatever other policies he may adopt, Anderson will have no truck with the hazardous business of willful scarcity. Surpluses don't scare him a bit. He calls abundant production the greatest weapon in the war against black markets, and says, "Let's worry about surplus food production when and if it occurs. First get the food. We should produce food as we did planes. It's better to have surpluses than bare shelves."

He intends to "put the Department of Agriculture together again" and stop feuding among Washington officials. Those whose fear of surpluses has kept down production will walk the plank. Also, the Army must now prove its needs or buy less.

One of his toughest tasks is to restore farmers' confidence in Uncle Sam's mercurial food policies—such as the three switches in the hog program within thirty five days this spring.

To offset the farmers' traditional fear of low prices, he hopes to work out a plan with the Army and foreign food supplicants that would guarantee farmers' profits.

Death on black markets, Anderson thinks the courts have coddled the creatures who operate them. Instead of the average penalty—a fifteen-dollar fine—he recommends fifteen years. "If Americans must eat in restaurants to get meat," he insists, "then this is a rich man's war."

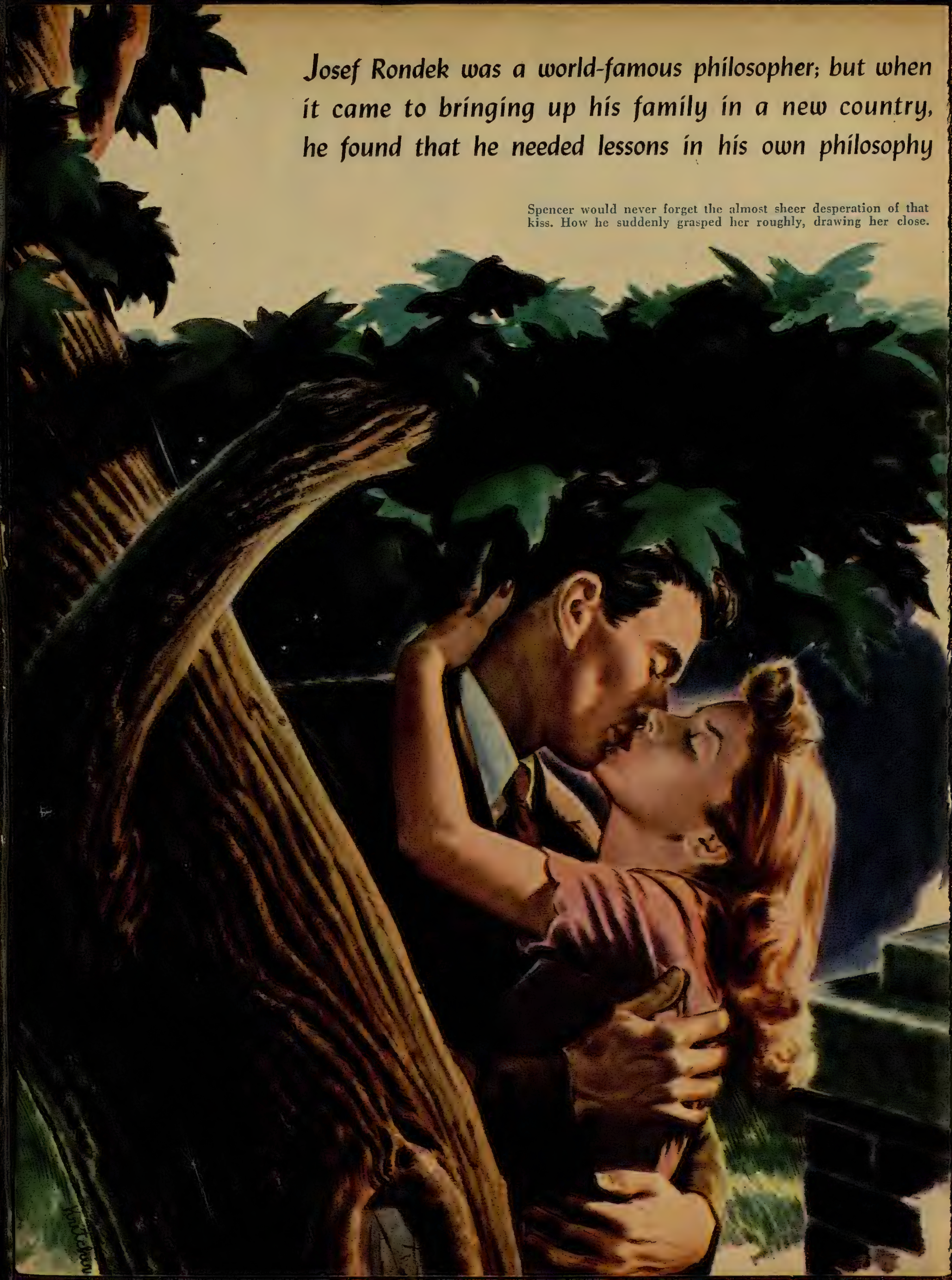
And the man now responsible for feeding 130,000,000 Americans isn't faring any better than the rest of us. One recent Sunday the Andersons sat down to dinner with their soldier son, Corporal Sherburne Anderson, twenty, home on furlough, and their daughter Nancy, fifteen, a student at Mount Vernon Seminary. Unable to find either meat or ceiling-price poultry in Washington all week, they dined resignedly on hash and poached eggs like many another American family.

Although Clint Anderson was little known to the average American, he came to his double-barreled job pretty well recommended. In his four and one half years in the lower chamber, Congressional colleagues had come to know him as a patient, affable liberal who thumped for a federal soldier ballot and honest campaign expenditures. Fellow Democrats liked him because he was a loyal party man throughout every lean inch of his six feet three. And Republicans respected him as a successful business man who knew what it meant to meet a payroll.

As a congressman, too, he had kept a sharp eye on the welfare of his state's agriculture. He promoted a federal campaign against the grasshopper hordes that threatened its 1943 crops. When sugar-beet growers yelled recently for more prisoner-of-war laborers, he walked out on a committee meeting to telephone the War Department. When he hung up, the workers were on their way.

(Continued on page 74)

Josef Rondek was a world-famous philosopher; but when it came to bringing up his family in a new country, he found that he needed lessons in his own philosophy



Spencer would never forget the almost sheer desperation of that kiss. How he suddenly grasped her roughly, drawing her close.

A MAN'S FIRST DEBT

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

JIM SPENCER dropped his hand on the boy's knee and smiled. "Tony, that paper route you wanted is all set, starting Monday."

Uncontrolled eagerness and pleasure mounted so ecstatically in Anton Rondek's dark brown eyes that Spencer wanted to laugh. But he tempered his desire and leaned back in his swivel chair to look very solemnly at the boy.

"Normally, Tony, it isn't part of my job as editor to take aside every new carrier boy and preach about his responsibility. The circulation department does that. But I guess this is the exception, Tony; because—well, for a lot of reasons."

The boy nodded quickly in that intent aware manner that Spencer liked so much.

"It may not seem a big thing to you," Spencer continued, "just chucking a hundred newspapers on a hundred porches every afternoon, but to the people on your route the Chronicle is an important thing. And they want it pretty much the same time every day. Sure—there may be times when you'll figure they can live without it, but the point is they get along better *with* it."

Spencer pointed a finger at the boy and sighted along it. "That's where you come in, Tony. There'll be days when you'd rather play baseball with the gang, or any of a dozen other things, instead of taking care of your route. But once you start delivering the Chronicle, you take on a man-sized responsibility, and I don't want you ever to forget it. O.K.?"

"O.K.!" the boy echoed firmly.

Spencer suddenly lifted his head reflectively. "Tony—something just occurred to me. What about your grandfather? Have you discussed this with him?"

The sparkle in the boy's eyes flickered out for the briefest part of a second.

"No," Tony said. "I don't think he will like it, so I decided not to tell him until it was all set. I know he'll tell me it'll interfere too much with my music."

"Maybe we should have talked this over first," Spencer murmured, more to himself than the boy, "with your grandfather."

Tony Rondek's mouth formed an unusually firm line for a twelve-year-old. "It would make no difference," he said. "It is something I want to do more than anything else I know."

Spencer knew there was no mistaking his determination, because even this small show of emotion had caused Tony to slip into more heavily flavored Czech accents.

"And what about your mother?"

"I know she will agree with me." Tony smiled brightly. "You like my mother, don't you?"

It was a simple observation rather than a question. Spencer looked at the boy. *"You like my mother, don't you?"* What unmatched understatement, he thought. He had only known Marie Rondek three months, but he already knew what his reply to the boy should be.

Three months. . . . It seemed just like yesterday that Josef Rondek, the famed Czechoslovakian composer and philosopher, had come to Eddington with his daughter-in-law and grandson. Spencer himself had written an editorial on how much richer Eddington was to have them as new inhabitants.

Two weeks after writing that editorial Jim Spencer discovered for himself just how much richer Eddington was when he walked into the public library and found Marie Rondek working at the check-out desk. All Spencer could do was stare into the bluest eyes he'd ever seen and watch fascinatedly as a slow smile curved gently at her mouth. . . .

That was the beginning—a tiny, breathtaking jolt that became a series of jolts every time he was with her, until finally one night he took her in his arms.

Spencer would never forget the almost sheer desperation of that kiss. How he suddenly grasped her roughly, drawing her close. . . . How his mouth crushed down on hers, hard and determinedly, and how for a fraction of a second he thought she would push him away, until she relaxed and he felt the yielding, answering pressure of her lips. . . .

Now Spencer nodded smilingly at the boy sitting there in front of him, and he said, "Yes, Tony—I'm very fond of your mother."

WAITING for Marie Rondek on the wide stone steps in front of the library, Spencer filled his pipe slowly, a little clumsily in fact. When he cupped the lighted match to the pipe bowl, he held it there so long he singed his fingertips. He blew out the flame quickly and rolled the charred match thoughtfully between his fingers before flipping it away.

O.K., Spencer, he chided himself. You're a grown man of thirty-eight, a confident feet-on-the-ground sort of person who knew all the answers. How many more times do you have to call for her? How many more drives into the country? How many more movies and concerts? You've been sure a long time now, and you've got a pretty good idea that *she's* sure. It's time, Spencer. It's more than time, even though it's only been three months altogether. O.K., then, you'll tell her—tonight.

A moment later Marie Rondek came out with several books under her arm.

"You've got some pretty ponderous things here," he said, taking them from her. "Who're they for?"

"One for Anton and four for his grandfather. The usual proportion," she laughed.

They walked along slowly. It was an ideal spring night, and a soft scented breeze stirred the branches overhead. The moon filtered through an occasional break in the trees and raised sequinlike high lights in her golden hair.

"There used to be nights like this in Prague," she murmured.

He looked at her. "You've never told me if you miss Czechoslovakia," he said.

She shook her head. "Strangely enough, I miss nothing. Is that hard for you to understand?"

"Knowing what you left behind, it isn't."

She was silent for a moment. "It is a little different for Papa Rondek. Most of his life is behind him."

"And Tony?"

"Oh, he's thrilled to be here." She smiled. "Tony is so eager, so impatient for new things to happen. He is like his father in that respect."

Spencer suddenly realized it was the first time she had ever mentioned her husband to him. "What was he like—Tony's father?" he asked abruptly.

"I never really knew," she said slowly. There was a note of honest reflection in her voice. "I was only eighteen when I married Peter Rondek. I found out later that, although he was a really fine person, I had been in love with love. We were married only six months when Peter got pneumonia. There were no sulfa drugs then. After Tony came, we went to live with Peter's father."

"Speaking of Tony," Spencer said, "he was up today to see me about that paper route he and I discussed some time ago. It's all set. He hinted it would be all right with you, but what about his grandfather? I have a hunch—"

She interrupted quickly: "Yes, your hunch is right." She was silent for a moment. "Tony didn't mention it to him at all, and he will be very angry." She shrugged. "I should have seen to it that Papa Rondek was consulted, but somehow I avoided it." She looked up at him. "But I knew that if it weren't the paper route it would only be something else."

"It's a question of Tony's music, isn't it?"

She nodded. "You must try to understand Papa Rondek's viewpoint even if you do not agree with him. You know, of course," she continued, "that Josef Rondek was one of Czechoslovakia's great men of music, as well as philosophy. His son, Peter, already was a fine conductor when he died. And as far as Josef Rondek is concerned, it is only natural—part of a destiny—for Anton, his grandson, to continue the line. He is fiercely insistent that Tony become a great pianist. To be even remotely otherwise is unthinkable. And that," she concluded, "is a tragedy."

HE knew what she meant. "Tony doesn't take it seriously?"

She moved one hand expressively. "He wants to play the piano well, but only for his own sake—not as a career, with its intensive study and practice three or four hours a day, and more, as his grandfather prescribes." She smiled wistfully. "Tony has found too many things in America that interest him, and he wants to find time for as many as possible."

"And who is to be the judge of whether he is right?"

She shook her head. "I don't know," she said hesitantly. "I *should* know, but I don't. There are so many things involved."

"When is Tony going to tell him?"

"Tomorrow, I guess, when Papa Rondek gets back from New York."

"New York?"

"Yes. He had to go yesterday; something about his new book on philosophy."

(Continued on page 66)

PHOTOS BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

Dr. Gallup's carefully chosen jury audiences view unreleased pictures and register their feeling for each scene on a special meter.

Which Picture for Tonight?

BY GRETTA PALMER

SAUNTERING down Main Street, you pause at four or five moving-picture houses to see what's playing tonight. In nearly every case you're familiar with the star's name. In some but not in all cases, you've heard of the picture. Finally you buy a ticket and walk in to see a show. To you, it seems a whim that made you choose the Little Gem, with Gary Cooper; the Rialto, with Greer Garson; or the Hollywood, with Deanna Durbin.

But the moving-picture business was not built into one of America's major industries by whim. You had reasons for choosing the picture that you did. You don't know what they are, but the producer who handles Gary Cooper knows. He bought that story with just such a customer as you in mind. The exhibitor, who paid a fancy price to rent the picture this week, knew you'd be along. And one man—the man who told you how you'd vote last year, and in 1936 and 1940—may have sensed your interest in that picture months before it was bought or made.

You may not know why you go to see a particular picture, but the men who made it do. The movie moguls hired Dr. Gallup to find out these facts about you, your likes and dislikes

George Gallup, the poll-taker, has been investigating moving-picture tastes for the past few years, and has amassed a remarkably complete picture of the audiences that support Hollywood. Gallup's Audience Research, Inc., of Princeton, New Jersey, acts as a consultant on public trends for such firms as RKO, Walt Disney Productions, David Selznick, and Columbia Pictures, as well as for radio and television programmers. Using much the same technique as for the election polls, Dr. Gallup's agents find out in advance what kind of picture you want to see, what star you prefer, what title will attract you most.

Odd bits of advice issue from the A. R. I. offices, where statistical experts apply their formulas. A few months ago, at A. R. I.'s suggestion, the title Farewell, My Lovely was scrapped after the picture had been released, an about-face unheard of in Hollywood. The Gallup quizzers discovered that "whodunit" fans were going to miss the picture if its theme wasn't made clear to them. The film played as Murder, My Sweet, to set them straight.

You may say that you don't pick a picture by the title alone; the A. R. I. knows this. It knows, in fact, that you often choose a picture by star, disregarding such matters as story, historical setting, good or bad reviews, word-of-mouth publicity. Also, that you prefer stars of your own sex, in the great majority of cases. Frank Sinatra, with his whooping female following, is one of the exceptions.

Your preferences in actors and actresses are of a piece with your circumstances, income, and attitude toward life. "Give us a list of your ten favorite moving-picture stars," say A. R. I. statisticians, "and we'll tell you your age, sex, income group, taste in clothes, books, degree of sophistication, what size town you live in, and how you feel about the opposite sex."

Nonsense, did you say? A few years ago a leading executive thought so too; he sent A. R. I. the actor choices of half a dozen members of his staff. The results were staggeringly accurate—the Gallup pollsters even clocked his secretary's color preference in clothes!

All the information collected by the learned men in Princeton was obtained from an intensive study of you, the audience. Poll-takers have asked high-school girls in hundreds of neighborhoods to name their favorite stars, have waited outside Broadway theaters to get the reactions of first-run audiences. They've visited slums and suburbs and small towns to find out who goes to the movies and what he wants to see and whom he wants to play the leading role. They've queried about 850,000 fans so far, and some of their discoveries have surprised everyone.

DO you believe that women are the mainstay of the theaters? The producers did; four fifths of their prewar fan mail came from women. But A. R. I. showed them how wrong they were: Out of 100 moviegoers in normal times, fifty-one are men. Even as late as 1943, attendance was fifty-fifty. Today, with so many men abroad, the old ratio has been reversed.

Even today many successful pictures would fail if they had to depend on the women for half their audiences. All the Andy Hardy pictures drew a public predominantly male. A film like The Return of Frank James is seen by seven men to three women. Warner's Destination Tokyo, like Walter Wanger's Gung Ho! played to audiences 60 per cent male—and made money, too.

Many people thought that Clark Gable, before he left for the war, was supported by swooning sorority sisters. He wasn't. His following was composed of men who liked to imagine themselves living through the scenes as he played them. Other male stars who owe their success to men in the audience are Wallace Beery, Bing Crosby, Humphrey Bogart, Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper, Abbott and Costello.

Burgess Meredith, like William Powell, is approved by both sexes. That's one reason why he has been starred in The Story of G. I. Joe, the picture on which A. R. I. has shot the works. This is the story about Ernie Pyle, which the late newspaperman helped Hollywood produce. If it's a thumping success, then the Gallup methods will have scored a major triumph.

Lester Cowan, its producer, is a booster for sampling techniques; even before he bought the script, he asked A. R. I. to find out how the public liked the idea of a picture based on Ernie's dispatches from the front. He consulted the pollsters before every later move.

The Gallup questioners first went out and asked America: "Do you want to see an Ernie Pyle picture?" Normally, they'd expect an indifferent response to a question about any war picture—especially among women. But Ernie Pyle's name made a difference. Men, and women too, said they'd surely like to see a movie based on his experiences.

So Cowan decided to go ahead. But he had qualms about the casting: Ernie Pyle had won so much affection that the public might resent an actor who lacked the same warm homespun quality. Would Burgess Meredith be acceptable? A. R. I. was asked to find out.

The results of the second poll were even more encouraging. When a war picture is being sampled, with cast, only about 40 per cent usually say they'd like to see it, no matter how popular the star. But 78 per cent of the public wanted to see Meredith play Ernie Pyle. And, to everyone's surprise, the women were as interested as the men.

Then came the question of title. Would the public like Pyle's name mentioned? Ernie himself preferred not. Half a dozen titles were chosen; the public was asked to act again as referee. The Story of G. I. Joe won, hands down.

And then, when the shooting was nearly finished, Ernie Pyle was killed. Would this change the public's mind about seeing The Story of G. I. Joe? Opinions differed; usually posthumous pictures have failed. Yet films starring Rudolph Valentino grossed a million dollars more after his death than they ever had before. The newsreels did the biggest business in their history when they showed President Roosevelt's funeral. Another poll indicated that Ernie's death only whetted the public's desire to see his picture.

MEANWHILE the picture is about to be released, and that involved more work for A. R. I., which sometimes advises clients on the best time to "break" a completed picture. There is a moment when the advance publicity hits its peak and when a film should attract maximum audiences.

Late this spring, only 15 per cent of the potential audience had heard about The Story of G. I. Joe. The Gallup organization advised that the picture be held back until at least 35 per cent of the public knew that it was on the way. Meanwhile A. R. I. investigated how the company ought to advertise it. This they determined by testing audience reaction to individual scenes, jokes, and dialogue.

For this final stage they use what they

(*Continued on page 70*)

Gallup's film pollsters move around just as they do before election. But, instead of talking politics, they ask you about your favorite star and make note of your moviegoing habits.

Amazingly often, charity begins and ends with the guy who takes your donation. Next time, better ask someone who knows:

Is It Religion or Racket?

BY FRANK W. BROCK

DROP a nickel on the drum and you'll be gypped, most likely. Unless, of course, you first made sure who was holding the drum. Swindlers who fatten on religion and charity operate on a nation-wide scale, and some of them are most unwholesome characters. Indirectly, they rob the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and scores of other honest organizations of desperately needed revenue. Directly, they take what was originally a decent impulse and make it aid and abet a crime that *does* pay. And in all cases they profane the name of religion.

Such skulduggery makes capital of that foundation stone of democracy, freedom of worship. Because Americans tolerate no restrictions of this liberty, it's easy to establish what passes for a religious organization, with all its privileges. The State of New York, for example, will charter your religious venture for twelve dollars, and no questions asked. You may then designate yourself bishop, archbishop, or whatever, and ordain as many reverends, Fathers, Sisters, or deacons as you please. You may, moreover, solicit funds in the name of the Lord.

Almost every city in the country has its share of these religious frauds, many of which make important money. In the past five years, seventeen of these charters, tantamount to licenses to steal, have been revoked in New York State by court order. The New York City Department of Public Welfare alone has fifteen more cases awaiting trial. A typical example was the American Catholic Orthodox Church, Inc., which has no connection with Catholicism, either Roman or Greek Orthodox. For ten years it conducted a so-called "General Community Mission." The district attorney estimated that the "mission" netted at least $50,000 a year, "and perhaps much more." But, as one of the neighbors stated, "they never did anything."

The Samaritan Army, with headquarters in Chicago, is one of several national organizations which do their best to make people believe they are similar to the Salvation Army. However, there are significant differences. "General" Edward Collins, president of the Samaritan Army, will issue credentials and assign territory without investigation to almost any applicant who wants to establish a branch—and split the take. The general's own penitentiary record may suggest why he is not too fussy about investigating his workers. Thomas W. Brophy, the Samaritan Army's vice-president, has served time for burglary, forgery, and rape. The outfit's Milwaukee staff included men who had been booked for assault, for operating a confidence game, and so on, and one of its Chicago personnel was arrested for molesting a six-year-old girl he had enticed into the "mission." "I will start my Heaven," the Samaritan

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PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL

Surrounded by detectives and newsmen, the unfrocked "Fathers" of the American Catholic Orthodox Church cover up at the bar.

Hero by Design

BY ART COHN

Mike Janic went to war determined to be a hero. Being in the Marines, he was bound to get his chance, and when it came, he did it up brown

Marine Cpl. Mike Janic, ex-pug, received the Navy Cross for his heroism on Guam.

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR ED:

Y'know, this would be a pretty good business if it weren't for the editors. That's like saying New Guinea would be a nice place if it weren't for the malaria. The only difference is you can't get rid of editors by taking atabrine.

I buttonholed a couple of editors the other day and started to tell them about the fine piece there was in Kayo Janic, a vagabond who became one of the Marine Corps' heroes on Guam. "Yeah," they said before I was hardly under way, "but that kind of stuff's as common as corn on the cob."

Now their aversion to corn on the cob is all right with me. I'm allergic to cabbage myself. But I think they're wrong about the Janic story, and I'd like to take a little time out right now and tell it all the way through to convince them. It's the least I can do for a little guy who took time out to convince a lot of Japs they had lived long enough.

Janic is thirty-two years old. He stands five feet four, and wears a 17½ collar. On the day he slogged through a Japanese hell with two wounded comrades slung across his shoulders, one free hand blazing death with his tommy gun, dengue fever had withered his body to 120 pounds and boiled his temperature to 103½.

Kayo just about broke every rule in the book to get into the Marines, but he has always been as allergic to laws as some men are to corn on the cob.

I remember when he was a fight manager of sorts. He was broke and decided to sell his current white hope, a pug called Jimmy Duffy II, who had had a grand total of one fight. Kayo, who does nothing commonplace, announced a Thanksgiving raffle of a twenty-pound turkey and the 180-pound Duffy and sold 922 tickets at a buck a throw.

The day following the drawing, Duffy was inducted in the Army, and when the holder of the winning number, an Oakland, California, barkeep named Vic Long, complained that he hadn't even seen his fighter, Janic sent him a picture of Jimmy, autographed. Long threatened to sue, but Kayo settled out of court by returning Vic his buck.

I remember another day, in the spring of 1941. Lord Halifax, the British ambassador, was paying an official visit to Henry Kaiser's shipyard in Richmond, California.

"What has been done here in the past six months," he said, in an address to the men, "is as near a miracle as any other human thing I have ever seen."

The workers stood in impressive silence.

"We'll be able, with your help, to give Hitler back as good and better than he's giving us."

Hundreds of men in tin hats moved restlessly.

"It's no secret," the diplomat continued gravely, "that our ship losses in the last few months have been very heavy. Shipbuilding in the United States, and our own shipbuilding, is *not* enough to keep pace with the losses. . . ."

There was a pause as Lord Halifax marshaled his thoughts. Suddenly from up front came a barking battle cry that expressed all the pent-up emotions of the scarred, belligerent face beneath the tin hat. It was a snarling command.

Lord Halifax was about to resume when the cry interrupted him:

"Ya heard da guy, men! Let's get dem ships out!"

Kayo Janic, boilermaker, had spoken, ungrammatical as always.

He speaks a form of English out of the southwest corner of his mouth, and to him tense is what you sleep in. He quit school at the age of twelve and never went back, but somewhere along the line he read, digested, and memorized hundreds of passages from Socrates, Plato, and Emerson.

He was the greatest alley fighter in America, invincible in a barroom; I have seen him knock out loogans a hundred pounds heavier than himself with a single punch.

"So I walks up to da big lop and dumps him like dis," he illustrated one day after a particularly brilliant and equally brief battle. "Jes like dat Archimedes bum said, gimme a fulcrum big enough and I'll move da worl'."

This is the little man who, late in the afternoon of July 27, 1944, seeing two of his buddies pinned down by Jap fire on Guam, both wounded and helpless, asked his commanding officer for permission to bring them in.

"You'll get killed," the officer cautioned.

"Dat's my privilege," was Janic's answer.

To understand why he did what he did we must go back a few years to a hovel in Shantytown, a wretched settlement across the tracks from Wall, Pennsylvania. Back to a day when a railroad "bull," in a sodden rage, tried to kill his three-year-old son. He shattered a chair over the baby's head. Then he hurled him off the fire escape. How the infant survived is one of those mysteries of life. Fatalists, however, would say he had to live. He had a job to do. He had an appointment in Guam on a day in July, 1944.

Michael Miles Janic was a sensitive boy. The kids used to laugh at the ugly scars on his head, and the day came when he couldn't stand it any longer. He ran away from home when he was twelve.

Newsboy, dice and pool hustler, carnival fighter, dishwasher, truck driver, hobo, Janic missed no stops on the well-worn trail.

One day he was bumming a ride outside San Lorenzo, California, when a handsome young giant driving a wagon load of garbage for his father's pig farm picked him up. Janic climbed aboard, took a gander at the boy's herculean shoulders, and asked if he had ever done any boxing. The thought had never occurred to the kid.

"Some day you're gonna be da heavyweight champeen of da worl'," Kayo prophesied.

The boy on the garbage wagon dropped

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The major had never been so pleased with a dog as he was with the big boxer he picked up in Luxemburg. But he found out that the Nazis leave their mark on dogs, too

NO PAL FOR THE MAJOR

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

A NICE young man named Steve McGarran, who by dint of hard work and the correct number of years out of West Point had risen to the rank of major in a regular infantry division, was very fond of dogs. During a desolate period in Iceland, another in Northern Ireland, and a busy campaign across France, he often reflected that a certain feeling of solitude and discontent which came upon him in the empty hours was due first of all to the lack of a dog. Consequently he made up his mind to buy one as soon as opportunity offered.

The division had been in pretty constant action for a good many weeks when it was pulled back to a little town in Luxemburg for three days' rest. In the center of the single village street was an inn, which was taken over by the division command and staff. Major McGarran set out from this inn one morning to find Captain Wurzburger, the prisoner-of-war interrogation officer.

"Captain," he said, "would you be willing to take a trip in to Luxemburg with me?"

"O. K., major," said Captain Wurzburger in his very slight Germanic accent, "I'm on. What's the project?"

"It's a kind of foolish idea, I guess," Steve McGarran said. "I want to buy a dog. I don't know how to go about it, but I know I'd better have somebody along who can talk German. Maybe you can help me out."

Captain Wurzburger, a small clever Austrian with twinkling eyes, was already buckling on his pistol belt.

"I'm ready," he said. "I'm sure there are dogs for sale in Luxemburg. We shall try first the newspapers. There should be advertisements of dogs."

THEY got into the jeep which had trailed Major McGarran down the village street. The driver, a buck private named Giacosa who had been busted from sergeant for insubordination, settled down gloomily to breaking military traffic rules. But Steve McGarran and his new ally were too deep in discussion of the dog possibilities to pay much attention.

In the town of Luxemburg, Captain Wurzburger directed Giacosa to the Grand' Rue. Along this street both officers looked anxiously for a place where newspapers might be sold.

"Here we are," said Wurzburger, and they went into a bookshop which had a few papers in the window.

But the newspapers, printed in French, German, and in a local dialect, contained no classified advertising of any sort. The shopkeeper could give no explanation, nor had he heard of any dogs for sale.

"Who," he asked, "would be able to feed a dog these days?"

Wurzburger's subtle intelligence had reached a solution.

"I bet anything," he said, "that classified advertisements are forbidden. You know it always has been a good way for spies to send messages. The thing for us to do is to go to a newspaper office and find out."

They bought a paper and found out the address of its editorial office. Wurzburger succeeded in propelling Giacosa through the temptation of many M. P.s, and eventually they found the Rue du Marche aux Poissons. It was another half hour before they talked their way through two stolid women and a boy to the office of the managing editor of the paper.

"Dogs? Dogs?" he said. "You understand that such advertisements are forbidden. Yes. But it seems to me—it does seem to me that we have had two or three submitted to us lately. Anything to oblige an American officer."

He turned and opened the heavy oak door of his musty office, and started to shout in dialect: "Kathi! Franzl! Go into the classified file and find—"

They walked out of the office with three addresses in Wurzburger's hand. The first was that of a Spitz dog, and neither of them knew what a Spitz was; when it turned out to be a Pomeranian belonging to an aging daughter of joy, they excused themselves and went on. The second was a cocker spaniel obviously past its prime.

In the third and last place they found the dog.

The house was on the other side of the bridge and seemed to contain a numerous population. There were seven or eight children of all ages, three young girls, an aged man with a long clay pipe, and two deep-bosomed women with yellow hair piled on top of the head in the fashion of 1910. These two were sisters. The parlor where they sat was padded with carpets, curtains, cushions, and photographs. But the dog!

The moment he saw the dog Steve knew that this was it.

"These people are refugees," Wurzburger said after some talk with the sisters. "They come from Echternach. They have no room for a dog and no food for a dog."

"Yes, yes," Steve said. "I get it. But what about the dog? What the hell is it? I never saw one like it before."

He was a big dog with a tender and brutal black face, a tawny brown-and-black hide, and powerfully curved haunches. His big brown eyes were fixed upon Steve with sentimental yearnings, and his brutal black jaw slathered with the power of desire. The attraction was evidently mutual.

"He's a boxer," said Captain Wurzburger, "and they say—"

"I don't care what they say," Steve said. "Let's buy him. Boxer, is he? Come on, Box, we're going out to the division."

In due course the equivalent of twenty dollars passed from hand to hand and the two officers regained their jeep with the dog in tow.

Steve was filled with happiness. In all his twenty-six years he had never been so happy to have a dog before. The animal showed signs of equal joy and, owing to his size and affectionate agitation, proved difficult at times to hold in place in the open jeep. Giacosa, driving with concentrated malevolence, charged the road with additional passion in the hope, perhaps, of dislodging the animal.

"Cripesakes," he said, "now we gotta have bulldogs."

The dog took his place in the division at once. Everybody, including the general, would give him a poke or a pat in going by, and within a week he had become a privileged character. Even the M. P.s made no effort to hold him to Army regulations. He slept under Steve's cot at night and roamed around the division command post at will during the daytime, making his headquarters in the G-2 room (Steve was an Intelligence officer) or in the war room when G-2 and G-3 were combined. When Steve had to go to regimental and battalion C. P.s, Box would go along with him in the jeep. The noise so far toward the front was sometimes considerable, and Box would weave his head from side to side as if it hurt his ears a little. Otherwise he showed no sign of that perturbation which usually overcomes dogs when they hear artillery or bombs.

HIS devotion to Steve was clear, and constituted his main nonphysical characteristic. His physical character, a combination of power, beauty, and a fallacious appearance of alertness, made him a favorite subject for the amateur photographers. He looked "like a bulldog straightened out," as the general said, only he was taller and lither than any bulldog ever is.

The winter passed into an early improbable spring, and the division got a new C. P. which made it the fable of the Army for a few days. It was a chateau with elaborately furnished rooms and a chapel and several bathrooms which did not work. After the farmhouses, inns, and barns of recent months, this was a great change.

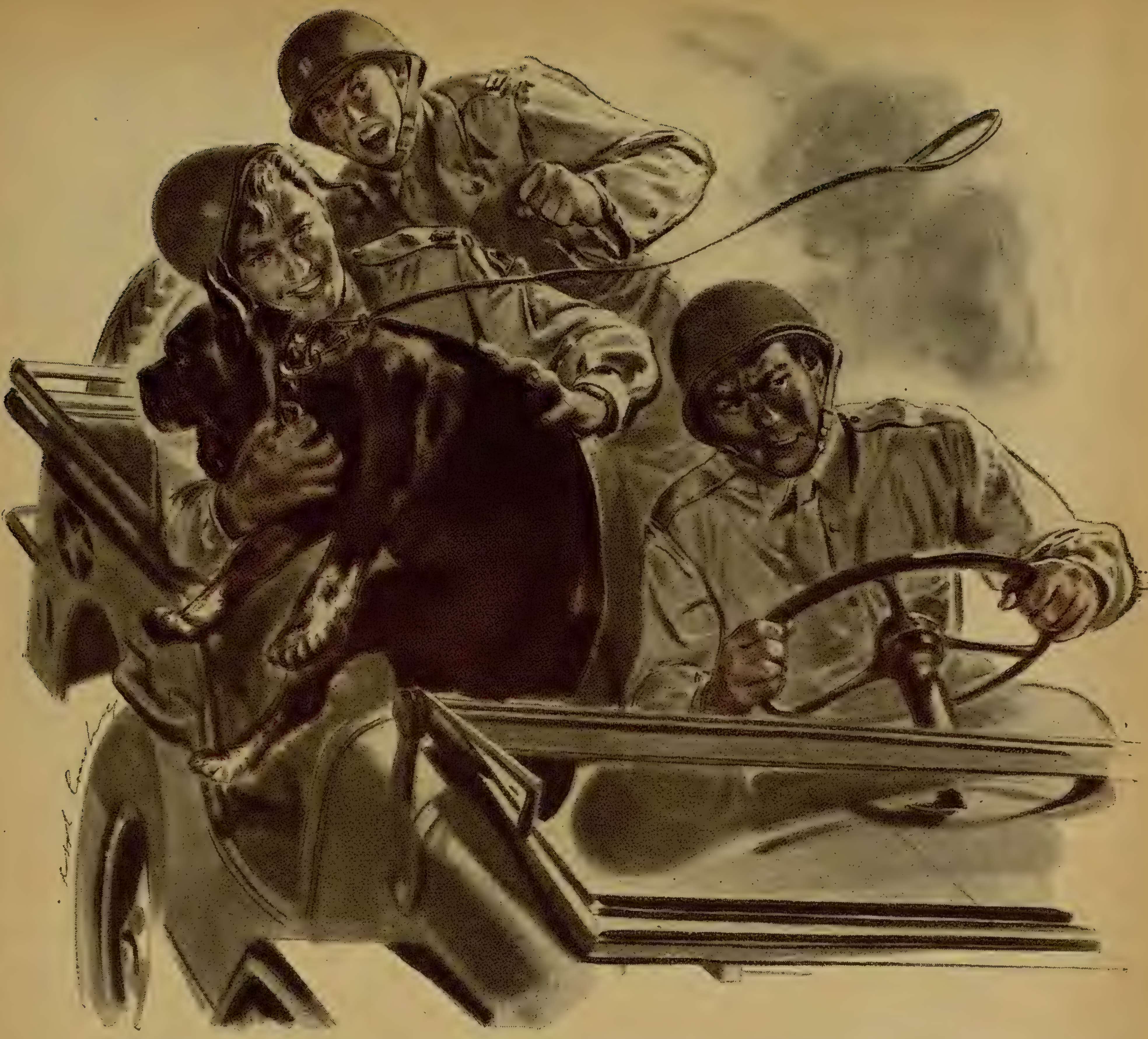
The dog seemed to take to the chateau more naturally than to any other quarters he had had. He walked like a proprietor through the many rooms and curled up on the velvet sofas. Steve thought the new C. P. had made a difference to everybody: there was more shaving and washing daily than ever before; even the mess improved. But of all its new inhabitants, Box seemed the most at home.

"You know, G-3," Steve said, "I think the damned dog thinks he used to live here, or somewhere like this."

In the morning, as soon as Steve opened his eyes, the dog was awake too, and was pushing his broad black jaw into the face of his master. Before breakfast he liked a kind of tour of inspection of the terrace and gardens, but afterward he was back in the war room again, usually asleep.

"Come on, Box, let's walk down the hill," Steve said to him one morning. "I've got to see Wurzburger, and we can come back in the jeep. What say?"

They set off down the winding driveway through the pines and spruce. The sound of the guns was muffled by distance. There was a spring softness in the air and



Giacosa, driving with concentrated malevolence, charged the road with additional passion in the hope, perhaps, of dislodging the animal.

the hillsides were turning a tentative grayish green. The dog leaped and ran and came back again, looking up with round brown eyes for the approval of his master.

Just below where the chateau driveway turned into the main road Captain Wurzburger had his prisoner-of-war enclosure (known as "the cage"). It was a wash-pink farmhouse with a shed built onto it. As Steve and the dog came within sight of the farmhouse, a two-and-a-half-ton truck had just driven up. German prisoners who had been traveling in it were now dismounting under the guard of M. P.s with carbines held ready.

SUDDENLY the dog leaped straight at them with a terrifying noise, a sort of shriek or howl. Steve, bewildered, stopped and stared. The dog was going straight for one of the prisoners—but not in anger. The prisoner fell on his knees and put his arms around the dog. The dog was making strange whimpering noises and running his black jaws all over the prisoner's face. The prisoner was saying, "Fritzi, *mein* Fritzi!" again and again.

Steve drew closer to look. The prisoner was a German officer of about his own age, a first lieutenant, tall and thin and dirty. The dog, standing on his hind legs, was trembling all over with ecstasy.

"Hello, major," said the M. P. "What am I supposed to do now?"

Steve watched for a moment. He felt very angry, but he did not know why. Captain Wurzburger came out of the pink farmhouse.

"Keep the prisoners moving," he said to the M. P.s. "Keep them moving."

The German officer stood up, but the dog refused to be put down. His front paws reached to the German's shoulders; they were both trembling now.

"Take the prisoner into the shed with the others," Wurzburger said. "I'll take the dog."

He put his long, thin hand on the dog's collar, but the dog pushed him away with one stroke of a powerful paw. The German officer leaned down and looked into the dog's eyes and said something very softly. He put the dog down somehow, gently, and then slipped sidewise into the open door of the shed. An M. P. moved immediately in front of the door.

The dog howled once. Steve did not look at him but walked over and took hold of his collar.

"Give me a jeep, Wurzburger," he said. "I've got to get up the hill."

HE put the dog in the jeep and kept him down without looking at him. The dog was trembling and making small private noises. At the top of the hill Steve took him into the war room and thrust him into a corner. The dog lay there all day without looking up. Sometimes he slept and sometimes he trembled and whimpered softly. When Steve left the room he did not notice.

"Sergeant," Steve said, "will you give that damned Nazi dog his supper?"

He went out onto the terrace. The sun had gone and in the dusk the landscape sank into shadows. At the moment Steve felt cold and alone. The land before him seemed as dreary as Iceland, as dangerous as France, as far away as America. Even the dogs seemed irreconcilable enemies.

THE END

You think about your wife and kids. You're still walking the streets of a California town when you fall asleep.

Day Off for Danny

BY EDWARD A. HERRON

Fellows still fight and fly in the backwaters of the war, too. For instance, in the Aleutians, where a man's only love is his Liberator, and his chief morale booster is pride in his job

WALKING near an air strip in the dark is a very foolish thing to do, especially if you have no business there and the air strip happens to be in an Aleutian combat zone. Lucky for me, I bumped into Danny and not into a nervous sentry. Danny was a guy who flew in one of the black hulks below us in the revetment—a gunner in a B-24. His ship had just been transferred here from Dutch Harbor, and as we swapped cigarettes he started talking about how it felt to move to a new base.

This is what he said:

WHEN you're coming in to land, all you can think is that it's the end of the patrol and a chance to get away from the damned vibrating. You sit upright in your club-car seat on the B-24, leaning forward against the thick glass above the gun grips. You flash over a cluster of fighting vessels rolling heavily in the open bay, and you pick out the cemetery and the hospital and a couple of lonely G. I.s huddled over an ack-ack gun high on the mountain. Then the last heavy bank over the strip and the lieutenant has the ship out over the bay again, nose down and pointing straight as an arrow for the strip, dead black against the white snow. There is a grunt from the intercom and you brace yourself for the landing.

The lieutenant is tired. We hit hard and there is a noise like a freight train going through a parlor, and we bounce a bit. Then the fat belly is down for good and we roll hell-bent for breakfast on the steel mats of the strip until you start pushing hard against the footrests, wondering if the lieutenant will ever start snubbing her with the brakes. He always does.

Nobody cheers us in. The glamor went out of this base with the last bombing run over Kiska. Nobody cheers in a trolley car at the end of the run, and that's what we are here—No. 60 coming in on the Allegheny Avenue run. A green-clad G. I., mud spattered on his dungarees, fingers us off the strip and on to the apron that leads us into a revetment.

When you lower yourself, stiff-legged, onto the rusty steel apron, a guy who owes you five bucks will give you a "Hiya." No more. You sort of slouch against the fuselage until the lieutenant comes out of the ship. And don't look for anything spectacular from the lieutenant. He goes over to the ground-crew chief and speaks kind of low to him; he'll give you a little nod, then he'll turn his back square to the ship and march off to report. Only, he doesn't march. He's slouching, his feet shuffling. He's tired. Damned tired. And he doesn't look back at the ship.

So what do you do? You take a last heave on the zipper of your flying jacket and pull it tighter round your neck and bend down against the wind. You start slogging through the snow and sand, and you remember a pack of cigarettes you left in the ship. Then you think, The hell with them, and you buckle down to the wind, the sand stinging in your eyes. You stop thinking. You point across the wide flat space of rolling black sand in the general direction of the mess hall, head down, fighting the wind, and all you're conscious of is that this island is the most desolate, the most horrible uninviting piece of real estate in the entire world.

Once the wind comes harder than usual and you spin about involuntarily. Far behind you, over the flat top of the revetment, you can see the twin thumbs of the ship's rudders sticking up. For half a second you warm to the ship, thinking of her as a loyal old girl that'll fly in any kind of weather; then the wind drops and you spin around and slog forward and forget. You're hungry and you're dog-tired. Mostly you're tired.

Thirty-five minutes bucking the line into the mess hall, and every minute a huddled misery, head down against the wind. You see a guy sneak into the line far up ahead, and of a sudden you hate him with an intensity that would kill. And you see him pitched out and hooted and booted to the rear and you feel kind of glad. The guy in front of you offers you a cigarette and you suck on it greedily, watching the wind whip off red sparks that sail into the blackness.

"How come the line?" you ask. "What's holding them up?"

"Big feed. Turkey. Cranberries."

"Turkey? How come?"

"It's Easter."

"Oh."

Easter. Back home your wife and kids would be all dressed up. New shoes, new hats. Baked ham. Sitting down to a clean white tablecloth and the little girl saying grace. And here you stand. All of a sudden you sort of smile in the darkness. Cripes! Don't you feel sorry for yourself!

THE guy in front of you is feeling gabby. "You with this new engineer outfit come in to work on the strip?" You look at him sideways and wonder why the dope hasn't noticed your leather flying jacket. Then you realize it's so dark he couldn't tell if you were wearing pajamas. You feel yourself swell a bit and you try to sound casual, talking out of the side of your mouth. "Nope. I'm a gunner on a B-24. Just come in from patrol."

There is a moment's silence and you wait for the guy to get green with envy. You can feel him trying to get a grip on himself; then he flips his butt into the wind and says, "Tough life. Sure glad they didn't get me sucked into the Air Force."

What can you do with a guy like that? You feel glad when the line breaks and you shuffle into the mess hall, grab a tray, and push past the steam table. When the guy handing out the turkey doesn't give you a leg, you flash him a look as though he was the personal enemy of the whole Air Corps. Later, with a full tray, you sit down to one of the picnic-park benches, shoved in close to the wall, hoping some guy will come sit down alongside you. Eating Easter dinner all by yourself is no fun. You kind of wish you hadn't just pulled away from the old gang back at the Harbor. But, cripes, you don't argue with a transfer. When the ship is sent down the Chain, you go on down with it. Nobody stops to ask are you going to be lonely on Easter. Nobody gives a damn, you don't give a damn. What the hell.

The food disappears and you shuffle down the narrow aisle, dump the small heap of peas and spuds into the garbage can under the eye of an M. P. hawk, and shuffle out into the darkness. A blast of wind coming in from the Bering Sea cuts you like a knife, and you scrunch down within your flying jacket, pointing in the general direction of the camp area. A mighty Euclid, thundering along with its fourteen-ton trailer hiding treacherously behind, roars by you in the darkness and you swear at the cocky engineer sitting unsheltered behind the mammoth wheel.

The long symmetrical humps of Pacific huts become a black blob against the black night, for the island is under a perpetual blackout and no street lights identify one row from another. You feel like a bewildered mouse feeling his way through a maze of beer barrels. Finally you recognize your hut by the white patch on the tin sheeting by the door.

You slip heavily on the ice and grab at the door handle. But before you open the door, you look up on the mountain and see the red light pin-pointing the radio tower. Beyond it, in the direction of the strip, a single white finger of light points mile-high into the black heavens. You think of the plane that must be far out in the night, battling the winds, not quite sure of itself, and radioing in to the base to give out with a little assistance. And the white finger in the night, a beacon light, a whisper: "Here it is. Here is safety. Set her down here." Then the wind shrills more angrily and you turn the knob and shoulder your way into the hut.

The hut is maybe forty feet long and maybe eighteen feet wide at the floor. It starts being round two inches off the floor and keeps getting rounder. It's a barrel. A barrel sawed in half the long way and bolted down to a wooden platform. In the center is an oilstove burning with a throaty noise. Down each side is a row of five cots, and over each cot a narrow shelf. There is a small table some of the guys have built. A gray blanket is thrown over it, and four men are around it, slapping down cards. They give you a "hello," and one of them shoves over on the bench to make room for you, but you mumble something about "a little shut-eye" and go on past to your cot in the corner.

A couple of nails in the wall take care of your jacket and shirt, and before you know it you're sitting on the edge of the cot, tugging at your flying boots. Then a couple of heaves and a toss and you're under the blankets. Four inches over your head is a seventy-five-watt bulb cowled in a tomato can. It makes a nice reading light, especially if other guys are sleeping around you, but tonight you reach up and twist it out.

Overhead comes the harsh roar of a low-flying plane. You listen a while and it comes again, louder this time, and you half smile to yourself. And—this is silly, but here it is—you say to yourself, "Thanks, God, for getting him in safe." Then you think a bit about your wife and kids. The sound of the wind becomes muffled, and the funny noise of the stove becomes soothing and restful. You're still walking the streets of a California town when you fall asleep.

NEXT morning you hear the guys turning out, sloshing around in washbasins, walking heavily on the wooden floor, and you feel good, buried under the blankets, knowing this is your day off, and you've got nothing to worry about except hitting the mess hall on time. You thumb your nose at breakfast, turn over on your side, and sleep through to nearly noon, when you climb into your clothes and run on down to the mess hall, scared silly for fear you'll miss out on the beef stew. Afterward, with your belly bulging contentedly, you amble off to the PX and buy a couple of magazines.

Why is it that dopes like me are always suckers for airplane stories written by guys who don't know a Phillips head screw from a gun sight? You take a writer and he'll build up a terrific scene about a ship icing up, and the first thing you know everybody is facing stark, staring death. Me, when I think of de-icers, I remember an old Lib I was training on when she began to get heavy, and I had to squat down in the radio room, tearing out hunks of the thin wall sheeting, digging into the maze of de-icer lines coming out of the little octopus unit until finally I found a clamp that had slipped off the tube and was choking the life out of the connecting hose. I fixed it quick, and I never felt so good as when those jets of air began to push out through

(*Continued on page 79*)

PHOTOS FROM PRESS ASSOCIATION, U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

You're hungry and dog-tired. All you're conscious of is that this is the most desolate, horrible, uninviting piece of real estate in the entire world.

Another Man's Poison

BY JOHN MALONEY

Give labs lots of snake venom and they'll ease the pain of suffering mankind considerably. Which makes a nice business, without too much competition, for those who like it

LONG ago a serpent in the Garden put over a fast one on Adam and Eve, and for his sabotage was driven out into the world to become mankind's hated enemy. But World War II, for all its horror, has brought about at least a partial truce between these ancient foes.

Actually, snake bites are so uncommon in the United States that few doctors are familiar with the proper treatment. A lot of old wives' tales about snakes have come to be accepted as fact. Because millions of Americans are fighting in the tropics where snakes abound, scientists and military authorities have been devoting a lot of study to them. Today the venom that kills is being converted into medicines and serums that save snake-bitten fighting men and relieve suffering in diseases ranging from epilepsy to cancer.

First of all, fighting men in snake-infested regions are taught that fear of snakes is based largely on ignorance. "Snakes are first of all cowards, then bluffers, last of all fighters," a military pamphlet points out, adding that of the 2,400 kinds of snakes known to science, all strike or otherwise kill only to get food or protect themselves, never in revenge for man's treatment of them since the dawn of history.

Principal U. S. center for research on snakes and their habits, and the only regular source of medicinal venom in this country except the Philadelphia zoo, is Ross Allen's Reptile Institute at Silver Springs, Florida. There during the past year, Allen and his associates handled and "milked" 37,200 poisonous snakes of twenty-seven varieties. His supply was shipped to him from two dozen states and many foreign countries, or brought by the Army or Navy for experimental purposes. Government or commercial laboratories make the venom into anti-venin serums.

Most of the venom is drawn from diamond-backed rattlers and water moccasins found in large numbers in Florida and other Gulf states; but other types of rattlers, as well as copperheads and coral snakes, also furnish a venom much in demand. Allen has an average of seventy-five hunters scouring the swamps and palmetto lands of Florida for snakes of all kinds, as well as collectors in other states where poisonous snakes are numerous. As this article was being written—practically from one of Allen's snake pits—an express box arrived from Montana with 175 squirming prairie rattlers capable of killing a regiment. To Allen they were beautiful creatures; to the writer—well, let's move this typewriter a little farther away!

Cowpunchers, hunters, or truck farmers make good money from their spare-time hunting. Allen pays from two to five dollars for good diamondbacks and about half as much for moccasins. Many farmers capture enough snakes on their own land to pay their taxes.

Allen likes his snakes fresh from the wilds, for venom from a freshly captured specimen is more potent than from those kept in his pits for any considerable time. Each snake can be "milked" about three times at two-week intervals. Contrary to popular belief, snakes are extremely delicate creatures; the slight pressure exerted in extractions causes fatal bruises after a few handlings. So Allen—who turned a boyhood hobby into a profitable business and a vital aid to wartime science—keeps yelling for snakes and more snakes from his hunters, welcome guests on any Floridian's property because of what they take away.

Raymond L. Ditmars once estimated that some 7,000 persons in the United States kept snakes—most of them harmless, naturally—as pets in their homes, and at least 5,000 have bought snakes from Allen. This estimate did not include farmers who protected chance reptiles around their barns as ratters and mousers. One of the most common types "petted" is the hognose snake or spreading adder, often believed harmful because he hisses and dilates his neck when molested. He has never been known to bite.

One unusual customer, a California woman, bought a Florida diamondback, named him "Huck Finn," and took him home, where he learned to curl up contentedly in her lap while she sewed. "Must have been that California sunshine," was Allen's comment.

Allen, who has been featured in some thirty-five motion pictures, including many Grantland Rice shorts and several Tarzan thrillers, gets as many "screwball" letters as a Hollywood actor. Most of them center around the snake superstitions or myths to which mankind has clung for centuries, and no one in America has done more than Ross Allen to knock these superstitions down.

A frequent query concerns a snake's ability to charm birds. Other questions concern the hoop snake: "I know they exist because I have a friend who saw one put his tail into his mouth and roll down a hill like a buggy tire." "But," counters Allen over and over, "I've never seen any

KODACHROME BY HARRY PENNINGTON—PIX

Daniel in the lions' den had nothing on Ross Allen, snake expert, who unconcernedly strokes one of his "pet" rattlers. He's got 26 other deadly kinds, too.

such sight, and neither have any of the other 200 or so herpetologists"—snake experts to you—"who have spent their lives studying snakes and their habits."

Almost every Sunday, when hundreds watch Allen extract venom from snakes in his pits at Silver Springs, someone is sure to ask where he keeps his joint snakes which, according to a die-hard superstition, shatter into inch-long segments and reassemble themselves when danger is past. Again Allen patiently explains that no such spectacular serpent is known to science.

When cows begin to reduce their output, farmers often accuse so-called "milk snakes" of robbing them of milk. Patiently Allen asks how it can be imagined that their cows, instinctively afraid of all snakes, would submit to such an operation, even if the snake could reach the source of supply. Actually, this myth-branded reptile lives around barns and corncribs for their plentiful supply of rats, its favorite food. It has a double row of sharp teeth that would make old Bossy kick like a steer if a theft of milk were attempted. Milk, Allen points out, is not an item of any snake's diet, but the rats and mice this snake destroys make him a good friend of the farmer.

Stories of snakes fifty or sixty feet long are sheer fantasy, since the longest snake known to science, an Amazon anaconda, was only thirty-three feet long, and even then the natives who captured and skinned it were suspected of having stretched the hide a foot or so before bringing it to town.

EVERY herpetologist knocks down the old legend that mother snakes swallow their young to protect them. Actually, no snake is known to exhibit the slightest interest in its offspring after birth. Most snakes will eat any other of their own kind if it appears "bite size," even if only slightly smaller than themselves—a possible origin of the myth.

One can't figure a rattler's age from his rattles, because he adds one each time he sheds, which is from three to five times annually. Moccasins—and rattlers too—can and do bite under water as readily as on dry land. A rattler, not immune to his own poison, may kill himself by an accidental bite, as during capture. Only the king snake is immune to other snake venom, and he is not a "sworn" enemy of poison snakes, but would kill and eat a harmless type with just as much gusto. Allen also explodes the cowboy myth that a rattlesnake won't crawl across a horsehair rope; he'll do it as readily as across a sage twig.

Rattlers, moccasins, water snakes, garter and ribbon snakes, and many small ground snakes give birth to living young. Egg layers include the kings, bulls, chicken and rat snakes, black racers, whips, the indigo and green snakes. Of all poisonous American species, only the corals lay eggs.

From birth, these reptiles know how to live and protect themselves. Snakes two minutes old have been known to strike and kill rats, moccasins have bitten and poisoned handlers before escaping from their birth sacs, and a snake only four inches long and ten minutes old has been seen to trail and devour earthworms.

Snakes of the egg type are equipped with an "egg tooth" to aid in escaping the shell which already has been stretched as much as 20 per cent by the embryo inside it. If, during the hatching, anything approaches the egg, the young snake will instinctively withdraw into the shell until danger seems past. Venom from fresh-birthed poison snakes is more powerful, drop for drop, than that from adult specimens.

Because so many G. I.s are training or fighting in snake-infested countries, the Army and Navy are vitally interested in reptiles, aside from the curative standpoint. Sand vipers, for instance, thought by many to be the serpent Cleopatra used to end it all, were encountered during the fighting in North Africa. Soldiers stationed along the Gold Coast soon learned the tactics of the spitting cobra, which plays dead but cagily watches possible victims for an opportunity to fling venom into their eyes with blinding effect. The mamba of equatorial Africa is one of the most dreaded snakes of that continent.

Allen, whose institute in Florida is a center for snake research, milked 37,200 snakes of their venom last year. Their poison treats nerve and muscle diseases.

G. I.s in Australia were warned early that the common black snake there, unlike the harmless American snake it resembles, is poisonous. This reptile will strike with its blunt tail in order to startle a captor into releasing its head so that it can administer a fatal bite. The tiger snake, most poisonous reptile in Australia, kills many victims each year. The death adder, short and thick, is another very poisonous and common "down under" species.

Many moccasin-type snakes are found in Malaya and India where Americans are fighting, along with hooded cobras, many types of vipers, and several kinds of poisonous arboreal snakes. Radio Tokyo, trying to intimidate American and British troops in the jungles, has made much of this hazard.

The fer-de-lance—so called because of the shape of its head—is one of South America's most common and dangerous snakes, along with the bushmaster. But that continent is well sprinkled with poisonous species. It has several types of rattlers, poisonous corals, and arboreal vipers. Thousands of natives are bitten each year by palm vipers hiding in palm trees or on banana stalks.

England and continental Europe have only one poisonous reptile, a small viper, seldom fatal to man. Regions completely free of snakes include Ireland, Hawaii, and New Zealand. Cuba, Haiti, and Santo Domingo have no poisonous types, but numerous harmless species. Incidentally, New Yorkers generally are astonished to learn that copperheads are frequently found in Manhattan itself.

THE discovery that venom might have qualities useful in treating certain nerve and muscle diseases came about, as have many advances in medicine, by accident. In South Africa a young epileptic girl was bitten by a cobra. She had a close shave, but when she recovered, all signs of her old trouble seemed to have vanished. At about the same time a Brazilian laborer suffering from rheumatism was bitten by a bushmaster. He recovered, to find that his earlier trouble had disappeared.

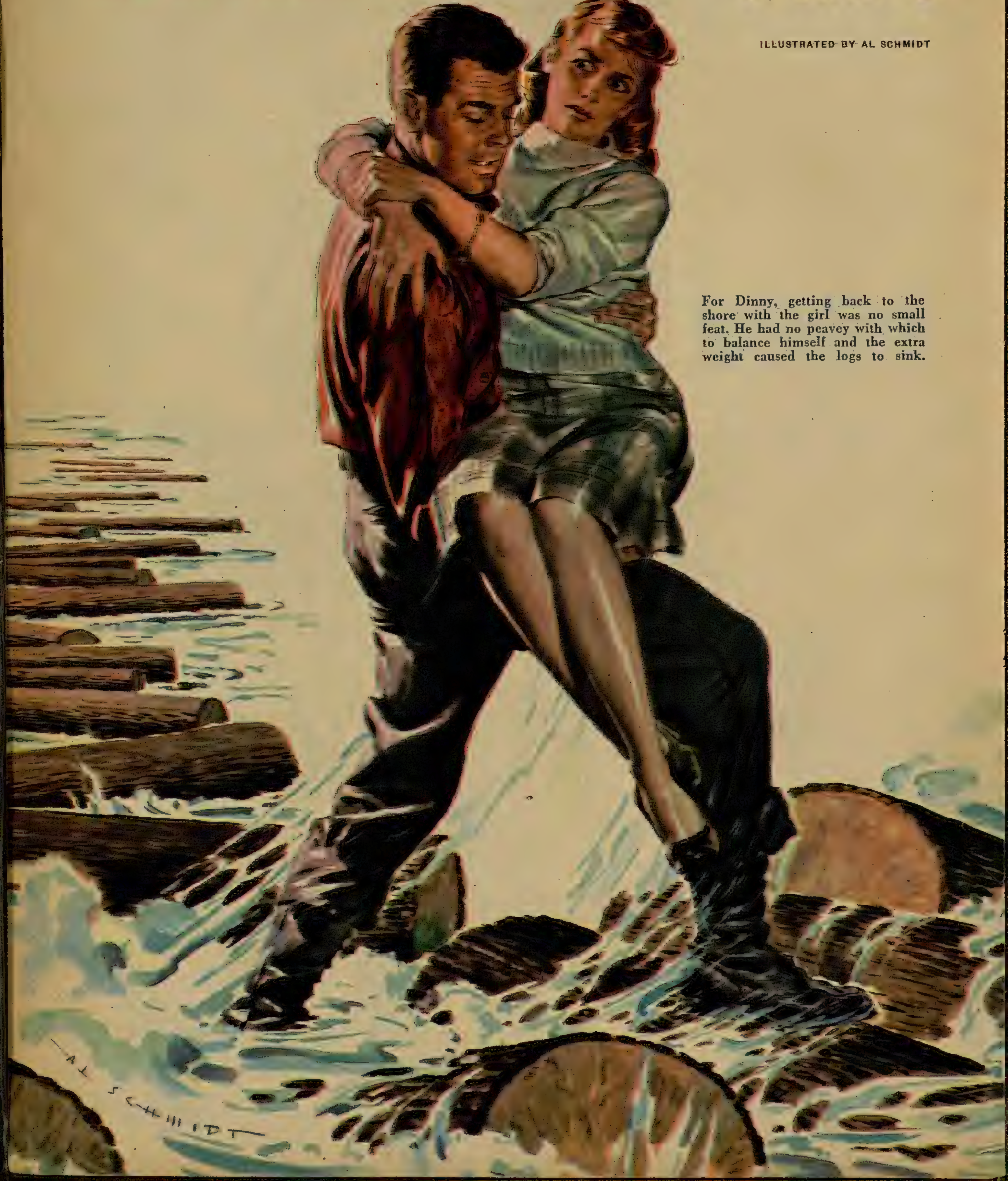
Promptly, scientists and doctors began making experiments. Today snake venom is an established aid in treating epileptic types of nerve disorders, as well as rheumatoid arthritis and the neuralgias. Extensive experiments are being carried on in treatment of cancer with drugs derived from venom, particularly from cobras and corals. Definite results in retarding pain and arresting the spread of the disease

(*Continued on page 80*)

Dinny Hogan figured it would take a one-man cyclone to woo the pretty cook away from the boss of the rival lumber camp. But Dinny didn't know Miss Hendricks. She had her man all picked out, and next to him ● ● ● ●

Paul

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



For Dinny, getting back to the shore with the girl was no small feat. He had no peavey with which to balance himself and the extra weight caused the logs to sink.

Bunyan Was a Piker

BY WESSEL SMITTER

DINNY HOGAN knew, of course, that the new cook being sent out from town was a woman, but what he didn't know, until he saw her standing there at the edge of the water holding a suitcase, was that she would be a young lady with a skin as smoothly textured as dogwood, dusty-red hair, and a pair of slim ankles showing trim and neat beneath the edge of a yellow slicker.

"Is this the Hogan outfit?" she asked.

"I expect it is," he said. "Leastways I'm Dinny Hogan."

"I'm Miss Hendricks," she said. "Your new cook. Perhaps you'd have time to show me my quarters."

He grunted softly. She's in a hurry, he thought. Also, he thought, that dame's too good-looking to last.

He led the way down the bank. Below the small dam, made of cull logs and filled earth, the wanigan was tied up to the shore. A heavy plank, wet and slippery, was the only means of getting on the strange-looking craft. He was halfway across when he remembered the suitcase and came to a precarious stop.

"Holy smokes," he said, "I clean forgot!"

"Please go on," she said. "I've carried it this far."

The wanigan was nothing more than a rectangular boxlike structure set on a raft of logs. It was divided into two sections by a rough wooden partition that reached not quite halfway to the ceiling. The front part contained two tables, some benches, and half a dozen boxes of dynamite. The rear section, used as a kitchen, contained a stove, heaps of miscellaneous supplies, and a wooden sink full of dirty utensils. In one corner, standing against the wall, was a folding cot and a bundle of clean blankets.

The girl took off the yellow slicker.

"Do I sleep here?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Me and the boys, we got our own private caboose."

"The boys—" she said. "How many are there?"

"Sixteen. Always before, I had thirty; but this year, on account of the war, I'm trying out something new. I'm using a bulldozer to gather up strays and push hang-ups."

"Hang-ups?"

"Yes, ma'am. That's logs that get stuck on sand bars."

He didn't know quite why he was telling her all this, except that there seemed little else to talk about and he was in no hurry to go. Also, the idea of using a bulldozer had been his, and he was rather proud of himself for having thought of it before Tug Cooney, whose camp was on the same stream.

"Soon's I get around to it," he said, "I'll have some more boards put up on this here partition so's it'll be more private."

She said, "I'll take care of that. What I'd like to have you do is to move that dynamite out of the dining quarters."

"Yes, ma'am."

"This afternoon, if you don't mind. I don't think the fumes are going to mix well with my cooking. Besides, if I'm going to sleep in this place—" She gave him a smile, but he knew the dynamite would be moved before night.

He put on his hat to go, when she said, "I've got a letter for you. It's from Mr. Dabney."

She picked up her purse and took out a couple of letters. One she gave to him, the other she returned to her purse.

Mr. Dabney was the man who bought his logs, owned and operated the mill. As a favor, Mr. Dabney had hired and sent him the new cook.

He opened the letter. It said nothing about the girl, but it did say that the mill was on the point of shutting down for lack of logs. "You and Tug Cooney," it said, "should have had your logs down long before now. To hurry things up, I am making you both a proposition. The first man that gets his logs down here in my lake will get a bonus of one thousand dollars."

That explained the other letter in the girl's purse. But it didn't explain how the girl was going to get the letter to Tug Cooney, whose outfit was three miles above on the same stream, a small branch leading into the Clearwater River. Dinny knew the law of the river. If a man wanted through, there was no strictly legal way to stop him, once he got his logs into the water. Tug Cooney might make the first move, in which case he would stand a good chance of capturing the bonus. Louie, one of Dinny's men, had reported that Tug's dam was full of water but that the crew was still bringing logs in to the skidway. Well, Dinny, too, had a few more logs to bring in from the woods, but if necessary, he could mighty soon make up his mind to leave them until the next season. A little delay in the delivery of that other letter would be a fortunate thing.

"I thought I saw Tug Cooney's name on that other letter," he said cautiously. "If it's for him, I could be asking one of my boys to take it."

"That's nice of you," she said, "but it's not necessary. Mr. Cooney will be down here tonight. I'll give it to him."

For a minute or two that set him back on his heels. Everyone, even the people in town, knew that he and Tug Cooney were old enemies.

"Maybe you and Tug Cooney know each other?"

"Sort of," she laughed. "We met at a dance last spring. I sent him a message and told him I was coming to work here. Naturally he'll want to see me."

"Natcherly," he said. "And natcherly he'll want to see how we're getting in shape for the drive."

AT suppertime there were a few changes in the wanigan. The place was cleaned up, a piece of canvas had been nailed up above the wooden partition, there were curtains at the windows, and the gasoline lantern burned with new radiance. The tables were filled with plenty of good food, and the place had taken on a homey atmosphere that reminded Dinny of better surroundings and made him feel as though he still had some slight contact with civilization.

After the men had seated themselves, the girl introduced herself: "I'm Miss Hendricks," she said simply, "but I'd like it better if you just called me Rusty."

This brought confusion. Dinny saved the day by pointing with his spoon and calling off the names of Big Benny, Louie, Little Joe, Arvil, who drove the bulldozer, and all the others.

After supper, while the men sat about the potbellied stove in the caboose, Dinny explained the matter of the bonus. He also brought up the matter of the second letter and his conversation with the girl regarding her relationship with Tug Cooney.

"The gall!" said Little Joe. "Him a-coming into our camp!"

"But if she asked him?" said Dinny.

Little Joe repeated, "It don't hardly seem like he'd come."

BUT a little later, when the men sauntered back to the wanigan for mug-ups, Tug Cooney, big as Moses, was there all right. He and Rusty were seated at one of the tables. Not a man in Dinny's crew said a word. Only the two leaders spoke.

"Hello, Hogan," said Tug.

"Hello, Cooney," said Dinny.

There was a stack of cups and a pan of fresh doughnuts on the table. Rusty brought out a pot of coffee and the men helped themselves. But Tug Cooney, at the other table, was enjoying a bowl of canned blueberries with condensed milk. He had on his good suit, and hanging on a nail over his head was a new high-crowned hat with a red feather stuck in the ribbon.

Back in the caboose a little later, Dinny was letting off steam.

"Like a couple of turtledoves," he muttered. "I can see how it'll be. All the way down the river he'll be a-sparking our cook. He'll know every move we make even before we make it."

"And eating our blueberries," said Little Joe. "She feeds him blueberries with milk on 'em."

Dinny was thoughtful, then broke out with an idea. "I've got it," he said. "Here's what's got to be done."

A row of necks craned out of the shadows.

"We've got to cut him out with the girl—with one of our own crew."

There were excuses. Louie was a confirmed bachelor. Big Benny said, "I've got a widow in Coeur d'Alene."

"A nice bunch of yahooers!" said Dinny. "Ain't enough red-blooded manhood in the whole crew to court one good-looking girl."

"There's Arvil," said Louie. "Arvil ain't got no female attachments."

"And he's strong," Big Benny added. "If it comes to a fight, he could break Tug Cooney in two.'

"Nah," said Arvil. "I'm not so good in a fight. And with girls I don't know what to say."

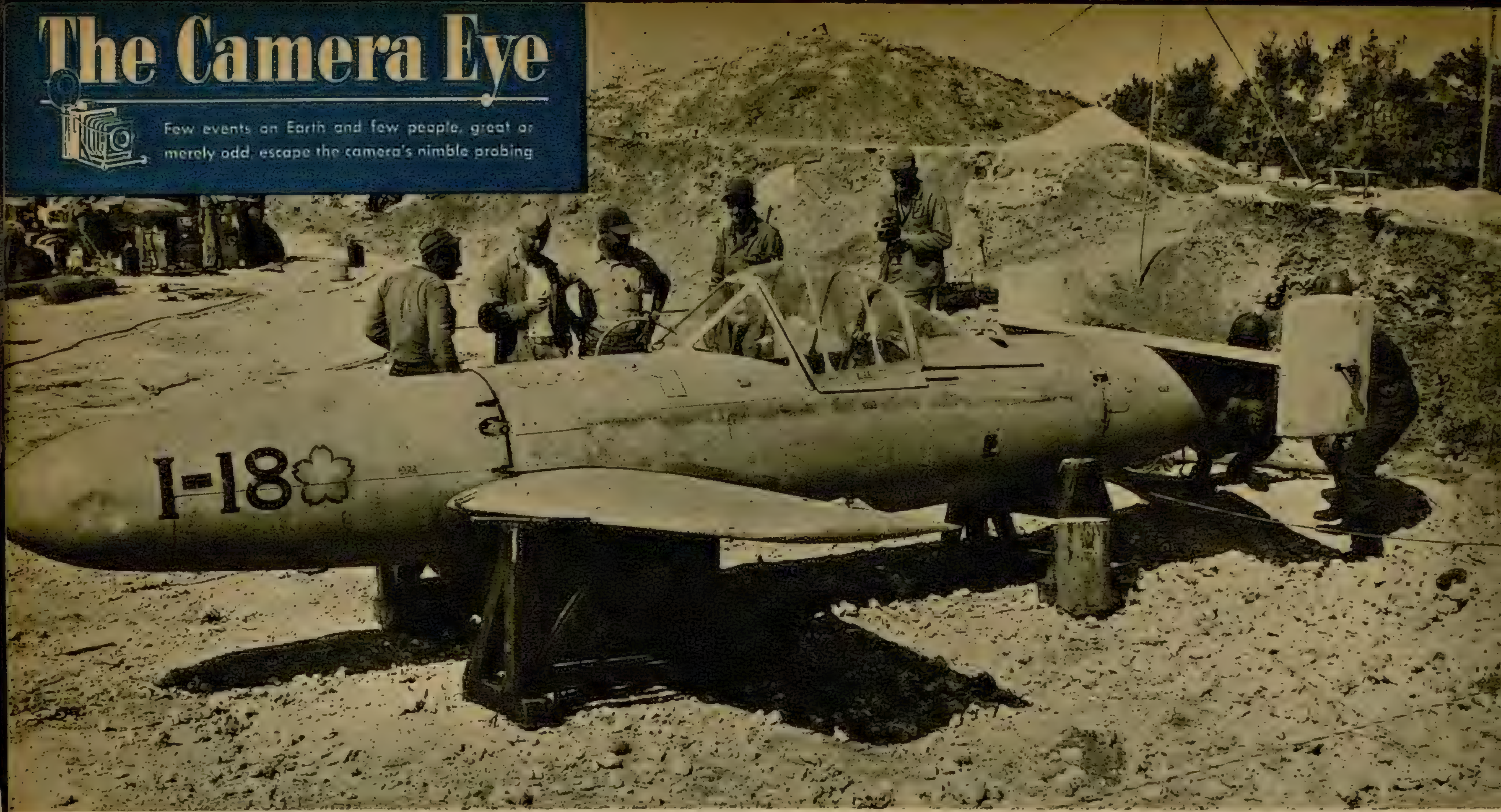
"We'll help you," said Dinny. "Think of it, man! She's a beauty and a good cook besides. Think how you'll look, standing with her up in front of the preacher!"

Arvil objected some more, but in Dinny's mind the decision was made.

(*Continued on page 60*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



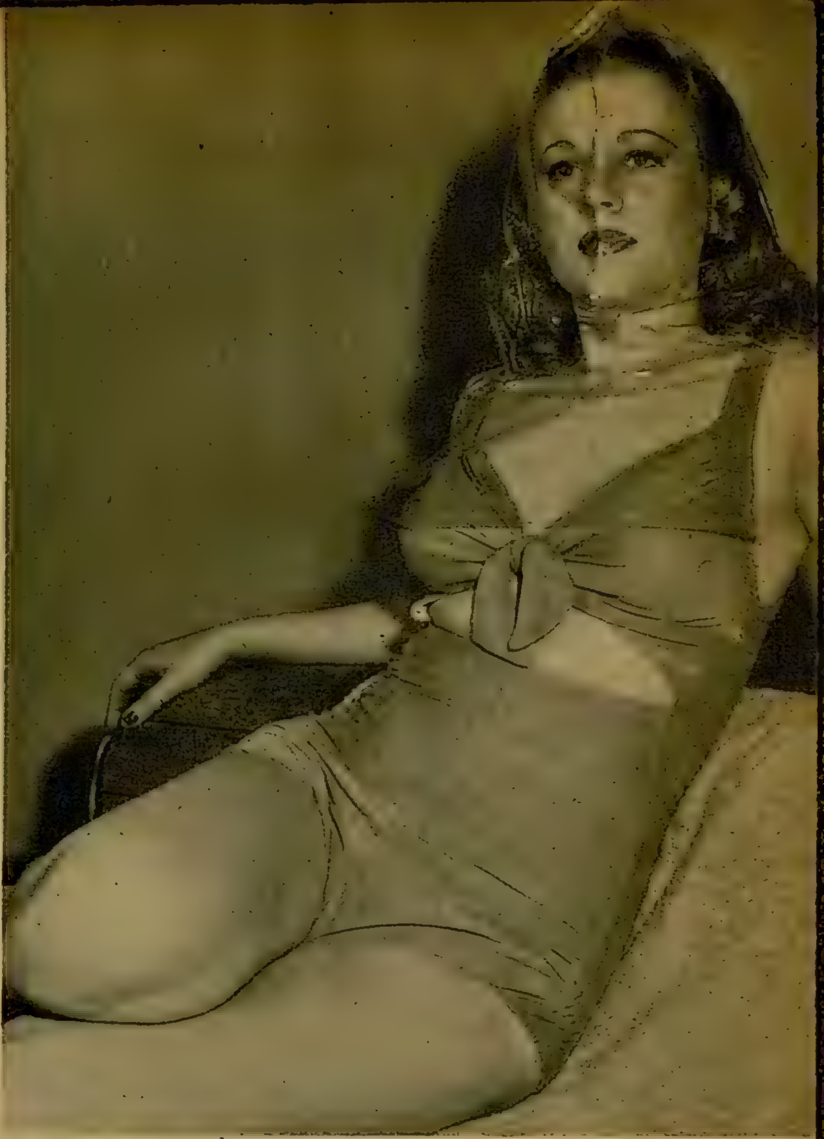
JAPAN'S SECRET WEAPON—There's no happy landing for pilots of these rocket bombs. The Nips launched a few at Okinawa, but most of them fizzled. ▲

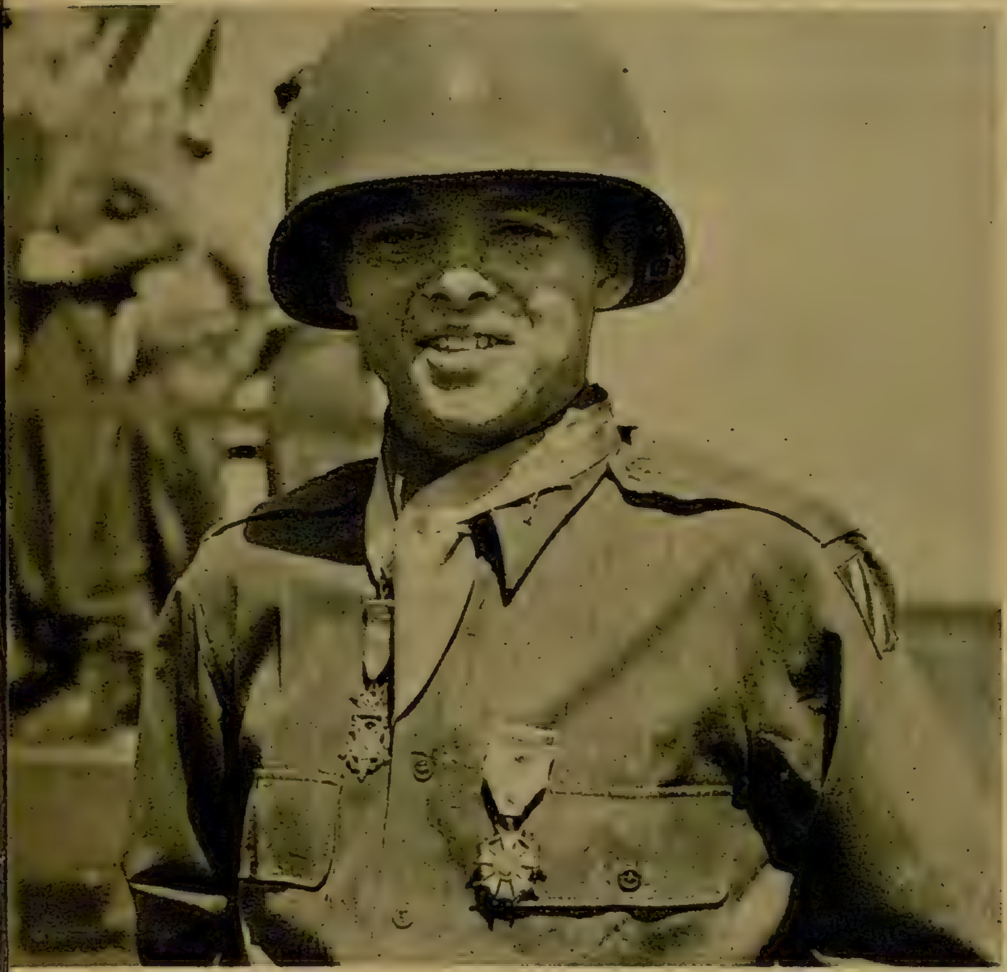
DEVOTIONS IN THE DEEP—Sleek deadly torpedoes frame a scene of worship as this U. S. submarine prepares for a long war patrol against enemy shipping. ▼

IT TAKES PULL, ANN— ▲ As Miss Sheridan of movie fame is discovering at her ranch not far from Hollywood. "Sheridan's Shamrock Dairy" is the name. Hence the touch of blarney in this photograph.

"MR. AMERICA"—Pfc. Clarence Ross, stationed at Las Vegas, Nev., Army Air Field, won the title of the most perfectly developed U. S. male at A.A.U. weight-lifting championships. Could have muscled in! ▶

JEEPERS!—But no creeper is the bounce-buggy of Donald Lomax of Queens Village, N. Y. One of the first ex-servicemen permitted to buy one, he says it's long on go, very easy on "A" cards.





MOST DECORATED HERO—Winner of every U. S. honor medal is Lt. Audie L. Murphy of Farmersville, Texas. He hasn't room for them all, so here are the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Legion of Merit.

OH, BOY! PLASTIC!—This doodad is supposed to provide a perfect suntan without messing up one's complexion. Worn by Hollywood's Anne Jeffreys, it imposes no strain on the eyesight.

GUIDE—A blinded marine meets his first guide dog. The dog belongs to a blind civilian employee of one of the factories that servicemen visit to learn how others are adjusting themselves to sightlessness.

Vice-Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the U. S. Navy, and Captain William O. Britton of U. S. S. Repose at the commissioning.

Floating Hospitals

BY LARRY BARRETTO

Close by the Pacific beachheads lie safety and life for the wounded as the new expertly planned and fully equipped hospital ships of the Navy go into action

THERE is certainly no greater contrast anywhere than that which exists between a flaming Pacific beachhead and the hospital ships which lie close inshore, often within a mile of the actual fighting.

On one there is destruction and death. On the other, a serene tranquillity and life. Often life is snatched from the jaws of death by the miracles of modern medical science and by the further miracle which brings this science and the equipment to make it effective across thousands of miles of ocean in ships' bottoms.

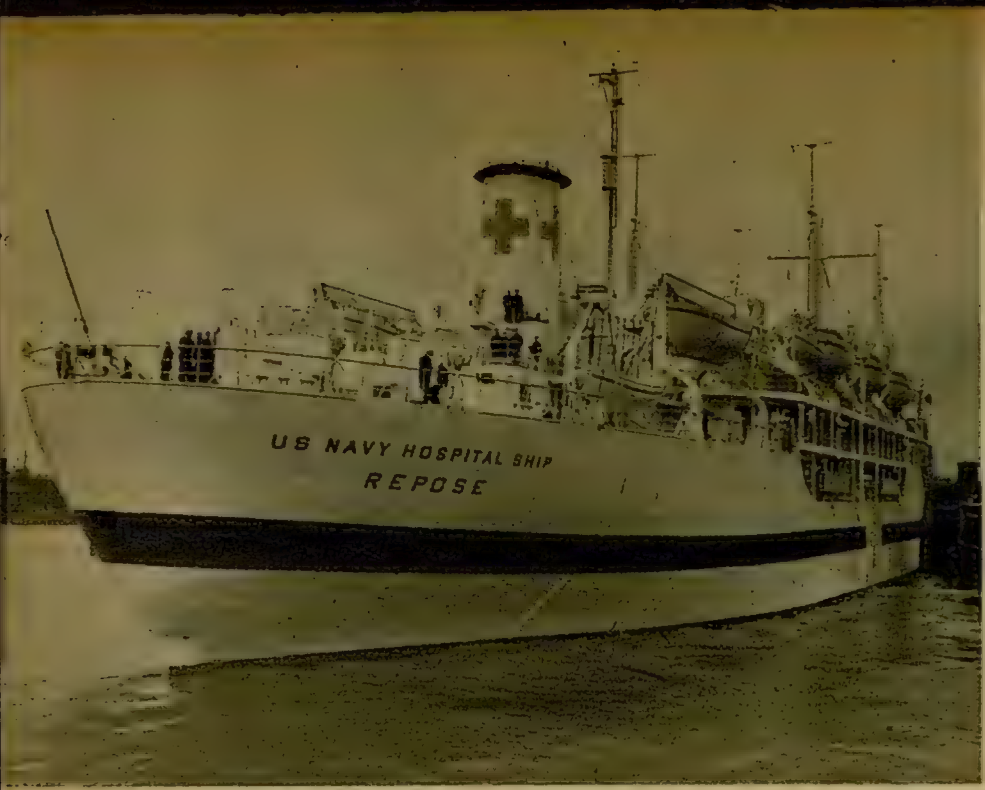
This is the story of the U. S. S. Repose, designed by the U. S. Navy to care for our sick and wounded in every branch of the services in the vast amphibious warfare of the Pacific, and this is how she operates. It is also the story of her five sister ships, all of whom will be in service when this article appears.

The Repose was designed as a tank train, but hardly had her keel been laid when it was decided that tanks could be conveyed overseas by other means and that the need for hospital ships was greater. So the blueprints were redrawn. Most hospital ships are converted from other uses, but the Repose and her sisters were created for their specific purpose from the bottom up.

The best way to get a clear idea of the Repose is to imagine her in the Pacific nearing an island where there has been heavy fighting all day. The dun-colored clouds of bursting shells obscure the land. Few of the personnel on the Repose see this. Most of them are between her seven decks or half-decks at their posts. Already from shore word has come of many wounded who must be evacuated, so the Repose gets as close as possible, depending on depth and reef, perhaps a mile offshore, while officers and men anxiously scan the tossing water for the small ship-to-shore craft which will bring out the wounded. Tonight not enough of these craft are available, but the Repose is ready. She has eight power boats and four lifeboats, and some are immediately put over the side to gather up the wounded.

At night the Repose stands out like a target in the blackness. The purpose of this is to prevent her becoming a target. We can't have the Japs say they made a "mistake." She is shining white, broad green bands are painted the length of her, and floodlights are trained on her red crosses.

The boats begin to reappear, but the hospital ship is still as tranquil as her name. In the barbershop a sailor off duty is having his hair cut; in the library another is reading; nurses stand quietly by their wards, waiting. The decks are empty



U. S. S. Repose (AH16) started life in the Sun shipyards at Chester, Pa., in 1944 and was commissioned May 31 of this year.

The crew is drilled constantly to cope with any emergency. There's room for none but experts on a hospital ship and all are experts.

If landing craft can't bring out wounded, the Repose goes in and evacuates them. Eight power boats and four lifeboats are ready.

On the Repose, conventional operating tables won't do. The doctors need fracture tables that will adjust to any position they require.

Close by the operating rooms are pharmacies, and a plaster room where technicians prepare casts for patients who must be immobilized.

A doctor aboard the Repose bears a well-known name. Lieutenant (j. g.) Robert Hepburn, brother of Katharine, treats a patient.

Chief of surgery aboard the Repose is Capt. Paul E. Spangler (M. C.), U. S. N. R., of Portland, Ore., with 4 years of duty already.

Capt. John Lipscomb Frazer (M.C.), U.S.N., of Washington, D. C., is senior medical officer. He's been in the Navy since 1917.

Liberty's writer and photographer aboard the Repose. Left: Roy Pinney, the photographer. Right: Larry Barretto, the reporter.

except for a small group of doctors and a detachment of hospital corpsmen drawn up and ready as the stretchers are swung aboard.

The doctors read the brief diagnosis tied to each man's uniform. If there is no diagnosis, the doctors make one on the spot. If a man suffers from battle fatigue, the corpsmen start off with him to the special ward where a waiting psychiatrist will put the soldier into a deep restful sleep before treating him.

Next. Scrub typhus, that scourge of the Pacific. Isolation ward.

A hospital corpsman, his face strained with the effort of holding aloft a flask of plasma across that rough water, is hoisted aboard kneeling by the stretcher of a gravely wounded marine. The doctors take one look. "Surgery. Quick! Whole blood." Another team of corpsmen pick up the stretcher and they hurry off, the exhausted corpsman trotting beside them, still holding aloft his plasma flask. They will not have to negotiate the companionways. An elevator will take them direct to an operating room on a lower deck. There is four months' supply of plasma on board and there is plenty of whole blood too. Each day it is flown to the ship in refrigerated containers.

A curious change strikes the men as they enter the ship. One of them murmurs, "Michigan in May!" Why not? The Repose is 95 per cent air-conditioned and any temperature the doctors consider suitable can be maintained. After the hellish heat of the land, this is like heaven.

There has been heavy action on that island and the ship is filling up, but there is plenty of room, enough for 800 bed patients—1,000 at a pinch, and if the corridors are utilized, many more. The operating rooms are busy now. Even before orders can be given, hospital corpsmen adjust certain levers and add certain braces to the operating tables which will elevate, depress, or turn the patients to the positions the doctors desire. Such tables, which can be altered for any type of operation, are unique with the Navy. Civilian hospitals do not need them, but even on a ship as big as the Repose space must be considered.

In her office the chief nurse wishes to turn an isolation ward into a surgical ward for the many wounded. She picks up her telephone and dials a number. At its ring, one of the thirty nurses under her command answers and transmits the order to the corpsmen who will prepare the ward.

Like the communication systems, practically everything is duplicated. For example, should the lighting system, which is powered by three alternating-current generators, fail, three direct-current main generators and one Diesel emergency generator will manufacture current and no part of the ship will remain dark for more than a few seconds.

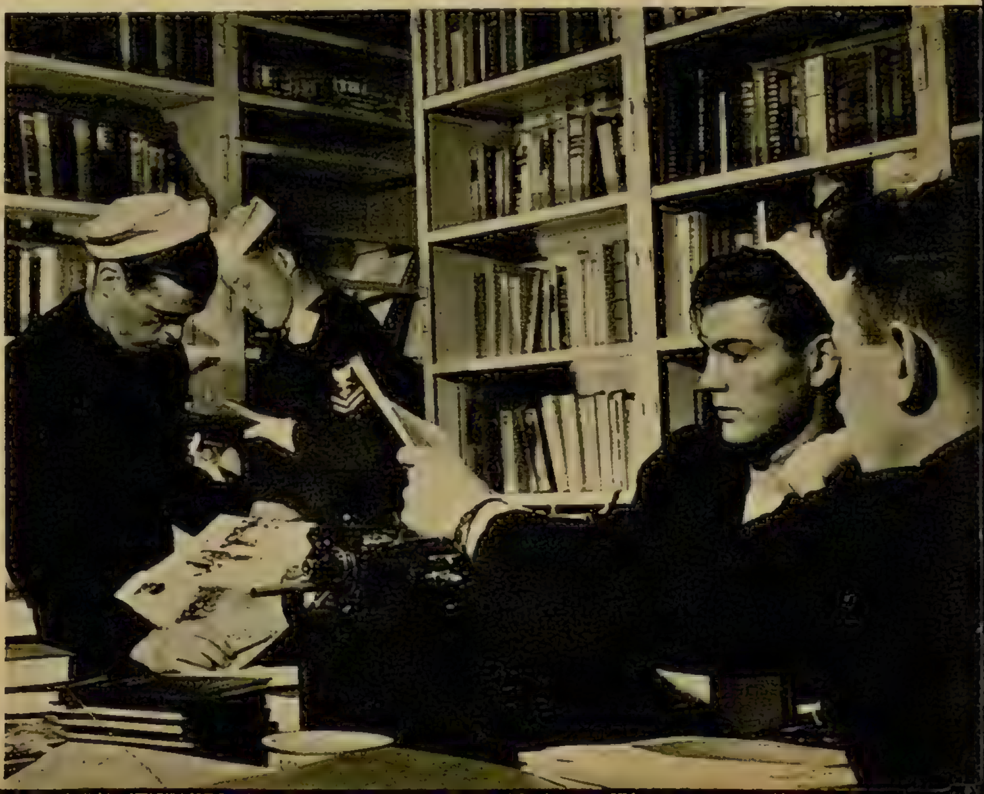
A patient strapped to his stretcher is brought down to the wards for victims of battle fatigue. He, temporarily at least, has completely cracked up and is violent. The psychiatrist orders him placed in a strong room, of which there are five, so built that the man can neither harm himself nor any one else. A corpsman stands guard, watching his patient through a window in the door. The patient has a better chance of recovery if he is completely isolated from anything that might excite him, but he is never left unwatched.

Men who have been wounded or who are very ill require special food, and this is prepared not in the regular ship's galley but in diet kitchens near the wards. Here dietitians supervise the preparing of the liquid or semi-liquid food which has been prescribed.

As in every hospital, patients and equipment must be kept bathed and spotlessly clean. That requires a lot of water, especially for men who have been living in the muck and filth of trenches. Well, there is a lot of water. The ship has a plant for distilling sea water into fresh at the rate of 60,000 gallons a day. Sick men, and well men too, require plenty of milk, but it is not possible to carry fresh milk or even canned on a voyage that may last for months. So there is a mechanical cow. This

Two Red Cross workers aboard are invaluable for maintaining morale of the patients and of the crew. Mrs. Marguerite Huron of Long Beach, California, helps two corpsmen find some relaxation.

Wounded men and members of the crew may find relaxation and diversion during their off hours in the well-equipped library aboard the Repose. This is under the jurisdiction of the ship's chaplain.



To the nurses and other permanent personnel the Repose is home. The nurses take their meals in their own mess, shown above.

Lt. (j. g.) Edythe Head, nurse, at her stateroom desk. Comfortable furniture, plenty of closet space, provide a homelike atmosphere.

Among their other duties, the nurses censor the mail of the enlisted hospital corpsmen. They're shown in their wardroom hard at it.

shining steel contrivance takes powdered milk which usually tastes like chalk, adds water and a little flavoring, homogenizes the mixture, and turns out everything from skim milk to whipping cream, indistinguishable from the real article.

The Red Cross donated an ice-cream room with a capacity for freezing 200 gallons in one batch. What a godsend to boys hungry for the pleasures of home! When they are well enough to leave their beds they can have their ice cream at a soda fountain big enough so there is no waiting. And they can have their cake and eat it too. There is a sixty-gallon cake mixer, as well as a 200-pound bread mixer, and there are eighteen electric ovens to bake both cakes and bread.

With the last of the casualties aboard, those involved sigh with fatigue. The eye specialist, the orthopedic surgeon, the X-ray man—all the two dozen experts on shattered bodies—prepare to clean up. The optician is beginning to make prescriptions to replace broken or lost glasses, and one of the three dentists is still at work on a fractured jaw. The hospital corpsmen, all 254 of them, are about done in, when another call comes.

The dawn is breaking and the sea has roughened. For some reason, perhaps enemy action, it is not possible to evacuate any more wounded, and yet the wounded can't wait.

But the Repose is prepared for that too. There is a portable field hospital complete with operating room and with a capacity of 100 beds. A corps of men specially trained to set up and operate this hospital load it into small boats, medical officers don their slickers, and off they go through the wild waters toward the forbidding shore. If our hospital ships have any slogan at all, it is, "Get the wounded out." The men with the field hospital may be away from their ship for a day, a week, or more. They will remain away until their job is done.

WHAT happens to the patients who have been saved from battle and are now in comfortable beds? It goes without saying that they have had every care it is humanly possible to give them. But they need more than that. Some of them will be returned to their outfits and others are destined for home, but there will be long weeks of delay.

During these long weeks of waiting, morale can sag, but it mustn't. There are two Red Cross women aboard engaged in social service and entertainment activities. Each man has a radio by his bed with earphones. There are innumerable games. There are miniature films which a recumbent man can hold before him and watch. The Red Cross girls give talent parties for which the Metropolitan Opera Guild donated hundreds of fancy-dress costumes. Birthdays are always observed. The girls are also prepared to teach the men handicraft, such as leather work, weaving, and art work.

From the musical angle, there is a ship's band which is under the baton of an enlisted man once a member of a famous orchestra; the Repose has a glee club of sixty voices; the New York Chapter of the Red Cross presented a handsome organ; there are one or two baby pianos which can be wheeled into wards, and music publishers have donated more scores than will ever be played.

Ex-President Herbert Hoover gave his famous fishing tackle so that those who like angling can have a day of sport. There are no guns aboard, for hospital ships do not carry guns and perhaps the men have seen enough of them anyway. In spite of all this, there will be dull days undoubtedly for sick and weary men, and the warmest cheers will arise only when the Repose turns toward home.

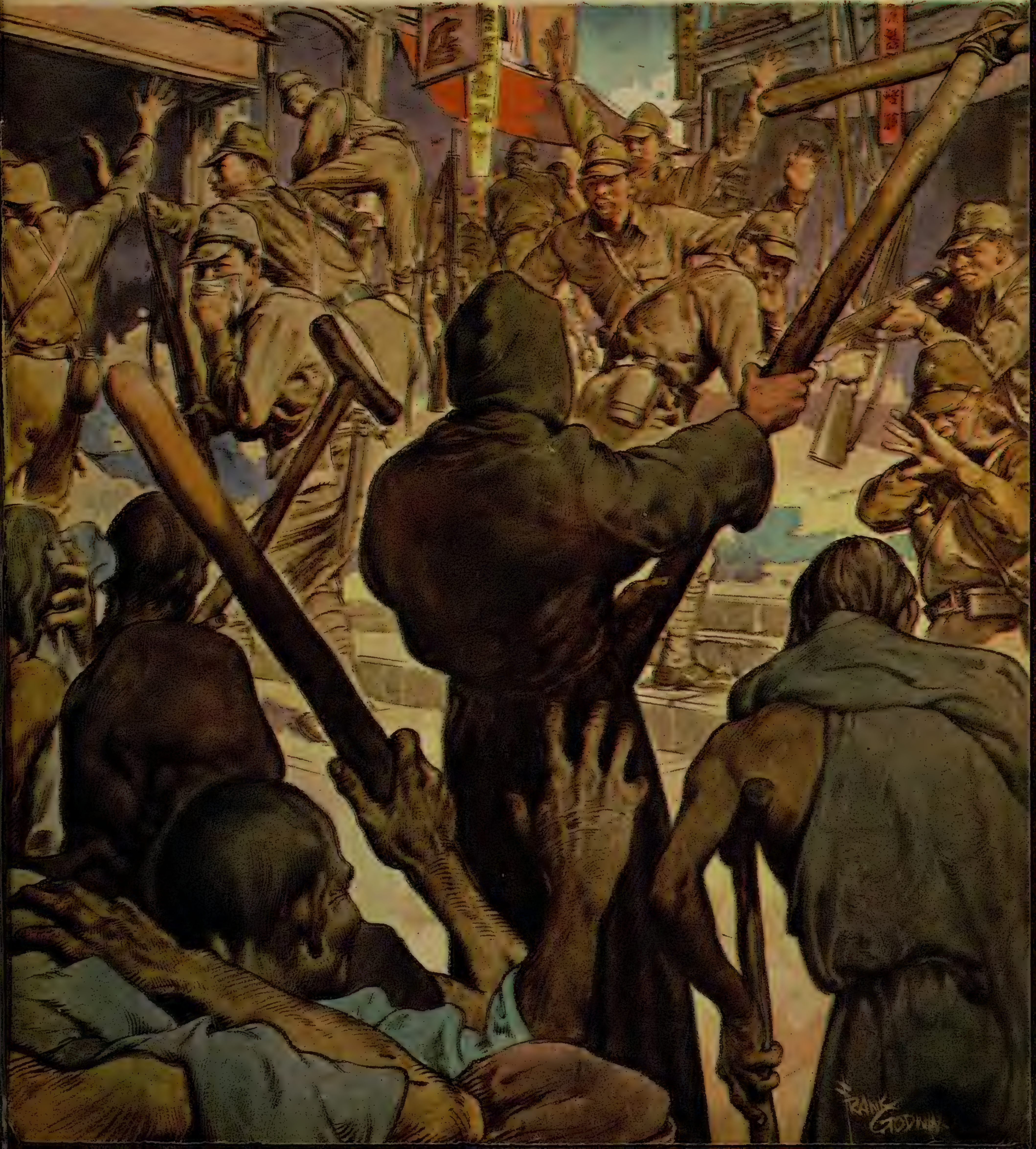
A story like this of necessity takes no account of the hundreds of men who operate the ship efficiently, from the crew of the sheet-metal shop to the engineers watching their dials, but a quiet pride in the beautiful boat animates them all. One spoke for the rest when he said, "She's not a hospital ship, like you call her. She's a floating hospital." And so she is.

THE END

Miss Esther Tracey of Denver, Colorado, the other Red Cross girl aboard the Repose, holds an interesting discussion of books with Ph. Mate 2/c Eugene Bonner. He comes from Sandersville, Miss.

Crew members watch Uncle Sugar fade into the distance as the Repose heads out for the distant beaches and the certain welcome that will greet her from the boys who fight the Japs in the Pacific.

The Faceless Men


FRANK GODWIN

The tender and compassionate story of a gallant little band of men, more dead than alive, who fought with a weapon the Japs could not combat

BY CLYDE A. FARNSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE

LIEUTENANT JOHN CASSIDY, forced to abandon his crippled plane, landed in a Chinese village by parachute. Through his Pointee-Talkie book, he made the villagers understand that he was an American airman. They fed and concealed him. Chang, a Chinese guerrilla scout, came at night to lead Cassidy to safety. With guns hidden under their coolie disguise, the two started for Forever Peaceful Hill, formerly a leper colony, where further help would be available. Meanwhile Major Hikawa, Japanese officer in charge of the Wangtzemiao district, had ordered all males to report for examination. Though inwardly rebellious, they obeyed. Wang, the schoolmaster, whose father had been killed by the invaders, was unable to conceal his hate and was arrested. Lieutenant Imamoto, Hikawa's adjutant, suggested that Wang's young wife, Ching-li, also be questioned. She was tricked into admitting that her husband had once seen a man at Forever Peaceful Hill whose face "was like that of one already dead." "You may have helped your husband—and us!" Hikawa said triumphantly—and let her go. But Ching-li, fearful that her words might cause harm to Wang, decided to try to warn the stranger. Unaware that two men watched her, she hurried toward Forever Peaceful Hill.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

LIEUTENANT CASSIDY and the guerrilla scout Chang reached Forever Peaceful Hill on their first night of travel, as planned. A waiting sampan carried them across the river as the sky was purpling in the east.

To Cassidy it was odd that the boatman was swathed about his head so that only his eyes showed. The night was warm. When Cassidy inquired of Chang, the guerrilla answered, "He knows you would not enjoy seeing his face."

Swiftly they mounted the path upward from the river. For the American it had been a long and tiring hike. He had had little time and less breath for conversation with the guerrilla; Chang was a taciturn man. In one little pause for rest, Cassidy gathered that Chang was a Cantonese who had learned his English in school at Hong Kong. But he found out little else.

Atop the hill, Chang led the way through the scraggly pines to a level place strewn with the ruins of old buildings. Finally he paused, looked carefully about him, and then led Cassidy down a flight of worn stone steps. He pushed open a heavy oaken door leading into an old cellar.

It was an empty room. Chang lit a candle and waved Cassidy toward a hard slatted bed without pad or cover.

"I suggest you get as much rest as you can. You will need it. You will remain here until I come, after sunset tomorrow. Food will be placed on the steps outside the door. Do not leave until I come. I go now to tell our friends that we are here."

"I would like to meet them, too," Cassidy said.

The guerrilla shook his head.

"I do not believe you would enjoy the meeting. They do not like to be seen. But if you wish, and if he cares to come, I will send their leader to you."

The lepers looked like risen dead. As they approached, the waiting soldiers broke ranks in hysteria.

CASSIDY was aroused from his first sleep by the rusty creaking of the heavy door. Someone stood in the opening with a little earthen oil pot in which a pith taper burned and sputtered.

In the wavering glow Cassidy saw a gaunt bearded face. The man's cavernous eyes burned like two banked fires. He wore a monkish robe of tattered sacking. Cassidy's hand stole under his coolie jacket toward his pistol.

"Who are you?" he called out.

"I am a friend," the visitor answered, and Cassidy supposed he had been sent by Chang.

Cassidy got up and held out his hand.

"No," the old man murmured. "It is better that you do not touch me. I bid you welcome nonetheless."

He and Cassidy stood facing each other.

"You are the first American I have seen for a long time," the old man said.

"What's the deal here?" Cassidy asked.

The visitor did not answer at once and Cassidy went on uncomfortably:

"You talk like an American—I'm from St. Louis myself. Just passing through."

Cassidy laughed at his own witticism and then asked, "Where are you from?"

The old man took a long time to speak.

"I fear, my son, that I should not tell you. You will come to understand. But once, long ago, I visited St. Louis."

"But who are—what are you?"

"You may call me Brother Fabian," the old man said. "I have tried to forget I ever had a name. I have long been given up for dead by those who knew me, and that is well, for I am truly as much dead as alive."

His bony fingers played with the rope knotted at his waist.

"You must have faith that I am your friend. Chang said you wanted to see me."

Cassidy was perplexed more than ever.

"There's a lot of monkey business here," he said. "I suppose that's part of the game. And I've got no kick coming, as long as I get back. But I'd just like to know what the score is."

"Know what the score is," the old man murmured in repetition, savoring the words. "That is a good expression. I have never heard it before. It must be American slang. I remember the baseball games . . . But you want to know what the score is. You have a right to know."

He leaned over to adjust the wick of the lamp.

"I have told you that I am as much dead as alive, my son."

Here he pulled his robe open at the breast. Cassidy, sickened, turned away.

"I am a leper," said Brother Fabian.

"I knew it would come to pass," he went on, "but I couldn't run away. One cannot flee before his duty. One must meet it. The others. They had no one else. I couldn't heal them as He might have done." The old man crossed himself. "But I couldn't abandon them, and now I am one of them."

Cassidy looked uneasily about the room.

"Have no fear, my son," said Brother Fabian. "The room is clean. It is used only by those like you."

Cassidy sat on the edge of the bed while Brother Fabian paced slowly back and forth, pouring out the story of the leper colony. He told him of the death of all but a handful of the lepers when the war swept their settlement, of his own flight with the group that survived, of their tormented wandering, of their hiding by day and foraging for food by night, until they came homing back to Forever Peaceful Hill.

The old man's face worked as he talked. In the shadowy light it made Cassidy think of pictures of the hallowed, bearded, burning faces of the prophets.

"I must live as long as any of the others," Brother Fabian said, "for I am their shield and buckler. I have dedicated myself to this task, and I must see it through—in His name."

"Our ranks are thinner now—less than twoscore of us still survive. Because few people would venture here among our cellars, Forever Peaceful Hill has become a refuge for those like you who are passing through. We are glad to offer this sanctuary. It is little enough for us to do.

"Now, my son, you should get your rest. The way is still long before you. I will see you again tonight to bid you Godspeed."

The old man took up the oil lamp and opened the door. "It is time for our devotions," he said, and then, closing the door, left Cassidy again in darkness.

Cassidy lay wakeful a few minutes, wondering for the first time in his life at the manifestation of God in men, wondering what he might have said to Brother Fabian that would not have sounded mawkish. He had said nothing.

Then, faintly, Cassidy heard voices in song. The music was muffled, as though it came from the dark recesses of the earth, yet it was a song that soared into the sky. It was Onward, Christian Soldiers.

AFTER the rise of the moon, Chang came to Cassidy's hideaway and said it was time to be moving on. The flier had spent most of the day asleep in the darkened cellar. Chang brought with him some balls of sweet gelatinous rice cooked in some kind of folded aromatic leaves and shared this food with Cassidy.

They sat, eating, for a few minutes within a clump of pines at the very summit of Forever Peaceful Hill. Then Cassidy broke his last cigarette in half and shared it with the guerrilla scout.

Not speaking, they surveyed the pale-lit valley below them. The night was without a cloud. From their vantage they could see all the way to Wangtzemiao. The town lay like a distant shadow.

"It would be better if it were not so clear tonight," Chang commented.

The cigarette stubs were burning their fingers and they were almost ready to leave, when Brother Fabian came to them.

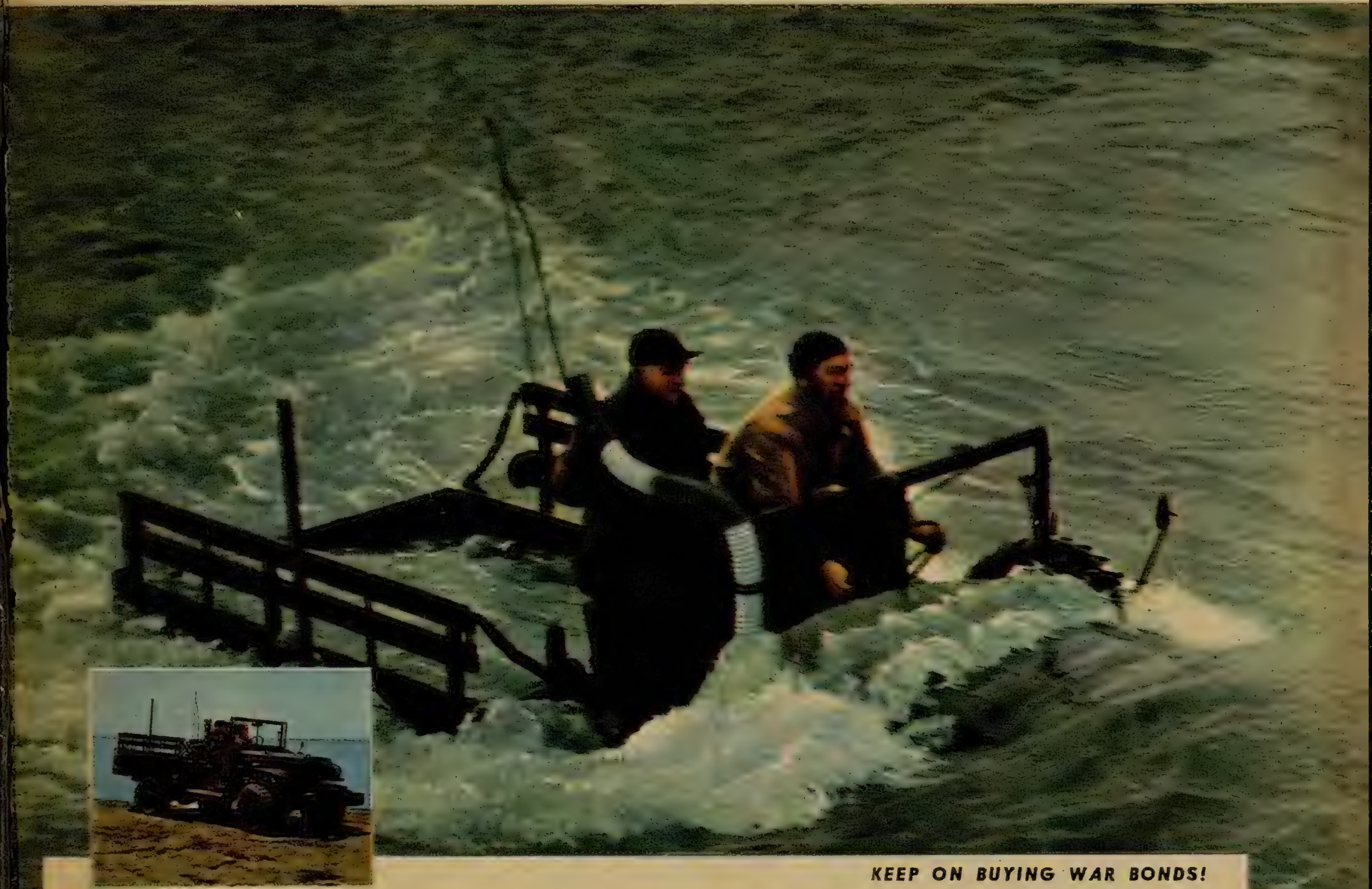
"I was afraid you were already gone,"

(Continued on page 82)

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION AND PERFORMANCE

HOW THEY BENEFIT YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE



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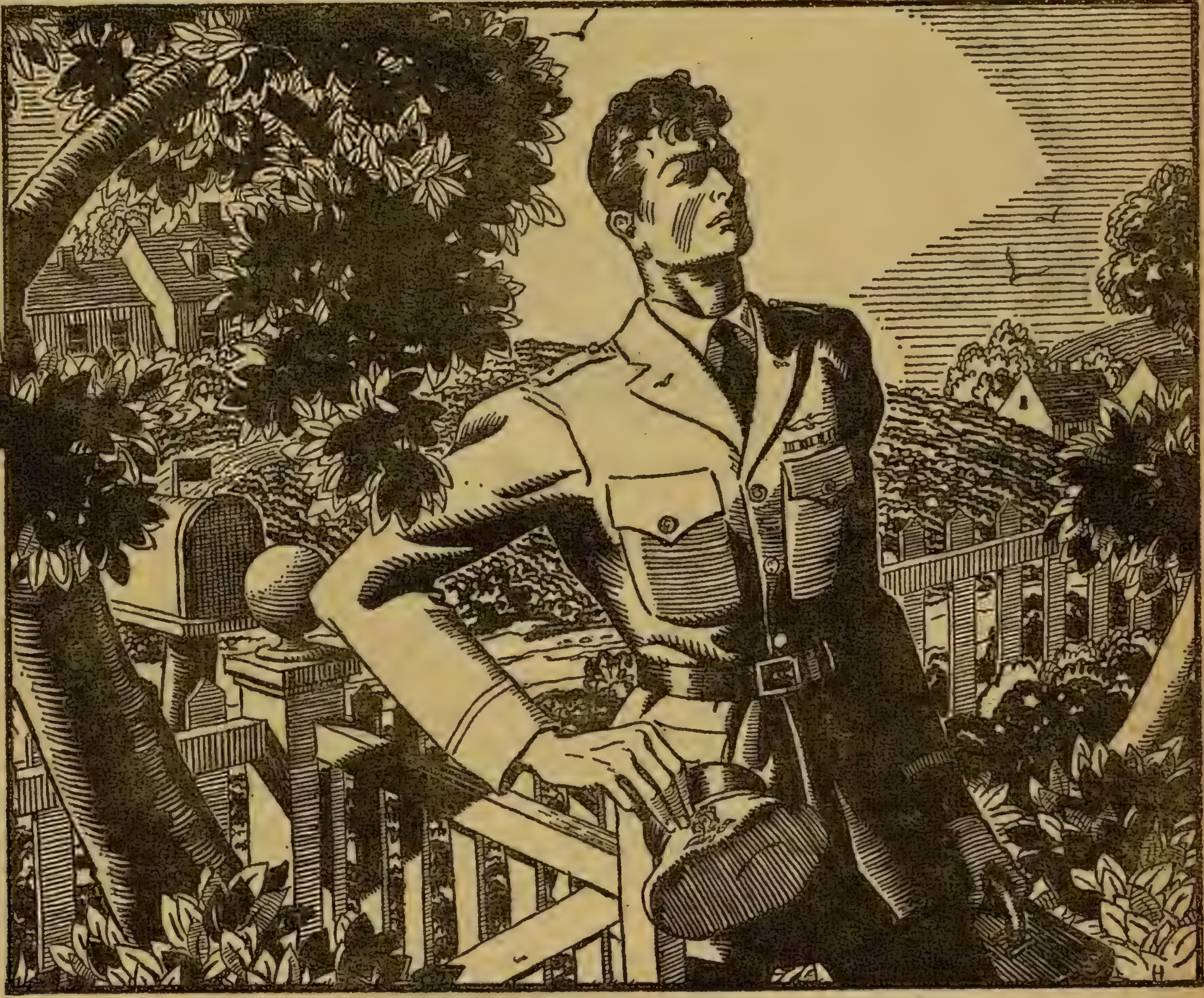
Temple Bailey's appealing love stories, told with an inimitably light touch, have won a uniquely loyal following. She is at the top of her form in this story of the tug of war between a glamor girl and a Washington Cinderella for the heart of Lieutenant "Kim" Ingram.

RED FRUIT

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY W. EMERTON HEITLAND



LIEUTENANT McKIM INGRAM of the Army Air Corps, having flown from the West Coast to Chicago, could get no plane reservations from there to Washington. An upper berth was available on the midnight train. He took it, and before the train started climbed into bed. He neither knew nor cared who was in the berth below, and the curtain was still drawn when he went early to breakfast. Before he finished, the train arrived at Harrisburg, and from his window he saw passengers out on the platform for a breath of air. Among them was a girl who caught his eye. With head bare, cheeks glowing, she was fresh as the morning. Her short bright hair had a wind-blown look; her eyes were blue. On her shabby coat was a cheap fur collar.

He went back to his car. The girl he had seen from the diner came in and dropped into the seat opposite him.

"It's a wonderful day," she said.

He smiled at her. "Springlike, isn't it?"

She smiled back. "Yes. . . . The country was lovely as we came through."

She took off her coat. Her dress was brown, with white cuffs and collar. She wore no jewelry, not even a ring. Her nails were well-kept, and her shoes nice.

Kim noted these things idly. He had no special interest in the girl. She was simply there, and not bad to look at.

They spoke again of the weather, of the lateness of the train, coming at last to talk about themselves. She was not sure where she would live, but hoped for the best. No, she didn't know anyone in Washington, but the Y. W. would probably help her find a room.

He had come from the Pacific area, on leave. "They give us a breathing spell now and then."

He had things to tell her—colorful, amusing—avoiding the tragedies of death and destruction.

She was eager to hear and had listening eyes which led him on.

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At last, switching again to her own affairs, he asked, "Ever lived in a city like Washington?"

"No. I'm a small-town girl. My father was a country doctor. He died a year ago. I have no other family, so I decided to take a civil-service examination. And now I'm on my way."

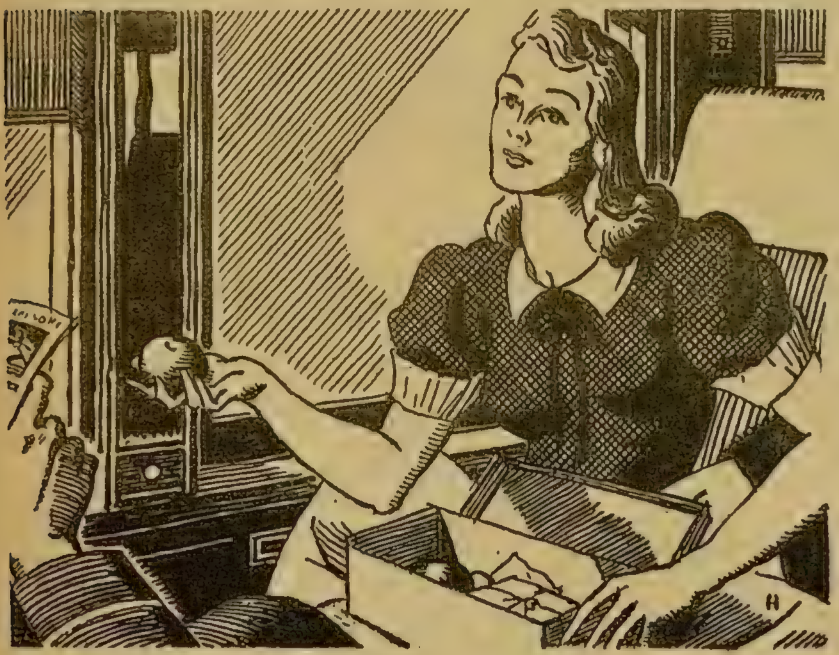
He wanted to tell her there were too many of her kind already in Washington, but it was not his affair. He offered her a magazine from the sheaf he had with him, then went into the lounge for a smoke. He played three rubbers of bridge with his fellow officers, and followed them to the dining car when the first call came for lunch. The meal was standardized, and he ate little of it.

When he got back to his car, the girl was opening a pasteboard box in which were sandwiches in waxed paper, squares of frosted cake, and two red apples.

"I'm having a snack," she said. "There's enough for two, if you'll share it."

"It looks delicious, but I've had my lunch."

"But please have a piece of cake? I made it myself."



"It sounds wonderful. You're sure you're not depriving yourself?"

Her eyes were lighted. "There's loads." She handed him a frosted square on a paper napkin.

The cake was superlative, and as he finished the last bit and wiped his fingers on the napkin, he said, "It's swell."

She offered him an apple, but he shook his head.

"No room left for it. But apples are right down my alley. My mother has orchards in Maryland."

He told her of them—the pink-and-white bloom in the spring, the red fruit in the fall.

"Mother's not a farm woman. She was city born and bred. My father died when I was a few months old, and we lived in Georgetown until I went away to school. Then the depression came, and mother put what she had left of her investments into orchards. She has made a success of them. Brittany Farms apples are in great demand."

"Do you like it? Farming, I mean."

"I don't know much about it. I've been educated for foreign service. Mother wanted me to see the world." He gave a short laugh. "Well, I'm seeing it, but not in the way she planned."

He stopped there and looked out of the window. The girl's eyes appraised him. Army Air Corps. First lieutenant. Silver wings. Handsome in his uniform. Just as handsome perhaps in civilian clothes.

After her inspection she knew every detail, from his well-polished brown boots to the crisp burnt-bronze curls above his tanned forehead. A little later when he left her and went into the lounge for another smoke, she shut her eyes and thought of the things he had said.

He was gone for some time, and the girl was asleep when he returned. She was leaning back against the pillow that the porter had given her, and her face in repose and without the lighted eyes had a pathetic look of youth and innocence.

On the sill of the window she had set one of the apples. It shone like a ruby in the sun.

Red fruit . . .

He closed his own eyes and saw with inner vision his mother's orchards in the fall. Yet when he slept, the red fruit of which he dreamed had the look of blood.

At the station he said good-by to her. He had told her his name, McKim Ingram, and she had said that hers was Daphne Winslow. They did not speak of a future meeting.

HE went out from town on the bus. Taxis were scarce, and there had been no one to meet him. His mother liked surprises, and this would be topnotch for her.

As he reached the orchards of Brittany Farms, the blossoming apple trees were like drifts of snow under the moon. Beyond the orchards was the dark line of the boxwood hedge, and beyond the hedge, the long, low house.

It was on the edge of midnight, but the windows of the living room were still lighted. As he looked in, Kim saw his mother in her winged chair by the fireplace, her eyes on her book. Two great dogs were stretched at her feet—old Scot, the collie, and young Tip, the German shepherd. Already Tip's ears were up—the watchdog on the alert, aware of an alien presence.

With his pulses pounding, Kim gave the cardinal's call which in the old days had announced his coming. He saw his mother rise from her chair, saw the dogs fling themselves forward, saw the door open, heard the thrilled cry, "Kim darling!

"Let me look at you. Let me look." Her eyes searched his face. "I was afraid you'd be—different."

"Well, I'm not, except that I'm burned black."

"You're more beautiful than ever."

"So *you* think." He kissed her again. "Gee, but it's good to be home! This room is tops. I can't tell you how many times I've shut my eyes and seen it."

It was a lovely room with its chintz-covered chairs and couches, its Chinese Chippendale, its pale pottery bowls and vases filled now with white iris. The fire on the hearth had burned down to glowing coals, and over it, on the mantel, was the little French clock with a golden cock that crowed the hours and that had been the joy of Kim's childhood.

Above the clock was a portrait of Kim's father, Stanford Ingram. He wore the uniform of an Army captain. He had been in the first World War and had died shortly after the armistice. He was a handsome man—dark and thin and tall. Kim was not in the least like him. He was neither tall nor thin, and in coloring was fair like his mother.

Her eyes were resting on him adoringly. "You didn't stop to see Sandy before you came out?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Darling, what's happened?"

"Well, it seems to be a case of out of sight out of mind. She didn't write, except a scrap now and then, or a post card, in the whole ten months I was away."

"But she hates to write letters."

"That's no excuse. It was pretty bad, wondering what she was doing—whether there was any other man, whether it would make any difference to her if I lived—or died."

He flung himself into a chair beside his mother and put his hand over hers. "If it hadn't been for your letters, Peggy— Well, I carried them around in my pocket just to get the feel of you."

Presently they raided the icebox and he ate with an appetite. "Pretty bad food these days in the diners. There was a girl in my section who gave me a piece of cake from her lunchbox. She was a nice little thing, on her way to a job in Washington. And when I say 'nice,' Peggy, I mean it. Naïve. Friendly. The trouble is that some man may misunderstand her friendliness. Which would be a pity."

SANDY DARCY had lived since the age of seven with old Alexandra Baxter, her grandmother, in a great house in Georgetown. Born in France, she had moved from Paris to Brussels, from Brussels to The Hague, and from The Hague to Rome—as her father had been transferred from one diplomatic post to another. Then Duke Darcy had suddenly decided that his daughter must attend school in her own country. So the seven-year-old child had been sent to America and to old Alexandra.

It was in her early years in Georgetown that Sandy had met Kim Ingram. He was three years her senior, and his house was in the same block. They had played together, gone to dancing school together, to football games and matinees, and she to junior proms when Kim was at Princeton. And when Sandy had made her debut, Kim had given her the thrill of a first proposal.

"I'm going to marry you," he had said between dances, "as soon as I get through college."

Sandy, in a flutter of new experience, was enchanted by his masterful approach, but as time passed and her girlish prettiness blossomed into beauty, she refused to play the game alone with him.

"Don't keep asking me, Kim. I want to have a good time before I settle down."

When the war came on, however, and Kim went off for his officer's training, he wooed so persistently that Sandy, swept along on the tide of his passion, capitulated. They were engaged, but there was no formal announcement. Sandy's family refused to hear of a war marriage.

All went well as long as Kim was close at hand, but when he was sent overseas for active duty, Sandy found that she could get on very happily without him. Washington was a wild gay world, and Kim was far away. His letters were the only link between them, and that link a frail one. Sandy's imagination could not carry her into the world of loneliness and hard fighting in which he lived. He became a reproachful wraith, receding into the background of her mind, while in the forefront were all those others who filled her hours with pleasure and excitement.

AND now on this May midnight came a voice over the telephone: "Hi, beautiful!"

"Kim? Oh, Kim! Where are you?"

"At home. Brittany Farms."

"When did you come?"

"A little while ago."

"Why didn't you stop here on your way from the station?"

"Why should I?"

"You mean—because I didn't write? Oh, Kim darling—I'm such a heel! But you're still the one man for me."

"You're lying, my sweet."

"I'm not lying!"

"Well, I'll know when I've had a look at you. Mother is coming to town tomorrow morning. Why can't I come in with her and bring you out here for luncheon and the day?"

"But, darling—I can't. I have a hair appointment at ten, and a luncheon at one, and then a cocktail party. And tomorrow night is granny's birthday dinner. Peggy has promised to come. If you'll drive in with her, we'll have a grand evening together."

A moment's silence, then he spoke with force and roughness: "Do you think I care whether your hair is curled or straight? I've got a lock of it in my wallet. It's Exhibit A of my fool's idea that you loved me."

"But I do—"

"Prove it, then. Tomorrow, at eleven. Is it a date?"

"It's a date, darling. Tomorrow at eleven."

"Right-o."

It took Sandy several seconds to realize that Kim had hung up. She had wanted more—to hear the crisp hard sentences: "You're mine, my girl. If you try to get away, I'll bring you back."

As she turned from the telephone, she looked at herself in the long mirror that hung in the hall. The lovely gown of pale violet in which she had danced that evening had silver embroidery on belt and pockets, and in her upswept auburn hair was a silver rose. Her gray-green eyes, her winged eyebrows, the flash of white teeth between the clear red of her lipstick were attributes to a beauty that was almost spectacular.

She said aloud to the mirror, "He'll like me," and laughed.

"HI, soldier!" she said, as she opened the big front door to Kim next morning. Without a word he took her in his arms and kissed her.

At last she said breathlessly, "Kim! Let me go—"

She broke away from him and ran down to the car to greet Margaret, who was at the wheel. "Kim hasn't any sense, Peggy. Look at those people staring."

"They're probably envying him."

Kim came up then. "Stop talking to mother, and let me look at you."

She was worth looking at in her smart little girl's frock of black-and-white check, her short white jacket, her red-gold curls, worn now in her neck, topped by a white calotte.

She flashed a glance at him. "Like me?"

He laughed. "Your looks? Yes. But I'm not so sure about the rest of you."

The same old Kim, cock of the walk, keeping her in her place.

As she sat beside him later in the car, she wondered how she had lived without him. Strong, ardent, *real.* No longer a wraith to be thrust into the back of her mind. She wanted to weep on his shoulder; to be told in his hard grim voice, "No one else shall have you."

But this was not the moment, for on the front seat was Margaret, and Kim was making plans. "Mother has to go to the bank and to market, so we'll do the shops."

He bought a gardenia for Sandy's coat, white orchids for her to wear that night at the birthday dinner, and roses for granny. He bought perfume for Sandy, and silver wings, and three gold bangles. And when she protested, he said, "I'm not buying them to please you, honey. I'm buying them because I have money in my pocket and want to spend it."

He was gay—almost boisterous. When at last Margaret picked them up, Kim told her gleefully, "I've spent all my money, and it's a grand feeling."

"Well, there's plenty more in the bank for you. I cut a lot of coupons this morning."

"I bought something for you, Peggy. It's pink and white and dolled up with lace."

"A bed jacket," Sandy explained. "Kim says he's going to bring your breakfast up to you while he's here."

"He'll have to bring it to the barn," Margaret threw over her shoulder. "I'm out there at seven, in overalls."

They drove out toward Brittany Farms by the Rockville Pike. Beyond the Naval Hospital was a short cut, and Margaret took it. The road was shaded by trees which arched overhead, making of it a cloistered way of coolness and greenery.

Sandy, on the back seat with Kim, had taken off her hat and dropped her head on his shoulder with a sigh. The soft flame of her hair was against his cheek; there was the scent of gardenias, the loveliness of the hand that lay on his sleeve. Yet he stared straight ahead of him, a little frown on his forehead.

For he was seeing not this cool green way, but a sweltering jungle; sweating men waiting for their letters; tearing them open when they came, like animals avid for food. And himself—letters from his mother, from men friends back home, from buddies who had fought with him and were now in parts unknown. But the letter he had wanted—had even prayed for—not there.

Ignoring Sandy, he began to talk to Margaret: "Would you mind if I made an engagement tonight without you? There are some people in town I must see. I have messages for them."

Sandy said explosively, "What about granny's party?"

"That's out, I'm afraid."

"If you don't come, I'll never forgive you."

Kim's cool clear eyes looked down at her. "If it's a question of forgiveness, I might mention a thing or two."

She gave him an upward slanting glance, decided not to press the point. Silence fell between them.

At luncheon Sandy seemed to listen as Kim held up his end of the conversation, but she was not interested. What did she care about his trip, or about that girl on the train who had offered him cake?

"She was as different from you, Sandy, as night is from day."

"How different?"

"Well, I gathered from what she said that she had never been many miles from home. Never been to Europe, or to Florida, or to California. Never been to a college prom. Never had a party dress."

Sandy shrugged. "She's probably out to catch a soldier or a sailor."

The rain was coming down in torrents when they rose from the table. Margaret, sensing a situation, suggested brightly, "Sandy hasn't seen the library, Kim, since I unpacked your father's books. Why don't you take her up there and show her what I've done?"

Sandy cared nothing for books, but she welcomed the opportunity to be alone with Kim. He led the way to a big room in the west wing, darkened now by the rain. Through the wide window they could see the white blur of the orchards. They stood for a moment looking out, then Kim pulled the chain of a floor lamp and the room was flooded with the rich color of hundreds of volumes in fine bindings from floor to ceiling.

"I had no idea," he said, "that father was a collector of rare editions. He had a lot of firsts . . . this, for example."

He took from the shelves a thin volume, then stood with it in his hand as Sandy said abruptly, "I didn't come here to talk about books."

"What shall we talk about?"

"Ourselves. You and me, Kim. I can't understand you. You're acting so strangely. This morning you seemed just as you used to be, and now you're stiff as a frozen mummy."

He put the book back in its place. "This is as good a time as any, Sandy, to have it out. Sit down while I talk to you."

Two deep chairs of Spanish leather were under the lamp.

Sandy sank into one of them, but Kim stood with his back to the table and looked at her with eyes that were strained and wretched.

"You ask why I've changed since morning. I'm not sure I can make you understand, but I'll try. . . .

"When I came home last night, I had made up my mind not to see you. You hadn't written; you didn't love me; and that was the end of it. But I couldn't stick it out, Sandy, so I called you up and made a date. . . . All night I wondered whether I'd been wise, but this morning as you stood in the doorway I forgot everything but that I had my little Sandy back again. I thought we could begin where we left off when I went away. So I tried, but it wasn't until we were in the car and you put your head on my shoulder that I came to my senses.

"I knew then what you wanted—to be petted and made love to—and I knew that was all you had ever wanted. . . . We think of things like that over there, Sandy. We weren't playing tiddlywinks on Bataan, or Midway, or Guadalcanal. I'm not whining, Sandy. A man can be brave when he faces death, but when he feels that the woman he loves doesn't care a rap whether he lives or dies—well, it gets him. I tried to tell myself you were just a kid. That I had swept you off your feet before you were sure of yourself. You weren't sure of yourself, were you?"

"I am—now."

HE walked to the window and spoke from there. His voice was hoarse: "It won't do, Sandy. You've fooled me before."

"I'm not fooling." She reached up and pulled the chain of the lamp. "The light hurts my eyes."

Then, in the darkness of the room, he heard a small heartbreaking sound. He turned toward her. "Sandy, you're crying!"

She rose and went to him. "Oh, Kim, love me."

He took her in his arms. "Stop crying, honey."

"Oh, Kim . . ."

"I know."

Her face was a pale oval against his shoulder. He bent and kissed her, then kissed her again—hungrily, as a man does who has been starved.

She could always bring him back. She had done it before. She could do it again!

IN the weeks that followed, Sandy swept Kim with her on a never-ending round of social activities. Dances for British Relief, Chinese, Dutch, Fighting French, Russian—at the Sulgrave Club, the Carlton, the Mayflower, the Shoreham. It was all very gay and young and exciting and Sandy adored it.

Kim didn't adore it, but he played the game with her. He was never a kill-joy at a feast. He was handsome, attractive, quick with his tongue, and could laugh with the rest of them. Sandy was proud of him and said so. "I love to show you off, darling."

He wondered sometimes if he meant any more to her than that.

He said one night to his mother, "How about you and dad? Did you like the things he liked?"

"Yes, until he came back from the war. Then he was changed."

"Changed? How, Peggy?"

"He didn't want to do the things he had always done. He was old before his time. And I was still young."

"Yet you were happy."

"Is anybody really happy?" she said with earnestness. "Perhaps we strive too much for it. Your father and I made adjustments." She did not clarify what she meant by adjustments, nor did she pursue the subject. It was always like that—a barrier between herself and her son when he spoke of his father.

She said now, "Is it of Sandy you're thinking? Be patient, Kim. The war is doing things to young people."

SO life went on until Brent Barclay came into the picture. Kim and Sandy met him first at a party. He was a tall slim Texan, with black hair, a soft drawling voice, a very special technique of flattery. He was a Navy officer, on leave.

As he came in, Sandy was dancing with Kim. With his eyes upon her, Brent asked his hostess, "Who is she?"

There was an exquisiteness about her—the grace of her slender figure, the tilt of her small head with its upswept auburn hair, the warm ivory of her neck and arms, the lovely lines of her white satin bodice rounding up from her slender waist, the cloud of tulle that swirled about her high-heeled slippers. She wore no jewels except the pearl-and-aquamarine balls that dripped from her ears and the broad matching bracelet which weighted her wrist.

His hostess, noting the intensity of his preoccupation, said, "She's engaged."

"Is that the man?"

"Yes."

"Well, there was never a time when Navy couldn't beat Army."

He waited with patience for the moment when he had her in his arms on the dance floor. Then he said, "I don't believe you're real."

"Why not?"

"You're just a flame of fire."

Sandy parried with her favorite "Don't be silly!"

When he brought her back to the table, he became at once the center of things. He told a good story and kept his fellow guests in a roar of laughter. Sandy laughed with the rest, her eyes upon him. Kim, watching, had a twinge of jealousy.

On the way home he said, "You like him, Sandy?"

"He's great fun."

"He's fallen for you all right."

She tilted up her chin, her eyes full of laughter. "Who doesn't?"

"And yet you're mine! You know that, darling?"

She laughed again. "He's a queer duck. Different."

"How, different?"

"Oh, a sort of 'wide spaces' man, without being wild and woolly."

He showed his temper. "I'll be shoving off soon. He can have the field to himself."

She dropped her head on his shoulder. "I don't want anyone to have the field but you."

However casually Sandy might seem to sweep Brent Barclay out of her life, she was to find him not so easily pushed aside. He refused to let her alone, and she hardly dared to admit to herself the pleasure she found in Brent's pursuit of her. He played upon the keys of her emotions with an experienced touch. He laughed when she said she did not love him, when she said she was going to marry Kim.

"If you loved him, you'd marry him now."

"I do love him."

His dark face was bent down to her. "Not as you could love me."

"Don't be silly."

"Am I? You won't think so some day. You can't escape me. And why should you try? I'll take you up on a high mountain, darling, and show you the world."

For days after that she refused to go anywhere with him. It was Kim she loved, not Brent. Yet Brent was drawing her toward him with a power that was compelling. She must stop things, and at once!

So one morning she called up Kim: "Very busy, darling?"

"No."

"Why can't we have today together in the Glen?"

"Splendid. I'll meet the bus in the station wagon."

"Is eleven too early?"

"The sooner the better, sweetheart."

The Glen was a small wooded valley on Rock Creek within a few miles of Brittany Farms. Wild flowers grew in profusion—violets, anemones, hepaticas, bloodroot. The creek was wide and shallow, and brown with the shadows of the trees above it. It was here that Kim had come often with Sandy after his mother had moved to the farm. Today they ate sandwiches and cold chicken and crisp nut cookies, sitting on the dry ground with a rock for a table.

"I've wanted a picnic for a long time," Kim said, "but I've been so busy."

"Too busy for me?"

Something in her voice made him glance at her sharply. "You mean I've neglected you?"

"You haven't been exactly on your toes."

From the other side of the table he looked at her. His eyes were ardent. "If I had my way, I'd marry you tomorrow."

"Well, why not?"

"But you've always put me off."

"Oh, I know—because the family wouldn't have it. But why should we ask them? It's our life, not theirs, darling."

He came around to her and took her in his arms. A shaft of light slanted down through the pines and lighted her loveliness.

"I want you more than anything in the world," he said, "but when I go back, you'll need your people."

She was eager. "Why should you go back? You've done your part in the fighting. You could pull wires and stay on here. Daddy and granny have loads of influence."

"Perhaps," dryly. "But get this straight, Sandy. I'm not a quitter. There's a job out there that must be finished."

"But if you go away, you'll be just a ghost again. I want you here always—like this." She turned her face up to him. "Like this."

After a long time he said, "I'll come in tonight and tell your father and mother that we've made up our minds. And when I come back, we'll settle down at Brittany Farms and live happy ever after."

AS the days went on, Kim sensed a change in Sandy. She seemed preoccupied, put him off when he questioned her. He would ask, "What did you do today?" And she would answer, "Oh, a lot of things. There was the canteen, and my first-aid class . . ."

Once in a while she would admit, "Brent Barclay took me—"

"Where?"

She laughed—that low provocative laugh of hers. "Oh, darling, you're jealous."

"Yes, I am. You're seeing too much of Brent and not telling me about it."

"How do you know?"

He said passionately, "Everything about you shows it. I've known you too long not to guess when you're up to things."

They were having this argument between acts in the old National Theater on the first night of a new play. She laid her hand over his, a lovely hand with his ring upon it.

Then suddenly her hand was withdrawn as a voice back of them said, "Hello, both of you! This *is* luck—"

Kim stood up, and Sandy said, "Well, Brent! How do you like the play?"

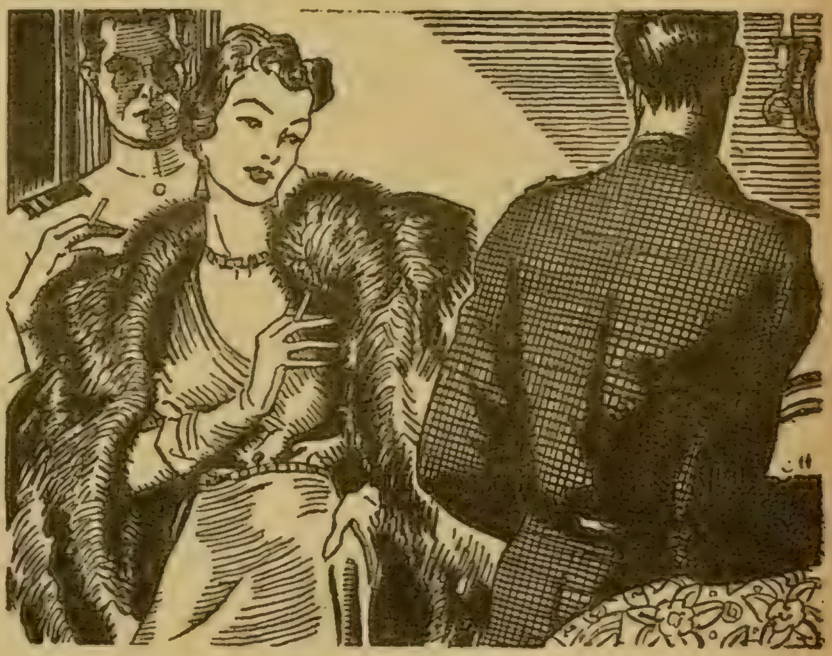
"Rotten. Too talky and no action." He stopped. People were coming in. "I'll see you afterward," he said.

When they came out they found Brent waiting outside with a taxi. "Come up to our apartment," he said. "Granddad is giving a supper to the actors in the play. Two of them are from Texas. He's backstage now, getting them all together."

Brent was staying with his grandfather, old Senator Taylor, at the Mayflower.

Kim said, "I'm afraid I can't. I'm taking the bus back to the farm. But Sandy might enjoy it."

She was standing in the light which shone from the theater entrance. She wore a dinner suit of white crepe with a little green jacket, her hair a flame above it.



Her face was raised to Kim, and her eyes questioned him. "You mean you won't go with us?"

"I've told you, I'll be late for the last bus."

"Then I won't go." She turned to Brent. "It's a grand invitation, but this is Kim's night."

Brent's amused glance went from one to the other. "Darby and Joan," he said. "How thrilling!"

Kim's head went up. "It's so thrilling that I can't quite believe it. But if Sandy wants to stay—"

He was rewarded by Sandy's "Oh, darling, you're sweet."

In the Taylor apartment Kim found himself with the ingénue of the play, while Brent managed to get Sandy out of the drawing room. When they returned, half an hour later, she said to Kim, "I'm sorry, darling. Brent was showing me his grandfather's library."

When Kim took her home he kept the taxi waiting while he went up the steps with her. She drew him with her into the hall.

He put his hands on her shoulders. "Are you in love with Barclay?"

"Oh, no, darling!" She clung to him and he kissed her.

But as he rode home there was not the least doubt in his mind that Brent had been making love to her. The evidence was in her excitement, in the tiny smudge of lipstick he had seen on Brent's cheek.

DAPHNE WINSLOW saw in a Sunday paper the announcement of the broken engagement of Sandy Darcy and Kim Ingram. She wondered if she would ever see him again. It was not likely.

It was therefore with the thrill of the unexpected that she came upon him on the river parkway one day at sunset. She would have passed him, but he turned and saw her, then came toward her.

"You're Daphne Winslow?" He held out his hand. "Remember me?"

"Yes. Oh, yes—" Her breath was quick.

"I wasn't sure at first. Perhaps it's the hat. You wore a brown one on the train."

Her hat today was blue—navy—with coat and skirt of the same color, and a white silk blouse. She looked trim and well-groomed, without loss of that effect of youthful freshness which had attracted him on the train.

"Tell me about yourself," he said. "Did you find a comfortable place to live?"

"Yes. Not far from the Capitol. I can see the dome."

"Do you like our big city?"

"I love it."

"No wolves prowling?"

She laughed. "No wolves."

"Good—" Then, as they walked on together, "Look here. Have you had your dinner?"

"No."

"Then why not dine with me? I'm staying in town for a conference at eight with my mother's lawyers. I thought I'd eat at the Boots and Saddles Inn."

She sparkled. "I'd love it."

The afterglow was fading, but up the river, back of old Georgetown University, there still hung a curtain of soft light.

"That's a wonderful view," Daphne said. "I often come at this time of evening to look at it."

"I came tonight for what may seem a rather morbid reason. My father was drowned up the river. I've been thinking of him a lot lately. My being here is a kind of gesture to memory. You see, he died when I was a baby, so I never really knew him," Kim told her.

WHEN they were seated, he said, "I hope you have an appetite. I'm going to order everything." He picked up the menu. "This is great good luck, having you. I was feeling terribly sorry for myself."

From soup to deep-dish apple pie he talked and she listened. He was, he told her, soon to push off. "I've had a year in the Pacific, and they sent me home for an indefinite leave. But I want to go back. I'm restless. Things have happened since I saw you. I'd like to talk with you about it. May I?"

He took her consent for granted and plunged in: "I've loved her since we were kids, and I've never thought of any other woman as my wife. When I went overseas, we were engaged, although it wasn't announced, and I was so happy, it seemed as if nothing else mattered. I wrote to her regularly, but she didn't answer my letters. I waited and waited. Then I began to doubt her. I thought if a woman loved a man, she couldn't help writing. Well, when I came back, we tried to patch things up, but it didn't work—"

Daphne leaned forward. "You mustn't be desperate about it. What is best will come."

"Do you believe that?"

"Yes."

He leaned his elbows on the table and looked at her. She was not a girl to catch the eye at once, but there was warmth and youth and a charming naïveté. He said suddenly, "What makes you believe that the best will come?"

"Oh, the things that have happened to me." She told him about herself, of her doctor father, their life together in the small town, with the country practice. Books lining the walls of the little house. Rides far afield in the little old Ford. "We had such days and evenings together, daddy and I."

"But you lost him?"

"Yes. There was an epidemic. He never thought of himself. And at the very last I saw how wonderful it is to give your life for others. I think the worst thing that can come to a man or to a woman is to be—afraid."

They finished their coffee. Daphne stood up.

"Look here," Kim said. "I want to see you again, and I'd like to show you our orchards. Will you come out to the farm if my mother calls you up?"

"It would be wonderful!"

"Then it's a date. . . . And now I'll put you in a taxi and get on my way to the lawyers."

"I'd rather walk," she said.

He touched her cheek with the tip of his finger. "Good night, little—pigeon," he said, and left her.

Daphne walked home. It was a long walk, but her feet were winged, her thoughts tumultuous.

When Kim reached the hotel where the conference was to be held, he went at once to the florist's shop and ordered sweet peas for Daphne—rose-colored, the box to be tied with blue ribbons.

"Send them tonight," he told the florist. And on the card he wrote: "To a little Pigeon—with gratitude."

Daphne wrote a note to thank him for the flowers, and it was on the following Saturday that he called her up.

"How about that visit to our orchards? Tomorrow? Mother is right here to speak to you."

Mrs. Ingram said, "We want you for dinner, my dear, and to stay on for supper. Then you can see the sunset."

Then Kim again: "Can you be ready at twelve?"

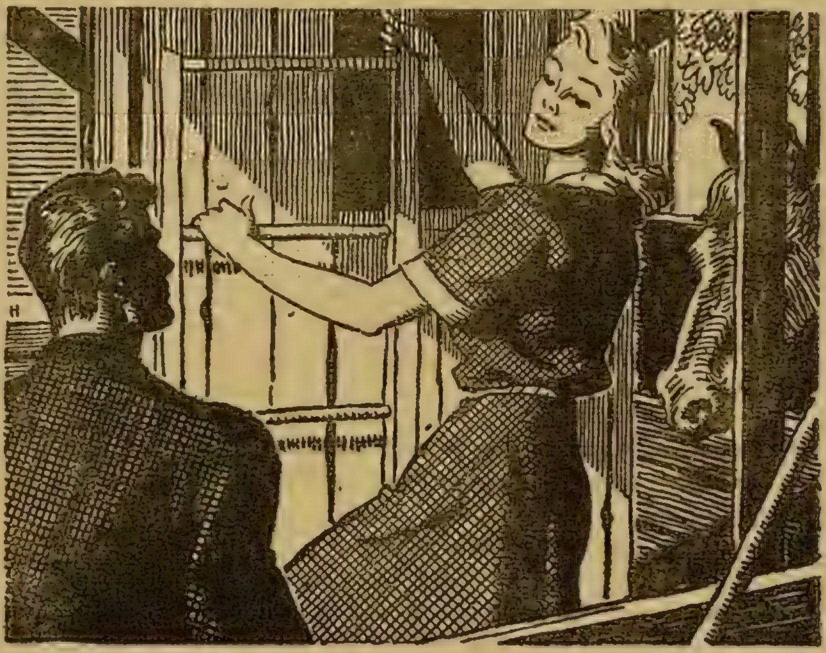
"Yes."

"I'll come for you in the station wagon. If I run out of gas, I may have to let you go back on the bus, but I'll see that you get home safely."

WHEN they reached the farm on Sunday, Margaret met them at the door. Her greeting was warm. "We have looked forward to your coming, my dear."

"Not half so much as I, Mrs. Ingram."

Daphne's manner was easy, unself-conscious; her dress simple—a cotton frock appropriate for the hot day. Her hair, with its wind-blown look, had the sheen of good care.



Kim, when he had told of meeting her again, had said, "The girl on the train, Mother. You remember? She's a nice child. I'd like to have her out here for a day."

"Sure she wouldn't misunderstand your interest?"

"Don't be Victorian, Peggy. She's not like that."

Margaret said now, "Kim tells me you've lived in the country, Daphne."

"Not exactly in it, but on the edge of it. My father was a small-town doctor, and two thirds of his patients were country folks. I used to ride with him on his rounds. I love the out-of-doors."

After dinner the three of them went in Margaret's small car for a tour of the farm.

"We'll take you up to our grove of pines," Kim said, when they had shown her the orchard.

The sky was a hard clear blue. As they entered the pine wood, they seemed to swim in a sea of emerald light.

"I love it here," Kim said. "When I come back, Peggy, I'm going to help you run the farm. Foreign service will have few charms for me."

"But don't you think," Daphne asked, "that after the war our young diplomats will be important?"

"Those of us who have done the fighting won't be keen about anything but getting home. I'll be lucky to have a place like this to come to."

As the afternoon waned, Margaret suggested, "Why don't you two walk back? I'll go on ahead in the car. I want to pack a basket for Daphne."

When she had gone, Kim said, "She's a great person, running this big place alone. She says she's happier here. Dad's death was a shock to her. She has never quite recovered."

As they passed a young pine, he broke off a bit of the fragrant green. "I like the smell of it." He handed it to her. "What's your favorite perfume? Sandy's is white orchid, but you're not the orchid type."

"What type am I?"

"This—" He touched the bit of pine which she held. "You're like one of these young trees—strong and brave."

When they came to the barn and stepped inside, the horses poked their heads from their stalls to greet their young master. The barn cats were looking down from the loft. "Can you climb a ladder?" Kim asked. "There's a family of kittens I want you to see."

The mother cat met them at the top of the ladder and arched her head under Kim's caressing hand.

"Her name," Kim said, "is Minerva, but we call her Minnie. She's a wise old thing and rules the place. The dogs and she are friendly enough, except when she has a family. Then they keep at a safe distance."

The kittens, in their nest of hay, were soft as silk. Daphne sat down beside them and gathered them into her lap.

"The darlings!" she said. "The darlings."

"You can have one," he said, "if you have a place to keep it."

She shook her head. "My landlady's rule is no pets."

"Which would you choose if you could have it?"

"This one." She picked up a silver ball of fluff.

"What will you name it?"

She thought for a moment. "Silver Wings. Wings, for short."

He bent down and took the kitten from her. "Wings," he said unsteadily. "Little Wings. . . . You're going to be a mascot, do you know it? It's yours, Daphne, but we'll keep it for you."

He gave Minnie's family back to her, then reached for Daphne's hand and drew her up. "Enjoyed your day?"

"It's been perfect."

"Well, it's done something for me. Helped—"

"I'm glad."

His clasp on her hand tightened, drawing her closer. "May I have a kiss?"

A breath of hesitation. Then, "No," quietly. "It might spoil things."

While he was driving her home, Kim said, "Have you anything on for Wednesday night? I have to come in town, and we might dine again at the Boots and Saddles."

WHEN she got to her room Tuesday evening, Daphne tried on the dress she had bought. It was a special print in faint blue and white. To go with it there was a small white hat that shaded her eyes. She had been a bit extravagant, but now, as she looked in her mirror, what she saw pleased her. She had little vanity of the kind that swayed Sandy. She was not glamorous. But the girl who smiled back at her in the mirror had the delicate and delicious charm of a happy child.

The next night when she arrived at the Boots and Saddles, Kim was there. He was gay and laughing. They found a table, and he ordered for her. "The best there is. This is my swan song, Pigeon."

"You mean—you're going?"

He nodded. "Tomorrow."

She drew a quick breath. "I'm sorry."

"What shall we do next?" he asked, when they had finished. "Night club? Movie? That play at the National?"

He stopped suddenly. The door at the other end of the room had opened and a man and woman came in. They were in riding clothes—the man tall and dark, the woman with a flame of hair tied back with a ribbon. The woman was Sandy Darcy.

Sandy's eyes, roving the room, came at last to Kim and his companion. She moved toward them swiftly. "Hi, soldier."

Kim was on his feet. "Hi, yourself—"

Brent Barclay, his eyes watchful, said, "We thought you had skipped town."

"I'm pushing off tomorrow."

Sandy's tone was startled. "Tomorrow? But, oh, look here—I'm not going to let you get away like this. Brent and I were going for a ride, but we can change our plans and all have an evening together."

There were four seats at the table, and she sat down, her face lifted to Kim, who stood above her.

It was a lovely face, and her eyes had in them an appeal that at one time Kim could not have resisted.

"I'm sorry, but Miss Winslow and I were just leaving."

Having brought Daphne's name into it, he made the presentations—Miss Darcy—Lieutenant Barclay.

Sandy persisted, "Oh, don't be stuffy, darling. Why can't the two of you go with us to a night club?"

Kim said again, "I'm sorry."

There was a moment's silence. Then a waiter came up and Brent gave an order for cocktails. "We'll drink to your safe return," he told Kim.

WHILE they waited for the cocktails, Sandy started to talk to Kim. Brent, having flashed a glance from one to the other, gave his attention to Daphne. He was not, she knew, in the least interested, but his manner was perfect. And while he talked to her, he did not miss a word of what Kim and Sandy were saying. Nor did Daphne miss it.

"She's the girl you met on the train?"

"Yes."

"So you're off with the old and on with the new, darling?"

"Am I?"

"I can only judge by what I see."

She laughed, and he laughed with her, but his laughter was forced. He had been at peace, but now, with her eyes holding his, with her hair tied back—how often he had seen it like that when they rode together!

As if she read his thoughts, Sandy said softly, "Darling, give me a little time tonight. "I'll get rid of Brent, and be home at eleven—"

Daphne could not catch the softly murmured words, but she saw the look in Kim's eyes. There was adoration, but there was, too, a kind of despair.

His voice, with its deeper note, came clearly: "Eleven?" Then, after a pause, "Why not?"

Brent's face was impassive. The cocktails had arrived. "To your safe return," was the toast.

Daphne lifted her glass, and when she set it down, untouched, she said, "I think Kim should spend this last evening with his friends. You can put me in a taxi, Kim, and I'll be running on."

He turned quickly toward her. "I'll do nothing of the kind."

But she was firm. "I'm a working girl, you know, and must get up early." She gathered up her gloves and rose.

Kim rose with her. "I'm taking you home."

"No. Only to the taxi." She was composed and smiling as she said good night to Sandy and Brent.

As they stood waiting for a taxi, Kim said, "I don't understand."

"I think you do. You're still in love with Sandy. It's her evening. Not mine."

"You heard?" he said sharply.

"Yes. You want to be with her. And why not?"

His cap was off and the wind blew his hair about his anxious face. "Sure you don't mind?" he said.

"Sure—"

"Oh, little Pigeon," he said, "I'm sorry."

As the taxi came up, she held out her hand. "Good night and good luck!"

He drew her a little toward him. "Let me go home with you?"

"No," she said, and managed to smile at him. "I'm going alone—and don't be sorry. . . ."

When she reached her room, she took off the white hat and set it on its stand in the closet. She hung the pretty spring dress on its hanger. She brushed her teeth and brushed her hair, and in the bathroom washed out her stockings and undies and pinned them up with little patent clothespins on a line to dry.

She bathed, put on a fresh nightgown and a thin negligee. Then she turned out her light and sat by the window.

In doing mechanically the things she had to do, she had gained control of herself. Her first impulse had been to throw herself on her bed, dressed as she was, and weep. She knew now that she loved him—that he still loved Sandy Darcy. He would see Sandy tonight. Things would begin all over again. She wanted him back, and she would get him.

A little sob was in Daphne's throat. She caught it before it broke. Then in the darkness she leaned her head against the cushion of her chair and fell asleep.

It was some time after that when she was waked by the landlady's voice at her door: "Daphne, you're wanted on the telephone."

In the lower hall, with the receiver at her ear, she heard, "Is that you, Pigeon?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry to call you so late, but I had to tell you. I didn't go on with Sandy and Brent. I left them after I put you in the taxi. Then I went out and walked, and thought things over. I can't tell you now all the things I thought about, but I'll write them. I couldn't sleep without asking you to forgive me, Pigeon."

"I'm so glad you called me," she whispered.

"You're sweet. I don't deserve it."

Before he went to bed, he wrote her:

"I am not going to try to tell you how I feel about tonight. I hope you can forgive me. But I don't deserve it. I can only say that Sandy's coming upon us so suddenly brought on some kind of brainstorm, and for a little while I couldn't pull myself together.

"I am not going to try to explain what happened after you left, except to say that everything is over between me and Sandy. All my life I have loved her, and letting her go is like losing some part of myself. I don't know whether I can make you understand when I say that tonight I saw the little girl Sandy die, and the woman she has become has no place in my life. . . . I'm afraid I'm being terribly melodramatic, but that's the way I feel.

"And now what I need is your friendship. I can't begin to tell you what these few meetings with you have meant to me. I shall go away with the feeling that you are the one sweet, tranquil thing in this storm-swept world. May I write to you, and hope for your letters? If I am being selfish, forgive me. Yet somehow I feel that our friendship may mean to you as much as it means to me."

The next morning he mailed his letter.

He was to leave on the afternoon plane for Chicago, and before he went he said to his mother, "I wish that sometime you might ask little Daphne Winslow to come to see you. She would love it, and I think you would find her good company."

"Well, I may," Margaret said. Then, after a few minutes, "What about Sandy?"

"I saw her a moment last night and said good-by."

THAT he had asked for her friendship filled Daphne's cup of happiness, and when Margaret Ingram called up and asked her to spend a week-end at Brittany Farms, it overflowed.

On Saturday night she arrived in time for a dinner which was served by candlelight.

"We really don't need the candles," Margaret said, "with the long, light evenings, but Florrie always puts them on for company."

"But I'm not company, Mrs. Ingram. I'm just a country girl not used to frills and furbelows."

Margaret smiled at her. "You don't need them. And please don't call me Mrs. Ingram. I'm Peggy to all of Kim's young friends."

After dinner, with the dogs in attendance, they went out to the pine grove. As they approached it, the young trees were black against the gold of the sunset, but within the grove was the silver light of approaching night.

"I love it at this time," Margaret said, "and Kim loved it."

She seemed to Daphne very frail as she stood in that ghostly light.

"My mind is always on Kim," Margaret continued. "I am so afraid . . ."

"Let's try to think he will come back to you as he went away."

"I wish I might believe it. But I'm such a coward. It isn't death alone that I fear. You see, his father was much changed by the other war. A tragic change. And I was young and didn't understand. I can never forgive myself for not understanding." Then, as they walked along: "Kim has never known about his father. I'm glad now I never told him." She gave a shuddering sigh. "It's good to have you here, my dear. I sometimes feel as if I should go mad with thinking."

Daphne put a protective arm about her shaking shoulders, and Margaret said, "I wish I might have you out here often for week-ends. It would do me worlds of good."

"You can't know what it would mean to me."

"Then it's a promise—that you'll come whenever you can? Sometimes, when I have errands in town, I can pick you up in the station wagon, but I can't do it always."

"I don't mind the bus—I don't mind anything, Mrs. Ingram, if I can come."

" 'Peggy' for you." Margaret was radiant. "And now perhaps we'd better go to bed. I'm rather an early bird."

They went upstairs and into the room where Daphne was to sleep.

"I think I'll call this your room," Margaret said. "It was Kim's, you know. I have given it to you so that you might get the view of the pine grove." She went to the window. "Kim always said that Maryland moons were different. I wonder what moon he is seeing now."

KIM and a fellow townsman, Justin Colby, had been assigned to the same outfit. And now, in the South Pacific, they had been drawn into an intimacy which might never have been theirs under normal conditions. They had known each other for years, but Justin was the elder. He was married to Sandy's cousin Camilla.

On a day on which the long-delayed mail arrived, Kim and Justin came in after dark. For hours they had flown against that hard blue sky—shooting down Japs, seeing their own men shot down.

Kim read his mother's letter first. She told of Daphne's week-ends with her. For the moment he was transported from this fearful, fantastic world to one of dear home delights. When at last he laid her letter aside, he took up Daphne's. She told him how she loved going out to Brittany Farms, and how it seemed too good to believe that Margaret needed her.

And then he came to this:

"The other day I walked in the grove and picked a few pine needles which I am putting into this letter. They will probably be lost, or taken out by the censor, but you may get a whiff of the scent.

"I wish you could see the garden. Not the Victory garden (though that is my pride), but all the lovely flowers—verbenas and lady's-slippers, and pink and white phlox. Butterflies hover over them, and Wings tries to catch them. I scold him, but he doesn't seem to listen. He's really a darling, and all of his nine lives are still intact. . . ."

Justin Colby looked up from his mail. "Latest news from the home front."

"You sound as if it was something special."

"It is. Have you seen this?" He handed over a newspaper. And so, thousands of miles away from her, Kim saw Sandy in her wedding gown. Married at St. John's. Bridal veil. White orchids. Brent handsome in his Navy white.

"So that's it!" he said slowly. "Oh, the little fool! . . . I know Brent's kind. One woman isn't enough for him. He likes the excitement of the chase, and his interest wanes when the chase is over. Sandy won't stand for that, and there'll be trouble."

"You might have saved her."

"Don't put it on me. No one can save Sandy but herself."

But the thought of her obsessed him. His little Sandy and Brent Barclay!

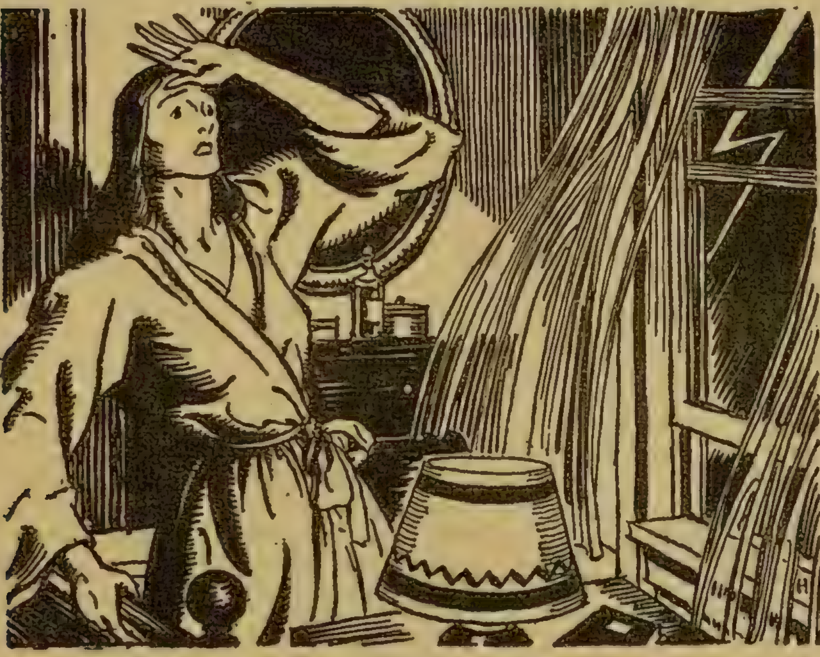
After a long time he fell asleep, and when he dreamed it was of Sandy whom he loved, and not of Daphne who loved him.

The weeks that followed were weeks of hard fighting. Justin and Kim had little time for each other, but now and then in brief interludes they talked of things at home.

Kim received a belated announcement of Sandy's wedding. Across it she had written in her sprawling hand, "Wish me luck, soldier."

THE hot summer was taking its toll of Daphne. Unused to the confinement of an office, she drooped and faded. Only during her week-ends at Brittany Farms was she refreshed and revivified. There, one evening, stretched out in a long chair under the elms, Daphne said, "It's heavenly to be here."

Margaret said, "I've had something on my mind for a long time. I have hesitated to speak of it, but now I shall." She, too, was in a long chair, looking up at the sky. "What I want, my dear, is for you to give up your job and come out here to me."



"Give up my job? Oh, but I can't."

"Listen, Daphne. Farm workers are as important as factory workers or people in government offices. There's plenty for you to do. As the fall comes on, I won't be able to find people to work in the orchards. I may be able to get boys and girls to pick and pack, but there must be someone to check up on them. Then, too, there's the garden, and the chickens—my two men haven't time for them, and Florrie is doing outside work as well as in the kitchen. You'd be giving up one job for another just as important. You and I could come to some satisfactory financial arrangement. The house is full of empty rooms; there's food enough and to spare, and I can't go on much longer alone."

Daphne looked across at her. "I want it so much that I mustn't let myself think of it until I am sure."

"Sure of what?"

"That I'm not taking the easy way."

"But I've told you—there is important work here for you to do."

Daphne got up from her chair and stood looking down at Margaret. "Oh, I never knew how much I loved the country till I came to the city. I'll come, Peggy, and I'll never be able to thank you enough for asking me."

And so it was settled that Daphne would come on the first of August.

Soon after that, letters from Kim ceased. The only news they had of him came from Justin Colby in a letter to his wife, Camilla. She relayed it to Margaret.

"I have no news to give of Ingram. His movements at the moment are hush-hush. But tell Peggy not to worry. He is an old hand at this sort of thing, and can take care of himself."

It was one thing to tell Margaret not to worry, and another to keep her from it. She was tense and nervous, had little appetite, and lost weight. One afternoon when Daphne came back from a marketing trip to Rockville, Florrie spoke to her as she went through the kitchen:

"I'm scared stiff about Miss Peggy. She's been lying down all the afternoon, and it isn't like her. She says she doesn't want any dinner, but I'm fixing a tray."

Daphne went upstairs at once and entered the darkened room. "Here I am, Peggy."

"Come in, darling. There's nothing really the matter. It's only that when the mail comes and there's no letter from Kim, I feel that his silence means that something dreadful has happened." She was shaking.

Daphne sat beside the bed. "I know. But let's stop worrying for a little minute while we eat our dinner. I'll have mine up here with you, on a tray, and we can talk."

That night there was a heavy storm. A cyclonic wind twisted the branches from the trees and filled the air with dust and debris. After dinner the rain fell heavily.

When Margaret kissed Daphne good night, she said, "If I had had a daughter, I should want her to be like you." There were tears in her eyes.

The silver kitten followed Daphne to her room. He had a basket in a corner, but he chose tonight to sit on the wide footrail of the bed, gazing at Daphne. There was no sound but the patter of the rain and the faint rustle of paper as Daphne turned the pages of her book. The room was at peace—with its soft glow of lamplight, the drowsy kitten.

Then suddenly, breaking the silence, came a terrific crash of thunder, followed by the rush of flying feet. Daphne's door was open, and through it staggered Margaret, white-faced and trembling.

"Daphne! Daphne! I'm afraid!"

Daphne was out of bed in a moment. "My dear, there's no danger."

"It isn't that. It's only that Stan hated storms. He said they made him think of bombs bursting."

"Stan?"

"My husband. You didn't know, Daphne. He killed himself!" She broke into a wild fit of sobbing. Daphne held her close. "All these years I've kept it to myself. Not even Kim knows. May I stay with you tonight? I know I'm foolish, but I don't want to be alone."

Daphne arranged the pillows on the bed. "Lie here," she said, "and I'll lie down beside you."

Margaret went on excitedly, "I have never told Kim because I wanted to keep from him the fact that his father and I were bitterly unhappy after the war. He came back to me, Daphne, completely changed. He had no wounds, no disfigurements. But the war had done something to him. Then they called it shell shock. Kim was a baby, and I had thought when Stan came home that he would be happy to have the two of us. But he seemed indifferent. I had thought, too, we could be as gay and carefree as ever.

"But Stan had no interest in anything. He had been so keen about his work before he went away. I nagged, and accused him of not loving me and our child. You see, I had loved him for his strength and handsomeness. And when he came back— Oh, I may as well say it: he was a scarecrow of a man! Yet, underneath, he was the same Stan. I know it now, but I didn't know it then. If only I had mothered him as I would a frightened child, he would not have left me to go out into the dark."

SHE turned suddenly toward Daphne.

"No one but me knows what happened. Stan went fishing one day, and they found his boat. Everyone else thought he died by accident, but I knew he had drowned himself.

"He left a letter for me. He said that he loved me and thought I loved him, but that he couldn't make me happy. I was not to reproach myself."

The rain had ceased, and the wind was blowing cold through the window. Daphne got up and closed it, then sat down by the bed.

"My father used to say, Peggy, that we must shut the door on what is gone, and other doors will open. You mustn't blame yourself too much. You think you didn't love him enough, but wherever he is, he knows you love him now."

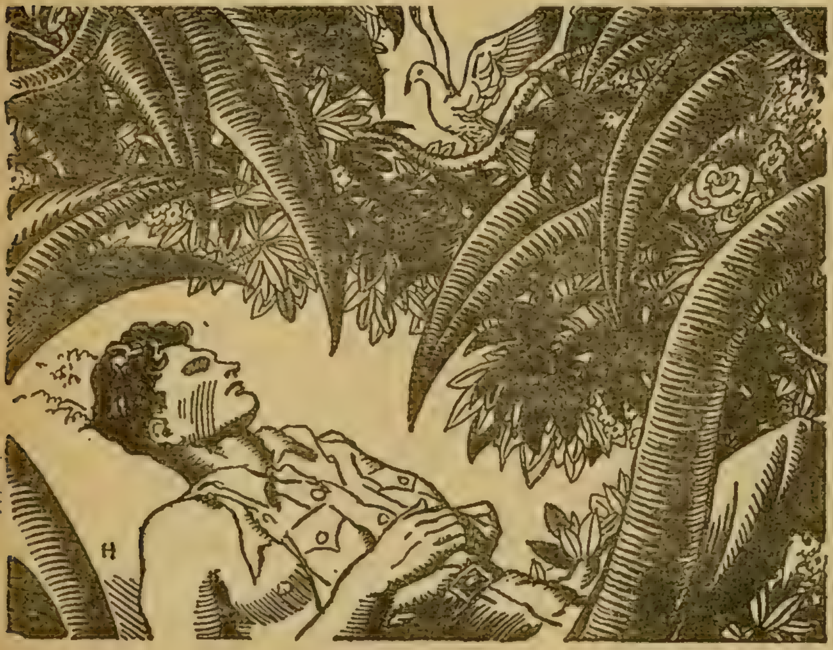
Silence fell between them, and at last Margaret slept.

Daphne lay awake in the quiet room with her arms about Kim's mother. She had soothed Peggy, sustained her. Yet her own heart was aching. Where was Kim, and what had happened?

KIM had been sent, with others, to a certain air base. The night before, when he got his instructions, he had asked Justin, "Any news from home?"

Justin took a letter from his pocket and glanced through it.

"Camilla says that Brent has shoved off, and that Sandy is back in Washington, spending her time between granny's house in Georgetown and Brent's grandfather's apartment at the Mayflower."



"It was a short honeymoon," Kim said. "God help the women whose husbands don't come back." He looked at Justin. "If I don't come back, you have my instructions."

"You're coming back—"

"I'll make a try at it."

In the days that followed, Kim and his squadron were based at a jungle airfield, and one week followed another with deadly sameness. The men wanted action, and one night they got it. They bombed a tiny island fortress, with the Japs on their tail. Most of the ships went on to safety, but Kim and his crew were forced to bail out. Kim, drifting beyond the open water, came down over another island and, landing in the jungle, lay stunned in the darkness.

A faint rustle in the tree above him brought him back to consciousness. He looked up, and in the silver light of dawn he saw a small bird at rest on a low branch. There was about it a smoothness and softness, a quiet intentness that marked it as a member of the dove family.

"Pigeon," he whispered weakly. "Little Pigeon!"

He had hurt his foot and his hand, and there didn't seem to be anything he could do but lie there and die.

A night passed, and still the bird kept him company. At times he talked to it. The smell of the pine woods came to him. The fragrance of the heaped-up hay in the barn loft.

"May I have a kiss, Pigeon?"

Then somebody said, "Did you hear him? He's out of his head, talking to a bird."

Strong hands lifted him. They gave him first aid, and got him finally to a base hospital. They patched him up and at last he started home. He got word through to his mother—he'd come to Brittany Farms as soon as he could. The fever had left him gaunt and haggard. He hated to look at himself in the glass. He felt that there were only two people in the world whom he could face without flinching: his mother and Daphne! They wouldn't care how he looked.

He reached Washington a day earlier than he had named when he wrote to his mother. He did not want to be met at the station. One of the enlisted men who had been with him on the train drove with him in a taxi to Brittany Farms and left him at the gate.

The trees, as he passed through the orchards, were heavy with fruit. As he came to the garden, he gave a sharp exclamation. By heck, there was the silver kitten chasing butterflies above the flower beds! And after the kitten came Daphne. She wore blue denim slacks and a faded pink shirt, and her head was tied up in a handkerchief. She was hot and tired from her early morning work, but to Kim she looked beautiful. He called to her.

She came to him, running. "Kim!" she said. "Oh, Kim, you're here—at last."

He caught her up in his arms. She was such a little thing. A featherweight even to his slight strength.

He held her to him and smoothed her hair with trembling fingers. He set her on her feet, but still held her hand as they walked toward the house. It was all so completely right. To be again under this peaceful sky, the serene landscape stretching out before him—the silver kitten—the butterflies—this girl with her happy eyes, lilting voice, saying the things he wanted to hear.

As they entered the house, he asked, "Where's mother?"

"Upstairs. She hasn't been so strong lately. It's really worry that has gotten her down. But now that you're here, she'll be well again. I think I'll go up and break the news. It might be too much of a shock to see you suddenly."

He detained her for a moment, his hand on her shoulder. "I've come back—changed. You can see that, Daphne?"

Her clear eyes met his steadily. "I can see only that you're safe."

He watched her as she went up the stairs.

When he reached his mother's room, Kim found Margaret propped up on her pillows. She held out her arms. "Darling! Darling. . . ."

He sat on the edge of the bed and held her. "Don't cry, Peggy. Here I am, with nothing the matter but a few things that can be patched up."

She hid her face against his coat. The thing she had feared was there—the gaunt figure, the hollow voice, the dull eyes. It was as if Stan had risen.

Yet she was able to smile as Kim said to her, "How pretty you are in that pink jacket."

"It's the one you bought."

"I know."

Daphne came up to ask if Peggy felt well enough to go downstairs for lunch. "Florrie wants to celebrate, darling. I can get you dressed while Kim has a shower and a change."

An hour later, when they came to the table, Kim said, "I'd like to give thanks for everything. Do you mind, Peggy?"

They had never said grace at Margaret's table, but now, quite steadily and naturally, her son did it. He stood then behind his mother's chair and, when she was seated, bent and kissed her.

AFTER lunch the three sat under the elms and looked out over the valley. Daphne had put on her blue frock with the lace frill. Kim, stretched in a long chair, with the silver kitten under his hand, said: "I like the blue dress, but the picture I want to take of you when I get my camera is in slacks, with your head tied up."

Daphne smiled at him. She was completely happy.

Kim was a ghost of his former self—so much a ghost that Margaret had, when alone with Daphne, wept at the change. But Daphne had assured her: "We mustn't be afraid, darling. Only fear can hold him back."

Presently Margaret said, "I think I'll go in and lie down for a little. I'm so lazy, darling, you'd hardly know me."

"Why not be lazy? You've worked too hard and too long. And now I'm here—to help you."

Then, as the two women started away, he said to Daphne, "You're coming back?"

"Yes."

He lay quietly until she returned. She wore overalls and her head was tied up. "I've got to work later."

"I don't want you to work."

"Why not? I like it. I've taken over a lot of things. The apples will soon be ripe, and the government will buy the bulk of the crop, and high-school boys and girls will do the picking."

He interrupted: "You remember you offered me an apple on the train."

"Yes. Oh, yes."

"Red fruit . . ." He stopped there. The thought was in his mind of the red fruit of war, but he would not speak of it. So he said, instead, "You're getting to be a regular farmer. But isn't the work too hard?"

"Work isn't hard when you love it."

There was warmth in her voice—strength, and a sturdy acceptance of life as it has to be lived.

As Kim lay there looking at her, he wanted to say, "Come here to me, Pigeon." He wanted to put his arms about her, to feel her close. With Daphne near him, he might forget his fears. For he was afraid. Not of death or personal danger. It was his memories which obsessed him. The things he had seen and heard.

He said suddenly, "You must help me to forget."

She knew what he meant. "Of course."

"I keep thinking about it all, and I don't want to think about it. When you are near, I don't. Even over there, you came when I needed you." Quietly he told her of the dove in the tree.

"She saved me," he said, "just as surely as you can save me now, Pigeon. She sat on that branch and looked down at me, and the things you had said came to me, and the scent of the pines." He stretched out his hand to take her own. "It was as if you were there."

He held her hand against his cheek. Then, after a little, "I don't want to ask too much of you, but if you'll just stick around—"

"I'll tag along," she said, and tried to laugh, but couldn't. "I'll tag along, and if there's any strength in me, I'll give it to you until your own comes back."

"Will it ever come back, Pigeon?"

"It's as a man thinks," she said.

ONE day when they were out under the elms, and Daphne was knitting, Kim looked up in the trees above them. "I wonder if Sandy knows I'm here."

"I doubt it. The last we heard, she was with her grandmother at Hot Springs. They were coming back at the end of the month."

"And Brent's in the fighting. Well, he'll dramatize himself in war as he does in everything else." His tone was bitter. "I'll bet he'll escape without a scratch."

"You didn't come out so badly yourself."

"My body, perhaps. But not my mind. You know that, Daphne. My mind is scarred and the scars won't heal."

"Stop pitying yourself."

"I'm not pitying myself. You're the only person to whom I dare say what I think. So don't stop me. I can't sleep at night. Or if I sleep, I dream." He flung his arm across his eyes. "Last night I walked the floor."

"I heard you," quietly.

He turned his head to look at her. "You did?"

"Yes."

"I wish I had known you were awake. It would have helped. Oh, I shouldn't have said that. It's so darned selfish."

"I'm glad you said it. When I was a child, I used to be afraid in the night. I know what it means."

"But I'm not a child." He sat up, his head in his hands. "I sometimes wonder why I ever came back. It's better to be in the thick of things than to—remember—"

She put her knitting back in her bag and stood up. "Let's get to work."

He rose obediently. "Anything you say."

All that afternoon Daphne kept him busy in the orchards where the apples hung red on the trees. The sun was gold, the world serene. Kim, steeped in that serenity, became for the moment the boy he once had been. Yet the respite was brief. . . .

At dinner the telephone rang and Daphne, answering it, said to Kim, "It's for you."

"It was Sandy," he said, when he came back, "trying to horn in on my peace and quiet. I wish she'd let me alone."

Then, as if the subject were closed, he carved the roast expertly, praised Florrie for its perfection, and demanded of Daphne, "Where did we get the ration points?"

Since his return, night after night, when Peggy was asleep, he and Daphne had sat late by the fire.

But tonight he went upstairs. Restless and disturbed, Daphne went for a walk, the dogs following her. As she looked back at the house, she saw Kim's window lighted, but Margaret's dark. Up there, mother and son were separated by more than physical space. They, who should have given strength to each other, had no strength to give, and so upon Daphne, who was neither wife, sister, nor daughter, had descended their responsibilities.

She did not shirk the tasks. But now and then fears assailed her as to the future. If anything happened to Margaret, what then? Or if Kim should go out into the darkness as his father had done?

But she fought off her depression and looked up at the sky swept clear by the wind. She would steer her course by the stars.

In spite of her high resolve, she found when she was settled for the night, that sleep would not come, and it was toward morning that she caught the sound of Kim's measured tread. She sat up and listened.

There was a stealthy tap-tap on her door.

"Yes?" she said in a hushed voice.

"I must speak to you, Daphne."

She flung on her dressing gown, and, as she opened the door, said, "What is it?"

"Will you come downstairs for a while? I can't sleep . . . I can't—"

"I'll be with you in a moment."

When presently she joined him in the living room, she wore a housecoat of pink-and-white print and carried her knitting bag. She found Kim kneeling in front of the dying fire, putting on more wood.

"I've had a nervous chill," he said, "I thought I was going mad—"

She smiled at him. "What you need," she said cheerfully, "is somebody to talk to." She picked up an afghan which lay at the foot of the couch. "Lie down, and I'll put this over you."

He obeyed her without question. Then, as she spread the cover over him, he said wildly, "I want you always near me. . . . If you were my wife, I could be sure you wouldn't go away. But what woman would want to marry a wreck like me? I'd have no right to ask it."

Her voice still held its cheerfulness: "Why talk about that now? I shall stay as long as you need me."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

He drew a deep breath and relaxed. The fire blazed up, and the room was warm. Presently he was asleep.

Yet when an hour had passed, and the room grew cold, and Daphne laid down her knitting and went to him to replace the cover which he had thrown off, he opened his eyes and drew her down to him and kissed her.

"I didn't ask for it this time," he said as he released her. "But it won't spoil things. Nothing can spoil things for you and me—ever."

SANDY, back in Washington, was bored to extinction. With Brent at war, she was neither wife nor widow. She wanted to play around, but after such men as Kim and Brent, all others seemed stupid and dull. How long it seemed since that night when Brent had swept her into his arms. It had been a great game she had played with him, knowing all the time it was a game. They had gone on playing it—winning and losing—until Brent went overseas.

Of course Sandy saw quite a bit of the high-ranking officers in Washington. Some of them took her places. So the days went on until November brought sharp weather. Sandy got out her sables and looked more wonderful than ever. Clothes were, after all, a comfort. Her little new sable hat, for example—tip-tilted over her nose, with a film of brown veil.

Then came that morning when, sleeping late, she was waked by her mother. "Darling—"

"Yes."

"I have bad news for you." She sat down on the bed.

"Mother, you mean—Brent?"

"Yes. His plane crashed. His grandfather has just been notified."

Sandy stared at her, unbelieving. Oh, it couldn't be Brent! *"Not Brent!"*

OLD Cyrus, Brent's grandfather, wanted her to go to Texas with him. He needed a rest and must take it. "I know I ought to stay in Washington, but this blow has gotten me down. Let's go to my ranch together, Sandy. Don't say no, my dear."

He was a pitiful figure, broken and old, and Sandy was not so selfish as to refuse him.

So it was planned that they would leave in ten days and stay until after Christmas. Sandy wrote to Kim. He knew of Brent's death and had written her a note of sympathy. She told him now that she was going away and wanted to see him before she left.

"I can't bear to go, Kim, until I know that we are friends. Life isn't easy for me now. In the old days you helped me a lot, darling. Do you remember? When I broke one of my dolls or stubbed my toe, you were always there to comfort me. You say you are changed. Do you think I care? You are still the same boy to me, Kim—the boy who wiped away my tears when I was hurt."

Kim showed the letter to Daphne. "What do you think?"

"I think you should let her come."

He was frowning. "But I don't want to see her."

"You don't want her to see you—changed."

He nodded. "Perhaps."

"Then let me tell you that the change is only in your imagination."

He laughed. "So you think."

"So will Sandy, or I'll miss my guess."

It was settled, therefore, that Sandy should come, and Kim got her on the phone. "Peggy wants you for dinner and the night on Friday. If you can come out on the bus, some of us will drive you in on Saturday. Peggy always goes to market on Saturdays."

"It will be like old times, darling."

But Kim knew that it wouldn't be like old times—now or ever.

SANDY, when she arrived, was in deep mourning. Kim, meeting her at the bus, was shaken by the sight of her.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Her lips trembled. "I can't think of him as dead. He was full of life."

"I know. I saw so many of them go—"

Peggy was waiting at the door of the house, her hands outstretched. "It's good to have you here, Sandy."

"It's good to come," Sandy said.

She went at once upstairs with Peggy, and when she came down was without her bonnet. Kim said, "That's better. Don't wear black too long—" He stopped as the door opened and Daphne came in.

She was in work clothes—overalls, stained leather coat, with an old hat of Kim's pulled down over her hair. She had not known their guest would arrive so soon, and had come in to change. But she made no apologies.

She crossed the room at once and held out her hand to Sandy. "I'm sorry," she said, "to know of your loss."

Sandy said, "People have been so kind . . ." The words caught in her throat. She turned to Margaret. "It's grand to be here, darling. It seems so *right* for the three of us to be together."

She was standing between Kim and Peggy, and held out a hand to each of them, linking them thus together.

Margaret was the first to speak: "It's nice to have you feel that way about it. And now we want to hear all about your trip to Texas. I am afraid it will be a rather sad journey."

"Yes. But I can't refuse. Brent's grandfather is heartbroken, and I must help him if I can."

Daphne, on the edge of it all, as it were, started up the stairs. Kim followed her and caught her halfway. "Aren't you going to stick around?"

"Not in these clothes."

"Well, come back as soon as you can."

It was a long time, however, before she came. She had changed into very simple clothes—a wool skirt and a pale blue pullover. The silver kitten, which had lain on the hearth, leaped to her lap, and she smoothed its fur. She was quiet, self-possessed, in direct contrast to Sandy's tempestuous, dynamic need for constant movement.

At dinner Margaret asked about the Colbys. Justin had returned soon after Kim.

"They're in Florida," Sandy said. "They want me to come down after Christmas. Why don't you pack up your bags, Peggy, and join us?"

"I'd love it, but I couldn't without Kim."

"Why can't he come with you?"

"We couldn't both leave the farm."

Daphne's quiet voice broke in: "Why not put me in charge? If you'd trust me, I think I could do it."

Kim said roughly, "That's nonsense."

"No," she said, "it isn't. Peggy needs the change. She won't go without you. And the farm hands and I can carry on together."

"But," Margaret protested, "you'd be all alone!"

Daphne smiled. "Well, I can be my own good company. And there'll be Florrie, and the dogs and the kitten, and all the beasts in the barn."

Kim sat back in his chair and his glance swept the table. "I want to do anything that is best for Peggy."

Margaret said, "Thank you, my dear."

And Sandy: "Oh, Kim, you're a darling!"

They played four rubbers of contract after dinner, then Margaret, with Daphne in attendance, went up to bed. Kim, going up a little later to say good night to his mother, went on to where Daphne sat in her room with the door open. She was knitting calmly and listening to a news broadcast.

He said, "Aren't you coming down?"

She turned off the radio. "I think not. You and Sandy will have a lot to talk about."

He sat down opposite her. "What about my going South, Pigeon? I couldn't say at the table how I hate it. But I can't let Peggy down."

"It's the right thing to do, darling. She's in a bad way, and you'd never forgive yourself if anything happened—"

"But how can I ever get along without you?"

"That's one of the reasons I want you to go. You must learn to stand on your own feet, Kim."

"Don't preach!"

Her calmness broke suddenly and she began to sob quietly. Kim had never seen her cry. She was different from Sandy, who could turn on tears at the drop of a hat.

He knelt beside her chair. "Little Pigeon! I'm so sorry." He put his arm around her, and she hid her face in his coat. He laid his cheek against hers.

She said presently, "You must go back to Sandy."

"Sure you won't join us?"

"Sure." Then, "Go down and have a good talk with her. And remember your manners."

He was smiling. "Not jealous?"

"No. Why should I be? What is Sandy's, is hers; and what is mine, is mine."

He touched her cheek with the tip of his finger. "My sweet," and with that he left.

HE found Sandy curled up in a corner of the living-room couch, with her feet tucked under her. "Let's go for a walk," he said. "I have to see that things about the farm are safe for the night."

She agreed with alacrity. "It will seem like old times."

He brought from the hall closet a heavy sweater of his own. "This is warmer than your coat. You'll need it."

As he held it for her, she said, "It's like having your arms about me."

"Is it?" His tone was cool. "But there have been so many other arms, Sandy."

The stars were out, and a high wind blew Sandy's hair back from her face. "I love the wind," she said. "Oh, Kim, if we could only go on walking like this under the stars forever!"

He stopped then and put his hand on her shoulder. "Did you love Brent when you married him?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

His voice had been stern, but in a moment he was laughing. "I had forgotten your technique. You say such a lot and mean so little."

When they had made the rounds, he said, "Time for us to be getting to bed, Sandy."

"But it's so early."

"Not for me. Doctor's orders."

"You and your doctor's orders! When I get you to Florida, I'm going to prescribe for you. I shall bring back the old Kim, darling."

They were standing in the door of the barn as he said, "You can never bring back the old Kim, Sandy. That Kim is dead. The old days are gone. The old world is gone. Whatever we build up out of the pieces will not be the same."

She tried to use her old formula, "Oh, don't be silly," then broke on it. "Oh, I don't like this world," she wailed. "I don't want things to go to pieces. I want to be happy again, Kim. I want to be happy. . . ."

THE next morning at breakfast Sandy looked pale and disheartened. Daphne guessed shrewdly that the evening alone with Kim had not been a success.

"I'll run up and say good-by to Peggy," Sandy told Kim as they rose from the table, "then you can drive me in."

"I'm sorry," he said, with a touch of hesitation, "but Daphne will have to take you. I haven't driven a car since I came home."

"Why not?"

He tried to make a joke of it. "It's that old devil—nerves!"

"Why didn't you tell me last night?"

"I thought I might make a try at it, but Daphne says I'd probably spill you in a ditch."

"I'll risk it."

He shook his head. "Better not. And Daphne has some shopping to do. So she'll drop you in Georgetown and not in a ditch."

"Well," Sandy said, "with all due respect to Daphne, I think she's giving you the wrong advice. I think it's silly of you to be afraid, and you'd better snap out of it before you come to Miami. I'm not going to wrap you in cotton wool when I get you down there. You've had too much of that already." Her tone had a touch of venom. "You've had too much of it," she repeated. "Peggy and Daphne are making a baby of you."

He flushed. "Thank you."

As she saw the look on his face, she wailed, "Oh, I shouldn't have said that! I really didn't mean it."

"Forget it," he said with some impatience. "This is no time for a quarrel, is it—just as you're going away?"

He smiled at her across the table. He had forgiven her so many times when her temper flared.

"I've got to run along," he said, "and get things started for the day. I'll see you before you go, Sandy."

He did not see her, however, until the car had been brought around and Sandy and Daphne were ready.

Later, Sandy, on the point of explosion, had things out with Daphne. "He could drive a car if he'd make up his mind to it. But you've been making up his mind for him, so that he's lost confidence in himself."

Daphne said quietly, "He had already lost it. He is much better now. The work on the farm has been good for him."

Sandy flung out, "Oh, he's wasting himself on work that any farm hand might do. Surely you can see that. Kim was trained for foreign service—or don't you know about that?"

"I know this—that the life here has helped him to get back."

"That would be your reaction. Peggy says you're from the country. Naturally you have the provincial point of view."

Daphne, looking straight ahead of her, drove steadily.

"Kim says he met you on the train when he was coming from the Coast," Sandy pursued.

"We were in the same section, and I was having my lunch out of a box, so I offered him some cake. And then I offered him an apple, and he refused it. It was a little like Eve in the garden—without the serpent."

"What happened after that meeting on the train?"

"Nothing. Until I met him one day on the river parkway. He recognized me and asked me to dine with him at the Boots and Saddles."

"And you accepted?"

"Of course."

"But you didn't know anything about him."

"I knew," Daphne said, without rancor, "that he was friendly and kind and a gentleman."

"But if he hadn't been a gentleman?"

Daphne waited for a moment. Then, "All this would be funny if you weren't in such deadly earnest."

"Why would it be funny?"

"Because it really isn't your affair, you know."

"I suppose I ought to apologize," Sandy said after a pause. "It's none of my business if Kim chose to pick you up."

Daphne's laughter was genuine. "Your apology doesn't help things much, does it? And now, let me tell you—I'm not an adventuress. And I'm not trying to marry Kim. When he goes to Florida, I'll take care of the farm. Kim will be a thousand miles away. So you can have me off your mind!"

They had reached the house in Georgetown and drew up to the curb. Sandy said, "I feel rather like a rat. You see, I got you wrong in the beginning."

"Just so you don't get me wrong in the end," Daphne said, and waved her hand and left her.

When Daphne reached home, Margaret, who was lying on the couch in the living room, said, "I'm glad you've come, Daphne. I had a chill, and Florrie gave me a hot drink and put this afghan over me. I seem to feel the cold so dreadfully."

Daphne said cheerfully, "The sooner we get you to Florida, the better. How about going down before Christmas?"

Margaret's face was lighted. "Do you think we could?"

"Why not?"

"But Kim—would he be willing?"

"He'd be willing to do whatever is best for you." She patted Margaret's shoulder and went on up the stairs.

ON the morning of the day when Kim and his mother were to leave for Florida, he asked Daphne to walk to the pine grove. He waited until they stood in the circle of the trees, and then put his arm about her as she stood by his side. "I've brought you here to tell you that I want you to stay at Brittany Farms forever. And there's only one way to make it possible. As soon as I come back, I want you to marry me, darling. I'm not a prize package for any woman, but if you care enough to have me, I'll give you the best there is in me."

"I've always cared—from the beginning."

"What beginning?"

"The day I met you on the train."

"And I didn't know!"

She was smiling up at him. "How could you? You had other things to think about."

"Sandy, for example?"

"Yes."

"Well, that chapter is closed. And the new one begins with you—"

The wind was blowing cold and strong. The old blue cape which Daphne had worn was flung out like a banner. Kim, drawing it about her, brought her close. "You haven't said 'yes'—"

"I mustn't say 'yes' yet."

"Why not?"

"Because we must be sure."

"I am sure."

"I know. But it will be better to wait."

"Until when?"

"Until you come back."

He was impatient. "You're a hard little thing. Do you know it?"

"Am I?" She reached up and drew his face down to her. "Darling! Darling!" And, after a little, "Am I hard?"

His laugh was full of content. "You're—wonderful!"

JUSTIN met Kim and Margaret at the Miami station.

"I really shouldn't be here." Kim said when he and Justin were alone. "The farm needs me. But Peggy's in a bad way. I suppose Camilla told you?"

"Yes. She said that the little girl who used to write to you was taking care of things at home."

"Yes. She's been wonderful! When I came back, I was like a ship without a rudder. She has helped me to steer a straight course. To tell the truth, Justin, I'm much better when I'm working on the farm than I shall be here. You see, I'm haunted by memories. Work helps me to rise above them."

"I know . . . I shall never forget!"

"But they hadn't thrown you off balance. That's my trouble. I don't seem to swing back as I should."

"You will. And if you need help, give me an SOS. We're still buddies, you know."

Kim wrote to Daphne:

"Oh, my dearest, I am missing you. Everyone here exclaims over the loveliness, the sunshine, the brilliant bloom. And it's all true, of course. But it isn't what I want. . . .

"Sandy takes me down every morning to the swimming pool, and in the afternoons to cocktail parties, and to dinners and dances. I'm like the fifth wheel to a wagon or a death's-head at a feast. Not that I show it on the surface. I play the game of being gay rather well. But now and then Justin and I get off in a corner and speak a language no one else understands, although I think Camilla is coming slowly to it. Justin is teaching her a lot of things.

"I am sending you today a gift—with all my love. Don't open it until Christmas morning. Perhaps when you see the Christmas star, you will find in my gift a reflection of it."

Finishing his letter, he opened the little box and looked at the ring he had bought—a star sapphire.

He went to the post office himself to register his parcel. Coming back, he met Sandy.

"What have you been up to?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"I don't believe you."

She teased and he parried, and so gay they seemed, so young and happy, that they caught and held the eyes of those who passed them.

And so it came about that a newspaper writer of town gossip put in his Sunday column an item:

"One of Washington's most charming young widows is being seen constantly in the company of a handsome young officer recently returned from the South Pacific. They ride and swim and dance together, and there are rumors of a romantic attachment which may reach its consummation before many moons."

Sandy, reading the item on Sunday morning, made her way to the swimming pool, where Kim, in bathing trunks and sweater, was stretched out on a marble bench.

She tossed the paper to him. "People will talk."

He read it without comment and handed the paper back to her.

"You don't mind, do you?" she demanded.

"Well, it sounds ghoulish to me. Can't they let you alone while you are still wearing black for your husband?"

"I'm going to stop wearing it. Here it's out of key with—everything."

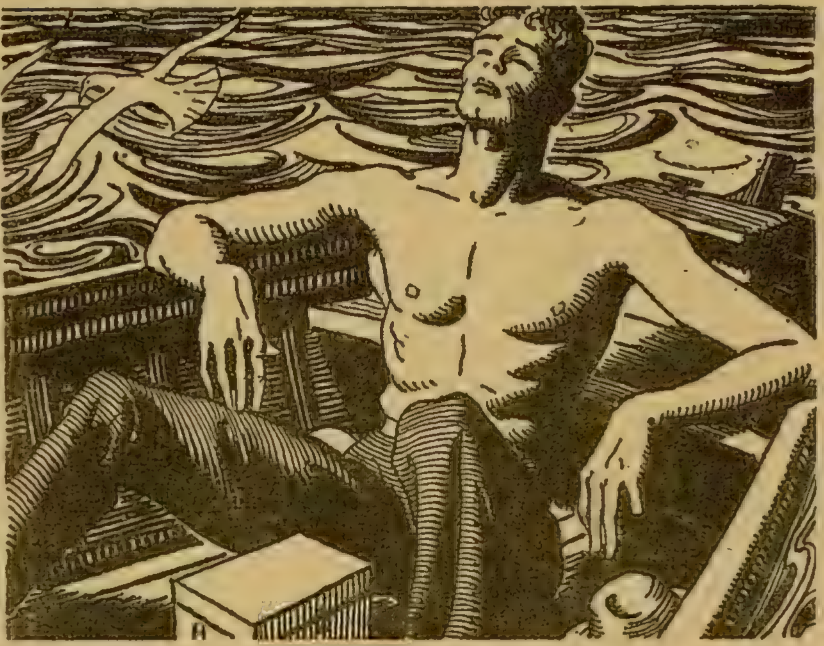
He said, "You should have stopped wearing it long ago." He had been lying on his back on the bench, but now he turned and looked at her. "Color suits you," he said. "And now, if you don't mind, I think I'll go in the house. It's getting cool."

"I thought you liked cold weather."

"I do. But not in the tropics. Daphne says it's snowing in Maryland."

Sandy dived into the pool, swam across and back.

"Daphne—" she said, as if there had been no break in the conversation. "Are you in love with her, Kim?"



His straight glance met the flame in her eyes. "What do you think?"

"I think you're fooling yourself into a belief that you love her when, as a matter of fact, she's just a feather pillow on which to lean your tired head. If you marry her, you'll go through life being coddled and cuddled. Oh, darling, don't you know that to be happy you'll need something more than a nursemaid? You won't want Daphne when you get back to all the things you used to do. And she'll find that out and be unhappy. I've seen a lot of the world, Kim, and I know. These misfits are what fill the divorce courts. If Brent had lived, it would have been that way with us. You see, there's only been one man in the world for me, and that's you, darling. It's the truth."

It was some minutes before he spoke. "If you really meant that, I should be sorry. But you don't mean it."

"But I do—"

He got off the bench and stood looking down at her. "You want me now because I seem to be out of reach."

Hot tears were in her eyes. "Well, marry your Daphne if you must, but if you do, people will laugh at you, because you will be something less than a man."

His face had changed and hardened. "Perhaps you're right. Perhaps I've just been kidding myself that I could snap out of it all. Perhaps I'm just the ghost you used to call me. . . . Well, whatever I am, I'm through talking about it."

As he flung himself away from her, she called, "Kim! Kim, darling—"

But he did not turn back.

At luncheon, when he did not appear at the table, Justin asked Phipps, his butler, "Have you seen Mr. Ingram?"

"Yes, sir. He said to tell you he had gone for a walk and would not be back until late."

When six o'clock came and Kim had not returned, Justin spoke again to Phipps: "I'm a bit anxious about Mr. Ingram."

"The gardener says he went out in a boat, sir—fishing."

But Kim was not fishing.

In a mood of despair, he had walked for miles. The things that Sandy had said seemed burned in his brain. At last he turned back toward the town but, unwilling to go into the house, made his way to the little pier where the Colby boats were tied up. There was a small snipe—the Penguin—in which Justin's fishing tackle lay. He got in and rowed out. He anchored at some distance from the shore and dropped a line overboard. He did not expect results and was glad when none came. He lay in the bottom of the boat, with his head propped up on a cushion, and closed his eyes. Something must be done to settle things with Daphne. To settle things, too, with himself . . .

At last, worn out with much thinking, he slept. When he waked, darkness had come. He knew it was time to go back to Camilla's. His absence would alarm his mother and the others. Yet, why go back? He looked up at the stars. In a moment they could be blotted out. That was what had happened to his father. He had gone down in broad daylight—by accident. This would be at night, and not an accident. A way of escape . . .

Then breaking through the silence, came a voice: "Ingram? Are you there?" And Justin, pulling alongside, was peering over the side of the boat. "What's happened?" he asked. "Are you ill?"

"Nothing happened. I fell asleep."

"Well, get in with me and we'll tow the Penguin."

As he helped Kim to make the change, Justin was aware of something he could not understand. Kim hadn't been drinking, but it was like that—stumbling.

"Spill it," Justin said sharply. "What happened."

"I told you I fell asleep, and I'm not half awake yet. But I'm starved." He tried to laugh, and failed.

When the launch reached the pier, Sandy was waiting. "What a scare you gave us!"

"Did I?" His eyes did not meet hers. "Sorry I stirred up such a commotion. You see, I fell asleep."

Justin said briskly, "You need a shower and some good hot food. I'll tell Phipps to bring you something."

The two men went off together, with Sandy following somewhat drearily. She had played her last card that morning, and had lost. Kim had shut her out. Well, she knew one way of getting back at him.

IT was a wonderful star! Daphne, standing by the window early on Christmas morning, saw it shining in the darkness. Then by its light she opened Kim's box, and there was her own star shining!

Later, downstairs, she opened Margaret's parcel—a lovely soft robe, blue with pink flowers on it. There were other small gifts from old friends, and then her cards.

In the last envelope she opened there was no card. There was, rather, a letter of several pages, from Sandy.

"I had a long talk with Kim this morning. He wants to marry you. I think he is making a great mistake, so I am writing you about it.

"You see, you've been sweet to him, and he is grateful. Lots of men are like that. They fall in love with their nurses, and are sorry ever after. Can't you see that? At the moment Kim is just a baby holding on to his mother's apron strings. But when he grows up, what will you have to offer?

"I hope you won't hate me for writing this. But I know what it is to marry a man and find out he isn't the one. It would be the same way with Kim if he married the wrong woman. Kim was very angry with me this morning when I tried to tell him that he needed something more than a nursemaid. He knew it was true, and that was why he was angry. If he had really loved you, he would have laughed. . . .

"And if you take my advice, you'll let him go. You may have to ease him out of his affair with you, but in the end you'll be glad you did it.

"I depend on you not to tell Kim that I have written to you. I have done it in good faith, believing it was best. . . ."

As she laid the letter down, it seemed to Daphne that the breath had gone out of her body. *"Lots of men fall in love with their nurses, and are sorry ever after."* It was true. Her father had often said it.

Sandy had enclosed a newspaper clipping in her letter. *"There are rumors of a romantic attachment."*

Hardly knowing what she did, Daphne dressed and made her way to the pine grove. The trees were black against the starlit sky, the snow a silver sheet. And there, where she had so often been alone with Kim, he seemed to stand beside her and to speak the words that so long ago had brought almost incredible happiness: *"My dearest Dove . . . I can't live without you. . . ."*

And as she listened, her heart was warmed, while her body shivered. She wanted to stay here, where Sandy's words seemed to grow faint and Kim's voice spoke to her.

When she went back to the house, she passed through the kitchen. Florrie said: "My soul and body, Miss Daphne, you look frozen! You go right up and take a hot bath, and I'll bring you hot coffee."

Daphne was glad of the bath and the bed and the hot drink. She was drowsy, and when Florrie had gone, she turned on her pillow and slept. Her dreams were confused and had to do with that vision in the pine grove. At times she could see it clearly in the starlight, then it would go away.

SINCE that day on the Penguin, Kim had played the game as best he could—doing things mechanically that were expected of him—and let it go at that.

Justin, whose eyes were keen, guessed that something was wrong and spoke to Camilla about it. "I'm worried. He shouldn't be down here, doing nothing. A man in his mental state needs hard work."

It was the day after Christmas and the Colbys were giving a buffet supper for servicemen and their friends. Kim, coming down early, was met by Sandy.

"Darling, you're looking wonderful," she said.

"Am I? Well, you aren't so bad yourself."

"Like me?" She whirled around to give him a better view. A long white dress with a bodice of sparkling crystals. Only her flame of hair for color.

She tucked her arm in his and went with him into the dining room. She had, since that day at the pool, seemed to forget all that had been said.

The guests were arriving, and Kim moved among them, poised and smiling. The night was warm, the scene colorful. In the dining room, supper was being served, and Kim came up presently to the table where Justin was presiding over a chafing dish of stone crabs.

While Kim was tasting the crab, the butler brought him a telegram. It was from Florrie:

MISS DAPHNE IS VERY ILL AND OUT OF HER HEAD. YOU HAD BETTER COME.

Kim, crushing the paper in his hand, said, "Get a reservation for me, if you can, on the first train to Washington. I'll pack my bag and be ready."

He went back to Justin and showed him the telegram. "I'll get Peggy away from the others and tell her."

Justin said, "I'll drive you to the station."

"Can you leave all this?"

"I'll leave everything."

Coming downstairs later with his bag, Kim met Sandy. She was white. "Justin says you're going away."

"Yes. To Daphne."

Then, as he saw her stricken face, he said, "You see, you were wrong, Sandy. It is Daphne who needs me now. She has always needed me, but I didn't know it."

"Kim! Oh, Kim!" She clutched at his sleeve.

"Sorry." He left her standing there, staring after him.

OUT of that strange world in which she had wandered, Daphne emerged at last to say, "Is it really you, darling?"

"Really!"

"You won't leave me?"

"Never again."

Her convalescence was slow. As the days went on, she lay white and spent on her pillows.

"I'm not good for anything," she told Kim. "I ought to be up and doing things."

"There is nothing for you to do but get well. And you're not to worry, ever any more. I'm going to take care of you, Pigeon."

He felt strong, alive, protective. This was what life henceforth would mean to him—a woman to work for, to protect, and to cherish. He had been blind not to see that only by faith in himself can a man develop his powers. *"As a man thinketh . . ."* Daphne had said that to him so long ago. In all these months she had been trying to make him see it. And now, at last, he was awake.

THE END

Puzzle 378 8/4/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

THE memoirs of writers and editors have a tendency to picture the literary life as one long round of beer and skittles, glossing over the monotony and drudgery. I suppose this is natural; a pearl fisherman writing his reminiscences would put the emphasis on the pearls he found, rather than on the tens of thousands of barren oysters he dredged up and opened.

Charles Hanson Towne

Charles Hanson Towne, whose genial face has been seen in gatherings of writers and editors for many years, has written an autobiography which he calls **So Far So Good.** A very readable book, it will help perpetuate the harmless fable.

Mr. Towne, who was one of the first editors to accept an O. Henry story, refrains from reaching for a laurel wreath, pointing out the master of the double-twist story was simultaneously "discovered" by several magazines.

This literary side show, despite the modesty of its barker, has some lively exhibits—for example, the classic typographical error that caused a great upheaval in the poetical bosom of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. In a magazine poem, she wrote:

"My soul is a lighthouse keeper."

But what the linotyper printed was:

"My soul is a light housekeeper."

Published by Julian Messner, Inc. Price $3.

YOUTH IS THE TIME, a novel by **Robert Gessner,** is a startlingly frank study of "Metropolitan University" situated in downtown New York. The students of "Metropolitan" are a group of semiliterates whose English wouldn't do credit to an immigrant applying for his first papers. As for the faculty of this hall of learning, they are pictured as intellectual zombies who have no higher aspiration than to hang on to their starveling jobs.

Robert Gessner

The author (who, by the way, is a member of the faculty of New York University) thrusts a scholarly, Boston-bred instructor into this strange environment. Chris Nash's first impulse is to pack up his bags and escape. But he remains long enough to be caught in the maelstrom of college politics, a student-teacher romance, and a sit-down strike. In the end he has learned more from the rowdy but basically decent youngsters than anything he could have hoped to teach them.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Price $2.50.

MR. WILMER is the story of an insurance clerk who talked to a horse, a Nubian lion, an elephant, a hippopotamus, and the other citizens of a New York menagerie. Of course, lots of other people have done that, with the proper amount of liquid inspiration. But in Mr. Wilmer's case the animals talked right back, thereby creating his fame and fortune, as well as a delectably goofy novel.

Robert Lawson, author and illustrator of Mr. Wilmer, first came into the public eye through his felicitous illustrations of Munro Leaf's Ferdinand the Bull. In this book he shows an equally sure touch as a storyteller. The reader who couldn't get an hour or two of pleasant illusion out of this fantasy would strike his grandmother or throw away tickets to the circus.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price $2.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 On the farms of what town in Africa were diamonds first discovered?
9 William Bendix starred in Eugene O'Neill's The Hairy what?
12 What Semite is violently anti-Semitic?
13 What's a puffin? (pl.)
14 A. E. Housman wrote poetry about the Shropshire what?
15 What kind of people would a G. I. say belonged in Section 8?
16 Name the dean of American sports writers
17 To earn what necessities caused Gypsy R. Lee to take up writing?
18 A person who's *geschtoonk* is in what condition?
20 What's the second most influential book in the world?
21 What carbon lights have been hard on starry eyes?
23 What's a good term for a member of the upper crust?
24 What ain't used by grammarians?
25 Member of the salmon family
27 What do Hindus call their god?
29 What European king once said Europe was run by two old men and two damned fools?
30 Name a first family of China
31 1051
32 Size of a dash
33 What American coins weigh 48 grains?
34 New England gardeners plant what on April 19, anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, for July fruition?
35 Name one of Churchill's war promises
37 What warbler is part fish?
38 Complete: —— Catlum's America by Vincent McHugh
39 Slang term for set dresser
41 Actors consider a hat dropped on a bed a bad what?
42 Complete: Rue de la ——
43 How do polar bears feel in January?
45 A good ad man likes to get plenty of feminine what into his work?
46 Give the onomatopoeic impression of a fired bullet
47 Commonest poetic signature
48 A touchdown in Rugby's called a what?
49 What's slang for a restaurant where black-market meat is served?

VERTICAL

1 Name Japan's Flying Coffin Suicide Corps
2 Gent's moniker
3 Complete: Far from the —— Crowd, by Thomas Hardy
4 Youth's favorite gun
5 Sadie Thompson's the heroine of what play? (Recently flopped as a B'way musical)
6 Name the Lady on most gamblers' lips
7 Skimp out
8 Contraction of this
9 Warning sound
10 Name the curves in conic sections formed when a cone's cut by a plane parallel to its side
11 What Conservative is being groomed for Prime Minister of Britain?
16 What kind of eater was Hitler?
17 Fistiscuffle
19 Soften flax fiber
20 Name the chairman of the WPB
22 Were Daniel alive today he might be a what? (two words)
23 Pros oppose whats?
25 105 cubic feet of sea water equal about three whats?
26 Name the commonest veg and fruit disease
28 What's fancy for dame-despising?
30 Name a troubled troublesome Balkan
31 What strait separates Italy from Sicily?
33 William the Conqueror's tomb's in what Normandy town?
34 Kid stuff
36 Long rhymed obit
37 Complete: —— and Cox, by Gilbert and Sullivan
38 You'd address Ethel Barrymore maritally as Mrs. what?
39 What's easily seen through?
40 Capital of Latvia
42 What kind of English bulldog's bred for dogfighting?
44 What Aegean island (also a lettuce) saw fighting in this war?
46 What letters usually follow a letter signature?
47 Lloyd's of London classes a wooden third-class ship as what?

E	I	G	H	T	Y	F	I	V	E	■	S	P	A	M
C	R	I	E	R	■	L	O	I	N	■	H	O	P	E
H	I	P	P	O	■	O	T	I	S	■	A	R	E	S
O	S	S	■	L	I	R	A	■	L	I	V	E	R	S
■	■	Y	A	L	T	A	■	M	A	T	E	■	■	E
U	S	■	R	E	S	■	D	I	V	I	S	I	O	N
P	I	N	K	Y	■	M	A	L	E	S	■	R	A	G
P	E	A	S	■	M	A	M	A	S	■	H	O	S	E
E	G	G	■	D	E	V	O	N	■	D	I	N	E	R
R	E	S	T	R	A	I	N	■	P	I	N	■	S	S
C	■	■	H	U	T	S	■	C	O	A	T	S	■	■
R	O	B	O	M	B	■	S	L	I	P	■	K	O	P
U	S	E	R	■	A	L	L	Y	■	E	L	O	P	E
S	L	A	P	■	L	E	A	D	■	R	I	D	E	R
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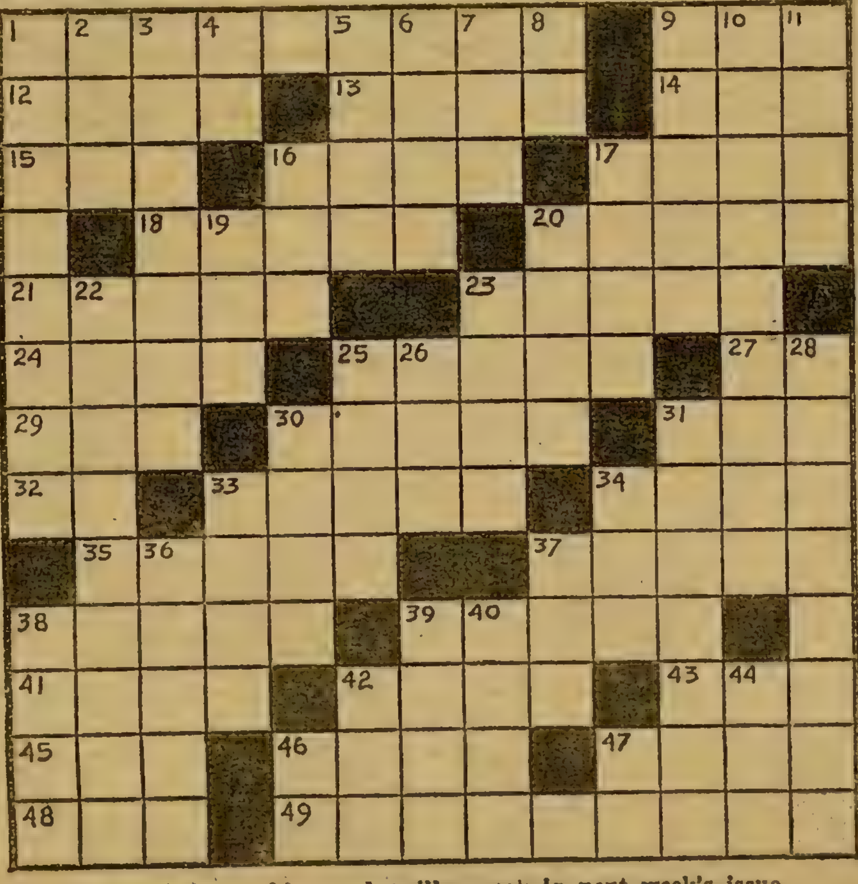
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

One
always
stands
out

Walker's DeLuxe

Two words that mean Hiram Walker's Straight Bourbon

HIRAM
WALKER
SINCE 1858
Walker's
DeLuxe
Straight BOURBON Whiskey

Straight bourbon
whiskey. 86 proof.
This whiskey is
5 years old.
Hiram Walker
& Sons Inc.,
Peoria, Ill.

PAUL BUNYAN WAS A PIKER

Continued from Page 33

AN ominous sound like distant thunder woke Dinny from an unquiet sleep. The darkness of night still filled the caboose, but Dinny slid out of his bunk, opened the door, and stood in the near-freezing cold. He heard it again, a booming noise, followed by a long rumbling roll. There were stars in the sky. It was not thunder. It was Tug Cooney releasing his logs and sending them down the skidways into the water!

Tug Cooney was pulling a fast one in order to capture the bonus. Once his stuff was in the water, he would open his dam, bring his logs down the river into Dinny's dam and demand clearance. Once Tug Cooney's logs started coming into Dinny's dam, Dinny would be forced to hold up his drive until Tug's had cleared. The situation called for fast thinking.

Dinny shouted and the men rolled out of their blankets. He grabbed his clothes, lit the lanterns and gave orders all at the same time.

"We're starting!" he shouted. "Tug Cooney's men are setting 'em loose. We've got four or five hours to beat 'em."

It was still not quite daylight when the skidways were empty. The men opened the gates in the sluiceways and three million feet of Idaho white pine shot into the stream down below. When Rusty beat the triangle for breakfast, the dam, too, was empty.

The men hurried through breakfast and Dinny assigned them to various duties. The wanigan and the caboose were cut loose from the shore and lined into the stream. Everything had gone fine.

Dinny and Big Benny returned to the dam, lowered the gates leading into the sluiceways and removed the essential parts from the mechanism used in raising the gates.

"Guess that'll hold him for a day or two," said Dinny. "He wouldn't want his logs to get mixed up with mine."

"Yeh," said Big Benny. "If Tug Cooney's drive got mixed up with ours he'd have to run all his logs through the sorting boom before old Dabney would give him his check." As the men left, the vanguard of Tug Cooney's drive came boiling into the channel at the head of the dam.

By evening Dinny and his crew had succeeded in bringing the drive into the Clearwater River. They had left Tug Cooney behind; but after the wanigan and the caboose had been tied up for the night and the men had finished supper, Tug Cooney paid the girl another visit. However, by the time the crew returned to the wanigan for its nightly snack, he had departed.

As the men filed into the wanigan, Rusty noticed that Big Benny walked with a slight limp. The girl asked Big Benny if he'd got hurt. He was about to shrug it off, when Dinny grabbed the ball and ran off.

"I'll say he got hurt! Hadn't been for Arvil, here, he'd be a dead bunny."

"What happened?" Her eyes, Dinny thought, were beautiful. He hoped Arvil had a good view.

"Got caught in a log jam," said Dinny. "There the logs were, stacked up higher'n his head. There was no way of gettin' him out and it looked like he was a sure goner. Just then, Arvil jumps in, grabs the key log with his bare hands, and jerks things apart."

ARVIL was stirring his coffee furiously. His ears were a bright red. "Aw, it wasn't nothin'," he said.

Rusty gave Arvil a look full of curiosity and wonder. Dinny felt that it was a good start and decided to follow through.

"Once I saw you do a stunt with a broomstick," he said to Arvil. "Can you still do' er?"

"Aw, that don't amount to nothing," said Arvil. "Nobody wants to see it."

"That's what you think," said Dinny, getting up and fetching the broom.

"You watch this," he told Rusty. "You're going to see something."

Arvil grinned, got up, and grasped the stick in both hands. With a quick powerful wrench he twisted the handle in two. Big Benny said, in pure wonderment, "That guy don't know his own strength!" Everyone was pleased with the exhibition; everyone, that is, except Rusty.

"You big lummox," she said. "What's the sense in breaking my broom? Now how do you suppose I'm going to keep this place clean?"

"I'll fix it," said Dinny. "It was my fault, not Arvil's." Arvil and the others got up and slunk out.

Dinny began repairing the broom.

"I was kinda thinking," he said, "how I could improve things around here, make it more interesting for you. I know how it is with a young girl like you, beautiful, and everything. They've got to have fellows, maybe take a walk in the woods after supper to pick flowers, go for a boat ride at night when it's moonlight. Now, most of my boys is just roughneck river hogs. Like me, they're not fit to pick up your handkerchief. But Arvil, he's different."

"Wilbur, you darling! They're beautiful!"

Starry-eyed, she looked at him.

"Now, Arvil, he don't drink or chew or run around when he gets into town. Saves his money and comes from a good Swedish family. What I'm trying to say—he's high class."

"What's that got to do with me?"

"Well, what I'm trying to get at is that Arvil is crazy about you. He'd like to go steady, maybe later might even ask you to marry. But he's too bashful to even ask for dates. So I'm asking for him."

She laughed. "That's funny," she said. "That's the funniest speech I've ever heard in my life."

"What's funny about it?"

"Why, everything. It's just plain ridiculous."

"You might think so," he said, "but there's two ways to look at it. Here we got a log drive with two crews on the same river. If we get our logs in first, we get the bonus. You get to share. All right. So far, we're ahead, but Tug Cooney generally has more than one trick up his sleeve. So if he gets his logs in first, we lose. It's like a football team. Everybody has to pull together. And it looks better if all the players on our side work for the same team."

She bristled up like a porcupine. "I came here to cook for you," she said. "If my work isn't satisfactory, please tell me. About my personal affairs, I don't need any suggestions. And if you think what happened this morning—about Mr. Cooney trying to get ahead of you—you're badly mistaken."

The following day Dinny hardly looked at the girl. He felt that the interview had gone off rather badly. But she laughed and joked with the men and this brightened his hopes for Arvil. At supper he was the last to leave the table, and when he got up to leave, she spoke.

"I'm sorry," she said, "if I seemed angry last night. I didn't mean to be, really."

He was about to walk away when he suddenly realized that opportunity was kicking to get in the door.

"How do you feel about going for a little boat ride?" he asked.

"Why, sure," she said brightly. "I'll be ready in thirty minutes."

He hurried. Thirty minutes wasn't a great deal of time to get Arvil shaved and into clean clothes, but there was plenty of co-operation. Big Benny donated a coat, Louie contributed a clean shirt and a pair of yellow dress shoes, three of the men bailed the water out of the boat and cleaned the seats. Arvil was given a few pointers on etiquette and pushed off in the boat.

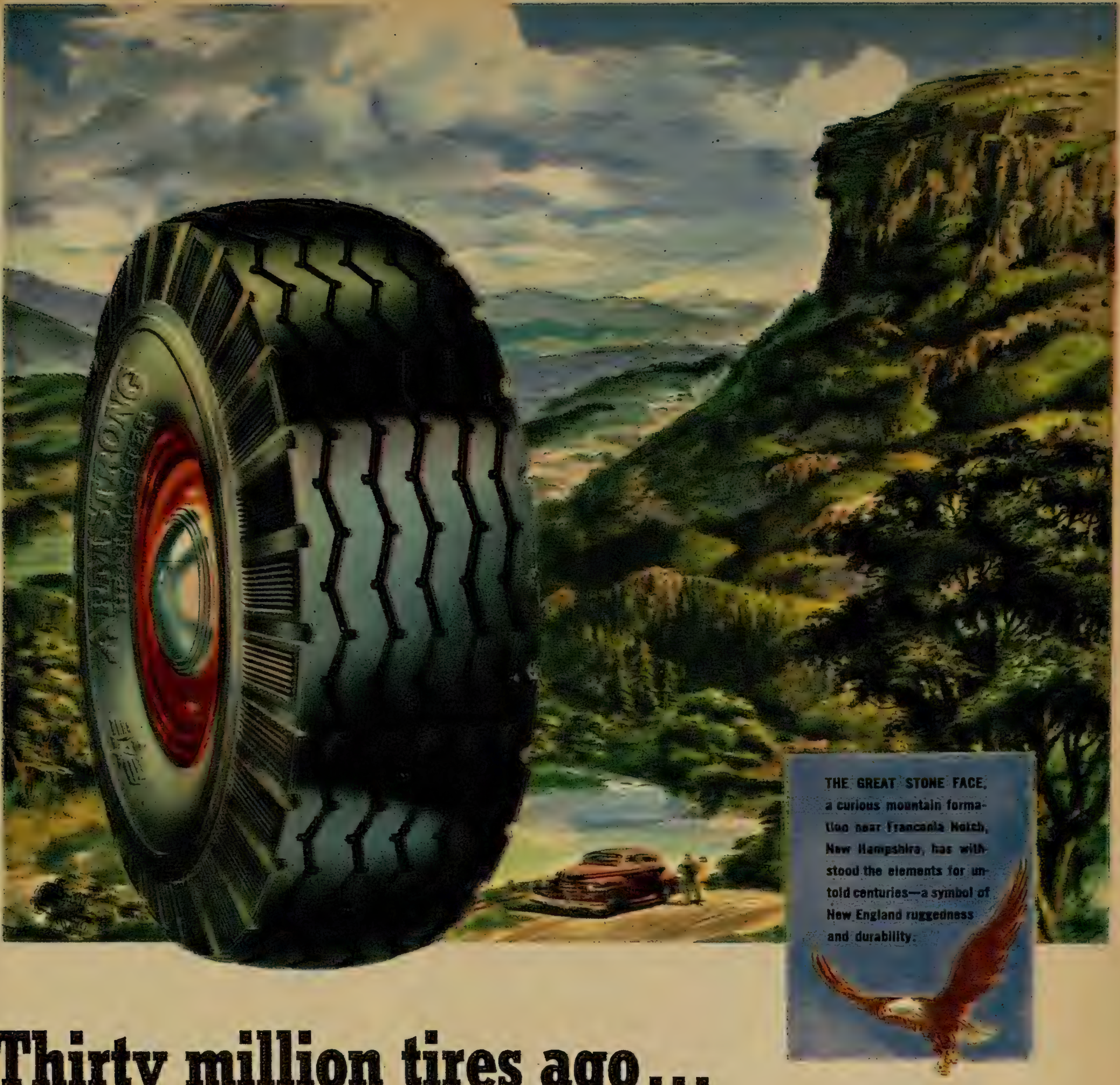
The wanigan was tied up in a little bay filled with slack water and logs. Arvil made his way through the logs, pulled up at the wanigan, and the girl got into the boat.

IT was still not quite dark when they returned. Dinny heard Arvil windmilling about in the river and stepped out of the caboose. Immediately he saw that Arvil was headed for trouble. Riding face to the stern, he was going straight into the rapids.

Dinny shouted a warning. Arvil woke up, changed his course, and threw all his vast weight against the current. One of the oars broke, the boat went out of control, and the next moment both occupants spilled out into the water as the craft piled up against the side of a boulder.

Dinny ran lightly across the carpet of

(*Continued on page 62*)



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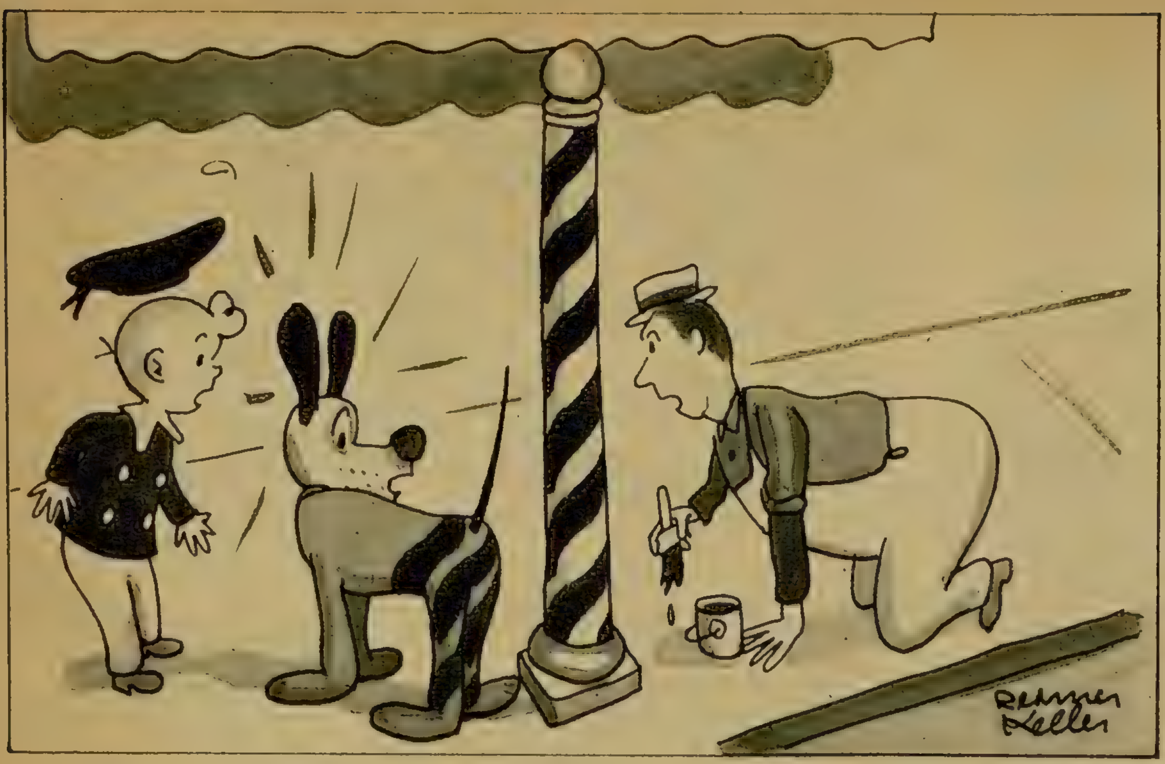

(*Continued from page 60*)

logs in the bay and walked out into the river. The water was swift but not deep. He picked the girl up out of the stream, but left Arvil, who had more or less forgotten about the girl and was intent on trying to rescue the boat.

For Dinny, even with his great skill as a riverman, getting back to the shore with the girl was no small feat. He had no peavey with which to balance himself. The extra weight of the girl caused the logs to sink down beneath his feet. Both would have gone down had he slowed or stopped, but by fast expert footwork he reached the shore.

He put her down. She said, "Thank you," in a cold voice. "Tomorrow I suppose you'll try to fix up another date."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You—you fool!" she said. She turned on her heel and made off for the wanigan. He had expected her to be mad at Arvil, but instead she had turned on him. Women were sure hard to figure.

The drive went along in fine shape. Because of Arvil's work with the bulldozer they made excellent progress, and although Tug Cooney still continued to call on the girl, Dinny's crew began to pull away and leave Tug's behind. And then one day Tug Cooney, too, brought in a tractor and began highballing to close up the gap. This was serious for a number of reasons, one being that it brought Tug in closer and more frequent contact with Rusty.

ONCE more Dinny's thoughts turned to Arvil. Arvil was no great shakes as a riverman, and his exhibition of strength had left the girl rather cold, but there could be no arguing the fact that he was a whiz on a bulldozer.

Dinny's opportunity came a day or two later. One of the men had let his peavey slip and the hook had cut a gash in Dinny's arm, and when he came into the wanigan dripping blood, the girl saw him.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed. "That's terrible! What happened?"

"Just a scratch," he said, taking a roll of gauze from the cabinet.

She had been rather cool since the boat ride, but now she was full of warm solicitude. She took the gauze from his hand and said, "Here, let me do it. I'm going to do it up properly. Would you like to sit down?"

"I'd rather stand," he said. "I kinda like to look at your hair, close like this." He had hardly spoken when he regretted it. It sounded as if he were taking a rather mean advantage of Arvil.

"Why?" she asked and gave him a look that raised goose pimples all the way to his toes.

"Oh, I don't know. Arvil said your hair was awful pretty. He said it looked like there was early-morning smoke in the shadows."

"Arvil? I don't believe it." He was only making things worse and thought it best not to carry the point further.

WHEN she'd finished the bandage, he said, "You got time to take a little walk?"

"With you?" she asked. "Or with someone else?"

"With me. We're breaking up a hang-up on a sand bar down below. Arvil's running the bulldozer and the way he's busting into that pile of logs is a sight. Beside him, Paul Bunyan was a piker. I kinda thought maybe you'd like to watch him. He's a one-man cyclone."

"No," she said. "I don't want to go for a walk to see a one-man cyclone, or a two-man cyclone, or even a three-man cyclone. When you can find me a four-man cyclone, I'll marry him." Dinny didn't know what to make of it.

A week later Dinny and his crew reached a point where the river made a sharp bend, meandered off across the country in a big circle, and then looped back almost to where it had passed. That night the wanigan and the caboose were tied up a short distance below the bend near the isthmus. The men worked late because Tug Cooney's crew was too close for comfort. It was dark when Dinny and his crew rolled into their bunks.

It was still dark when there was a knock at the door and Dinny heard Rusty's voice calling his name. He got up, slid into his clothes, and went out to see what she wanted.

"Listen," she said, "Do you hear that?"

He heard it all right. It was the heavy exhaust of an engine. It was close, in the bend near the isthmus.

"Tug Cooney's bulldozer," he said. "He's sure close."

They listened again. The engine was running at high speed, laboring hard and then slacking off.

"He's pushing dirt," said Dinny. "He ain't bucking logs."

"But what for?"

"You got me. Did you see him tonight? Did he say anything about working?"

"He said he was going to throw a boom across the river to hold his logs back so they wouldn't get mixed up with yours."

Dinny put two and two together and got a quick answer.

"A boom!" he said. "Holy smokes, woman! He's out to ruin me!"

He seized her arm. "Look!" he said. "Do you know any more about this? Did you have a hand in it?"

"Do you think so?" she asked calmly.

"No. You ain't got a mind for it. Only Tug Cooney could think of it."

"Of what, Dinny? What is it?"

"He's cutting a channel through that neck of land. He's figuring to shoot his logs through the channel, get ahead of me. That's why he put in the boom. That's why he's working."

"He'd get the bonus."

"That ain't the half of it. As soon as that water starts tearing through, my logs would be stranded from hell to high water in a dry river bed. It'd ruin me."

HE grabbed the lantern from her hand and let out a shout for the men. She held him a moment.

"Dinny," she asked, "what're you going to do?"

"Get down there with my crew and lick the daylights out of them.

"Look," he went on, "does he still mean something to you?"

"No!" she said. "Not if he's that kind; not if he'd do that to you."

"O. K.," he said. "Then I'll just leave his hide out there in the bushes."

Twenty minutes later Dinny had verified his suspicions. He came back on the run, explained the situation briefly to the men, and began throwing orders.

"They've got the channel just about cut through," he explained. "There's a hunk of dirt on the upper side and they're getting ready to blow 'er. Once the water starts coming through, it'll be like the millrace of hell; nothing will stop 'er, and he'll shoot his logs through."

"Let's wade into 'em," said Benny. "What's the hold-up?"

"No," said Dinny. "We can't do it that way. If there's going to be a fight, it'll be between Tug Cooney and me."

Dinny said, "Arvil, you get out there with the bulldozer and start backfilling that ditch. Take two helpers. Run over 'em if they try to stop you. Get going!"

Arvil picked two men from the crew and left. Dinny continued:

"Louie, you take three men and half a box of powder. I want you to bust up that boom if we can't stop them. Blow her high and wide if he starts moving through. Cross the river. Stay out of sight on the other side."

Louie was a good powderman, but Big Benny was the best in the crew.

"Got to cave in that ditch," he told Big Benny. "Can't depend on the bulldozer alone. Take the rest of the crew, put in a bunch of angle shots. Stay low and work fast. About fifty sticks ought to do 'er."

Daylight was beginning to break by the time the men had got started. Dinny had

(*Continued on page 64*)

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

What is the origin of the term "Caesarean operation?"

Twenty to one you are of the opinion it is associated with the birth of Julius Caesar. As a matter of cold historical fact, Julius Caesar was born quite normally. Caesarean operations go far back into antiquity and are supposed to have been practiced by the Greeks. The word "Caesarean" is derived from the Latin past participle, *caesus*, from *caedere*, meaning to cut.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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(Continued from page 62)

not seen the girl again, but now, on his way out to the isthmus, he saw her footprints in the soft earth. But he did not see her. Instead, he ran into Arvil and his two helpers.

"Where's the bulldozer?" asked Dinny.

"Down below," Arvil sputtered. "He's crazy mad. With the machine he tried to run over me."

"So you pulled back? So you let him bluff you?"

A few long strides brought Dinny to the base of the slope. He mounted the bulldozer and headed it back through the dense brush. He began backfilling, pushing the heaps of fresh earth into the trench. There was no sign of Tug Cooney and the other machine, but Tug Cooney's men were setting charges and stringing fuse.

He heard nothing above the roar of his own machine until the girl shouted, "Behind you, Dinny! Watch out!"

It was not a minute too soon. Like a charging dinosaur, Tug Cooney, riding the bulldozer, crashed in through the dense brush and trees. With his blade raised for battle, he came into the opening. Dinny wheeled, raised his blade to meet Tug's, and came at his enemy. The two machines came together with a ground-shaking crash.

Tug might have gone over, but he backed away, squared off, and came in again at an angle. Quick action saved Dinny. He spun about on one tread, hooked the end of his blade into Tug's, and shot into reverse. Tug's machine spun about in a half circle. This put him broadside to Dinny and left him defenseless, but once more Tug was too quick. Before Dinny could slam in for the kill, Tug shot back into the dense jungle of alders and willows.

Tug had been fighting for time. So far, because he had gained time and prevented Dinny from filling the trench, the fight had been his. But the battle was not over.

Tug had put himself on the opposite side of a high alder. Now he backed away, lowered his blade, and rammed head-on into the tree, tearing it out by the roots. The girl screamed again. Dinny saw the tree coming, wheeled about, but not soon enough. The main boughs missed him, but the smaller branches crashed about his head and shoulders.

Tug came out again. This time he was between the tree and the bank. Dinny saw his chance, lunged out, caught him broadside, square on the flank. Dinny gave her the gun and his machine bit into the earth, while Tug's with one tread off the ground, clawed the air. Slowly, but surely, one giant pushed the other toward the edge of the bank. Tug was helpless.

THOUGHTS IN A BONFIRE!

Queer. I might have helped lick a No. 1 war shortage—paper! I might have wrapped a radar set that will go to Honshu on Invasion Day. I might have covered a blood-plasma container and saved a Yank's life. I might have been one of the millions of other magazines, newspapers, wastebasket scraps that will be used to help win the war. . . . Moral: Don't waste this copy of Liberty. Save it. Send it to war!

"You're going over!" Dinny shouted. "Stay on if you want to get killed!"

For a brief moment Tug's bulldozer hung on the edge of the trench. In that same moment one of Tug's men of the dike shouted, "Here she blows!" And Big Benny stepped out and waved a warning.

Tug leaped and Dinny nudged the driverless machine over the edge of the trench. And then, before Tug Cooney was able to recover himself, Dinny picked up a scoopful of dirt and debris, gathered Tug in with the load, and pushed the whole assignment in after the bulldozer.

Tug scrambled up the opposite side of the trench as the dike lifted in a funnel of black muck and earth. A moment later, as the water rushed in, the ground shook again and a slab of earth cut loose from the bluff and blocked the channel. Big Benny had timed his shot to the minute.

RUSTY and Arvil came up. Dinny climbed from the machine and Arvil took over. Rusty said, "Dinny, you're hurt!"

"Just a few scratches," he said. She took her handkerchief and wiped the blood from his face.

"You were magnificent," she said. "Better, even, than Paul Bunyan. You were a cyclone."

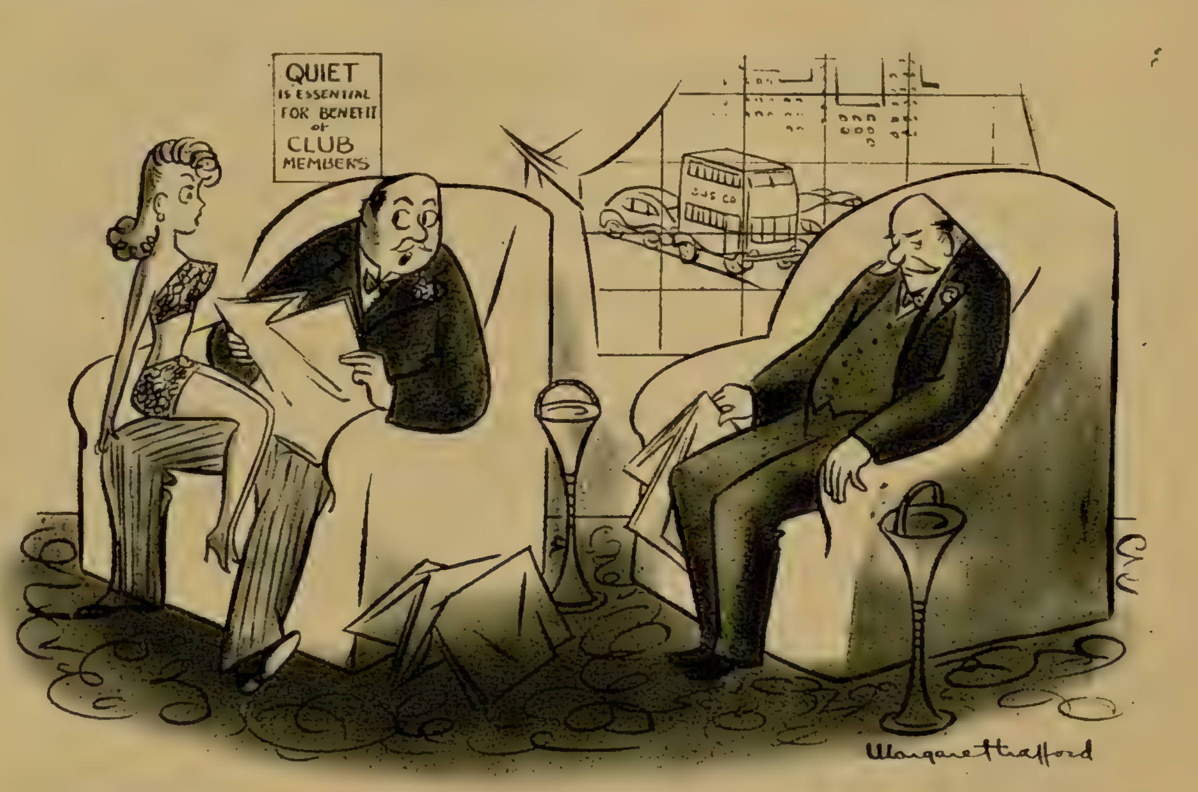
"One-man or two-man?" he asked.

"Four-man," she said.

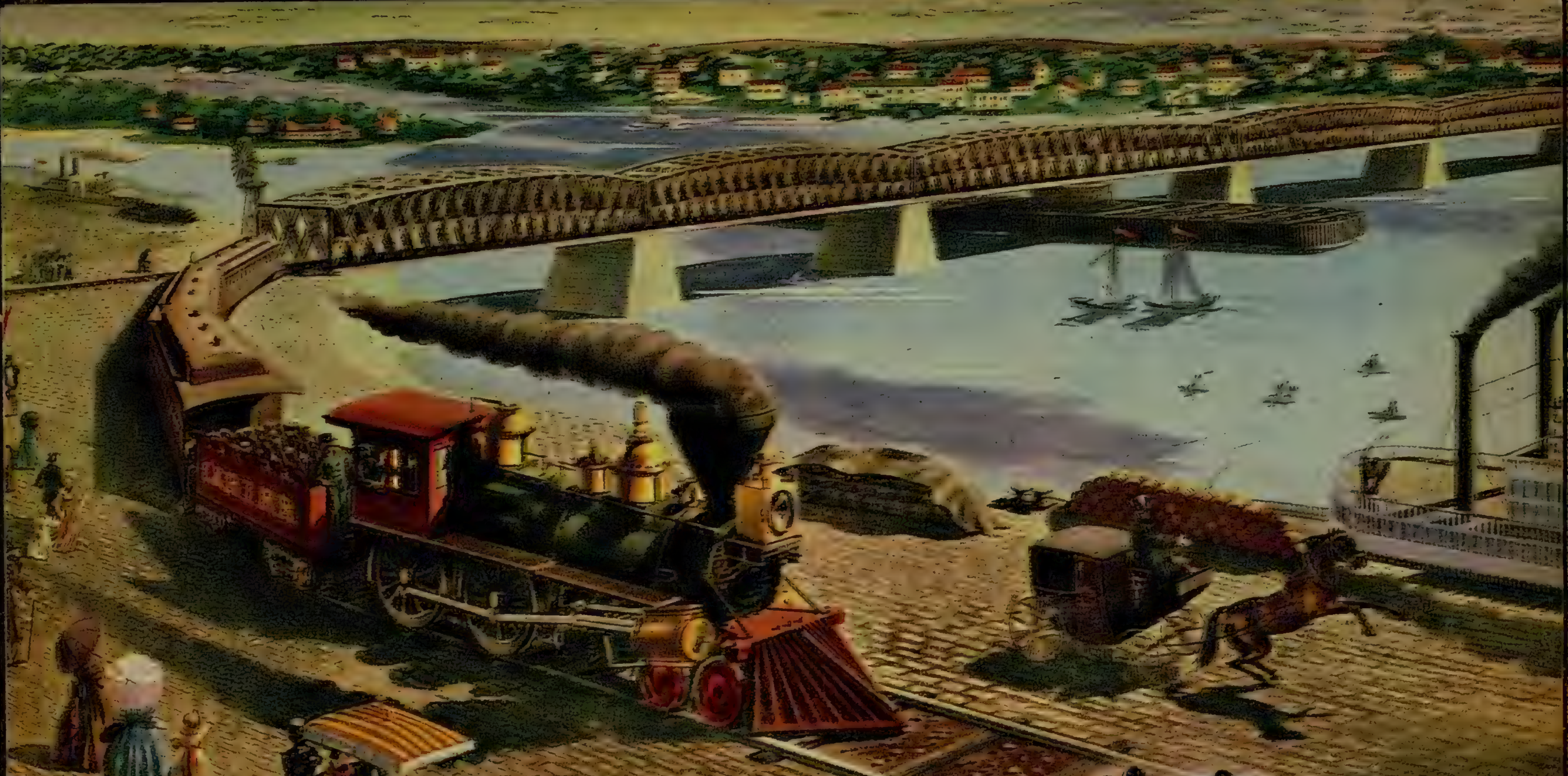
Dinny took her in his arms. "Either you're the best little liar that ever came down the pike," he said, "or you're going to get kissed by the guy you've just promised to marry."

"I don't tell lies," she said, and Dinny was sure that she didn't.

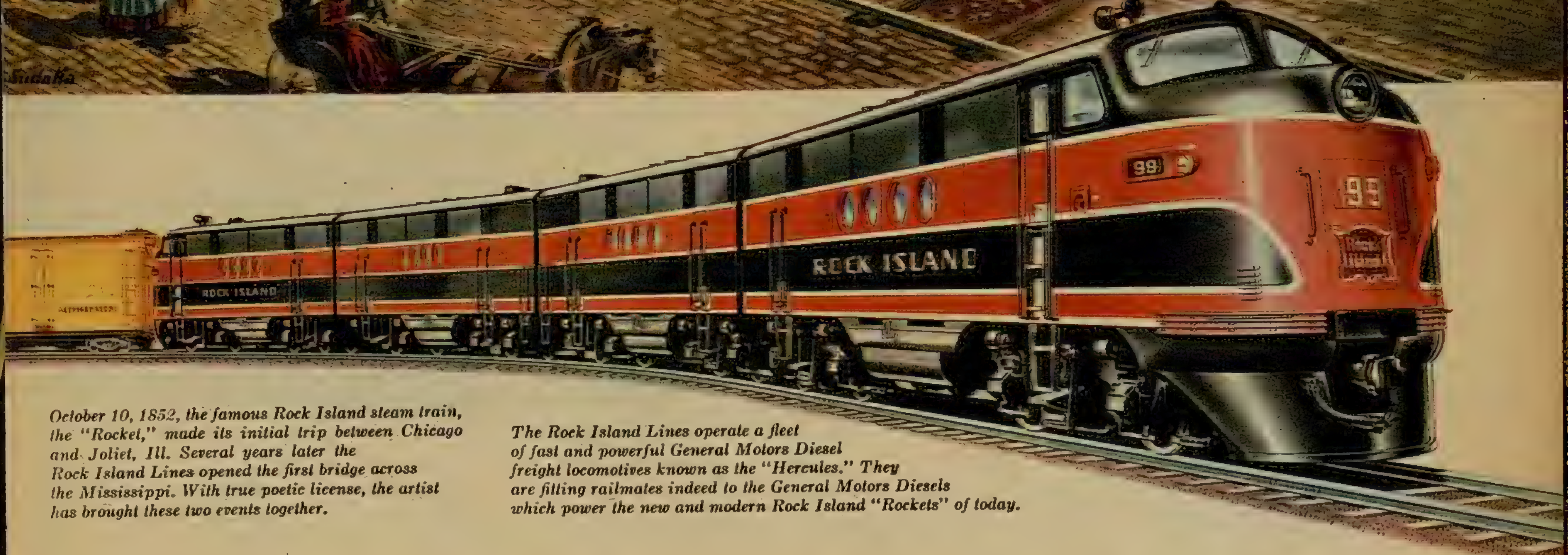
THE END


QUIET
IS ESSENTIAL FOR BENEFIT of CLUB MEMBERS
Margaret Hafford

"Good Lord, Snipworth, how long has *she* been here?"



October 10, 1852, the famous Rock Island steam train, the "Rocket," made its initial trip between Chicago and Joliet, Ill. Several years later the Rock Island Lines opened the first bridge across the Mississippi. With true poetic license, the artist has brought these two events together.



The Rock Island Lines operate a fleet of fast and powerful General Motors Diesel freight locomotives known as the "Hercules." They are fitting railmates indeed to the General Motors Diesels which power the new and modern Rock Island "Rockets" of today.

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A MAN'S FIRST DEBT

Continued from Page 21

They were in front of her house then, and they turned into the flagstoned walk which wound up to a side terrace. They went to the terrace and sat down on the glider, watching the moon through the gently waving branches of a giant willow.

"There are few things," she said, "as beautiful as big woolly clouds sailing past a full moon."

"I know one in particular," he said, tilting her chin upward with his hand. He searched her face in the moonglow, looking for a clue, a sign that it would be all right to tell her what he wanted to tell her. He thought he saw it in her eyes. First he kissed her, and then Spencer said, "I want to be able to do that always and forever. . . . I love you, darling. I've been sure of it since that first night in the library."

Her eyes closed and he kissed them softly. "Do you understand what I'm saying? I want you to marry me."

She opened her eyes. "I understand," she whispered.

"And—?"

"I'm not sure—I'm not sure," she said.

"Not sure that you love me?"

She rested her face against his chest. "Oh, Jim, I *do* love you, but—but—" she hesitated.

"Then there can be no buts. That's all that counts."

She shook her head slowly. "That's what I'm not sure of. I don't quite know what it is." She was whispering again, almost to herself. "I have to think."

"Let me help you think."

"No, I've got to do it alone," she replied.

"I wish I knew what was in your mind," he said gently. "Will you tell me soon?"

She nodded, and he took her face between his hands. "If you absolutely *had* to tell me now," he persisted, "what would your answer be?"

She didn't reply, but her eyes glistened longingly. He took her in his arms again.

TWO days later Marie phoned him at the office. "I must see you," she said. "Tonight."

There was something in her voice. Something strained and tight that he couldn't help noticing. "I'll pick you up at the library," he said. "I'll have the car."

He didn't say anything until they were out on the river road. "You sounded," he began, "as though you had something important to tell me."

He took his eyes off the road to look at her. He swung to the side at the storage dam and parked under a huge maple.

"Shoot," he said, switching off the motor.

She faced him, her eyes misty. "Jim, I can't marry you. I know now that it mustn't be."

HER words seemed to register more in his throat than his ears, and finally he said, "I won't accept your reasons, whatever they may be, but I want to know them anyway."

"I will try to tell you, but I know it will be difficult for you to understand." She took one of his hands in both of hers. "Anton told Papa Rondek last night—about the paper route," she added.

"It was terrible. I have never seen him hurt so. At first he didn't even want to discuss it with Tony. It was beyond belief that such a thing could even begin to threaten his plans for the boy. But then—but then, when he saw it was so, that Tony was determined—well, it was almost unbearable the way he looked at me.

"Oh, Jim!" She grasped his arm fiercely. "Jim, he blames you. He says you are meddling with Tony's life. Which means, of course, *his* life, too."

Her voice, which had started out quick and strong, had dropped to a tired low pitch. "He accused you with words, but his eyes accused me. That's what makes it so bad."

"But, darling," he appealed, "how does that affect *us?*"

There was a certain resignation in her tone. "In such an important way," she said. "You know that Josef Rondek has been taking care of Tony and me ever since my husband died. I cannot tell you how kind he is, and considerate, and such a source of strength. Although I don't want him to force his plans on Tony, I cannot help loving and respecting him. I owe him more than I can repay.

"The other night," she continued, "when I told you I had to think about my answer, I was concerned with only one thing. Tony and I are all Josef Rondek has, and somehow I feared it would seem almost like an act of desertion if I remarried—that he would feel as though he'd lost us." She shook her head. "I soon realized Papa Rondek wouldn't want me to think that way, nor would he allow me to, if he knew. But this," she said—"this is different. This is much bigger and far more important."

"Why?" he insisted quietly.

"First of all," she countered, "if I asked you to take away that paper route from Tony, because it was an obstacle between us, would you do it?"

Spencer started to say yes, then closed his mouth. He looked at her steadily, knowing he could very easily say that he would; but suddenly Spencer found there was something deep within him that was holding him back. Something shadowy and vague in form, but strangely capable of being a strong restraining force.

He said evasively, "That could be done."

"Would you do it?" she insisted.

"If you wanted me to."

"*Would you do it voluntarily?*" she cried.

Now he knew. Now Spencer saw what it was. He exhaled a deep breath and the breath seemed to hurt. "No," he said in a low voice.

"Why not?" she asked levelly.

"Because I'm crazy about Tony," he said quickly. "I want to be a real father to him, to help him find his own happiness. I want to build, not destroy. I could go on, but you get the idea."

She smiled through her tears. "Those were the right answers, Jim. And they should help you understand why I can't have Tony dividing his loyalties between two men with strongly conflicting ideas. His life would become a terrible mess. Life would become a mess for all four of us. I won't permit that, Jim."

He didn't know what to say. He wished there was some way of unraveling things so that it would leave the picture bright and shiny and acceptable to her. But her logic was such a mixture of good and bad that his mind could only function awkwardly at best.

She reached up and kissed him lightly on the cheek. He sensed a terrible finality in the gesture. "Please take me home now," she said.

All the way back to her house Spencer was mute with indecision and futility. He drove mechanically, trying to collect his scattered train of thought and get it all on the same track. After awhile he gave up helplessly.

Spencer went to his apartment and sat in a deep chair for a long time. He picked up a book. He put it down and picked up another. It was one of Josef Rondek's first books on philosophy that Marie had given him about a week ago. He had not yet found a chance to read it. Idly he started to sift through some of its pages.

SEVERAL days later Josef Rondek walked into Spencer's office at the Chronicle. He was a big man, with iron-gray hair and an impressive deep-lined face. His black eyes had a quiet directness. Rondek sat down somewhat stiffly, his hands grasping the head of a heavy walking stick which he pinned to the floor in front of him.

"I have come to talk about Anton," he said shortly.

Spencer's eyebrows flickered upward. "Tony? Sure."

Rondek shifted his grip on his stick. "I suppose I should appreciate that you were only trying to help the boy, and to please him, but I cannot avoid thinking you have done him more harm than good."

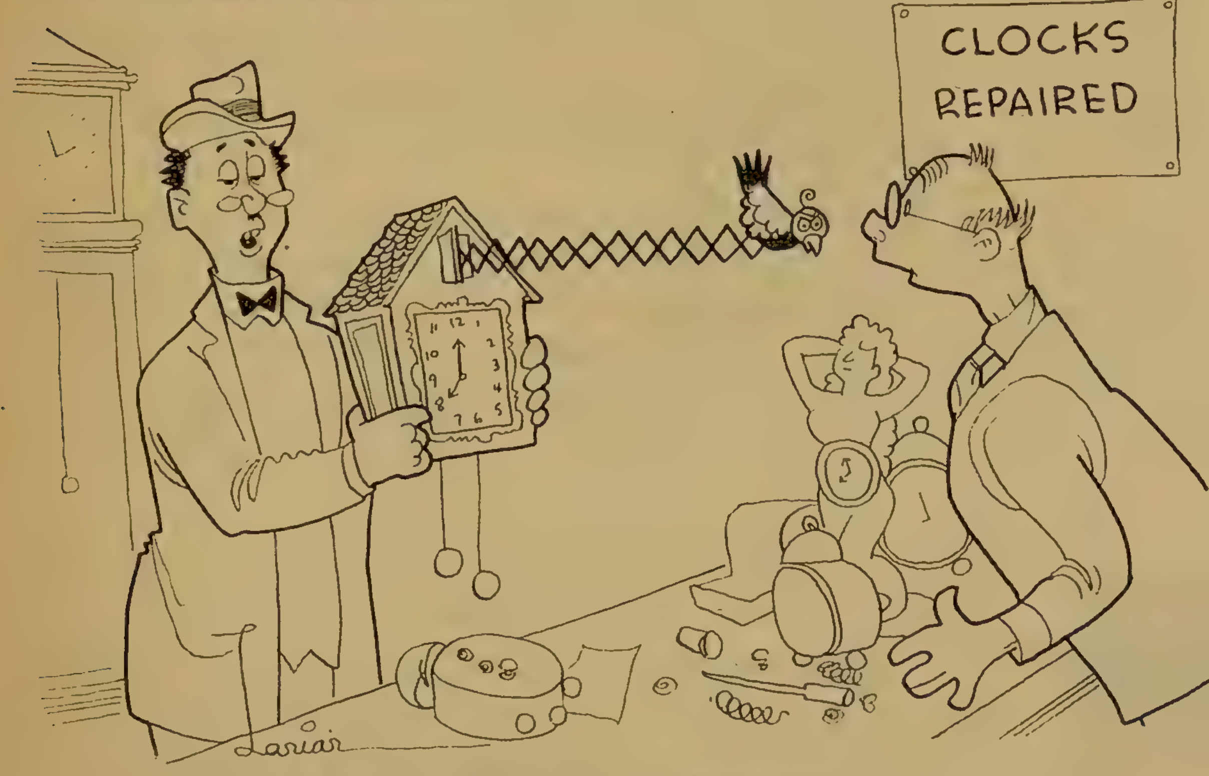
Spencer frowned slightly.

"His chief considerations in life," Rondek continued, "are his Saturday baseball games and the paper route he started a few days ago—at the expense of his musical career."

Spencer detected the faint bitterness that edged into Rondek's voice. "It isn't

(*Continued on page 68*)

THE HOME FRONT



"I can't sleep. He slams the door behind him every time!"

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"He's a detective her husband hired to shadow her."

(Continued from page 66)

for me to pass judgment on Tony's music," Spencer said, "but I'm sorry you're overlooking the fact that the boy is busy becoming a real American kid with his paper route and baseball games—and doing a damned good job of it. Or aren't you," he asked bluntly, "interested in his becoming a real American boy?"

The old man's eyes flashed. "Of course I am," he snapped. "But—" he hesitated and shrugged.

"But not at the expense of a career Tony doesn't want to follow," Spencer suggested. He wondered if he sounded cruel. He didn't mean to. "Look, Mr. Rondek—the boy wants to play the piano, but I gather he isn't interested in becoming a Paderewski or a Rachmaninoff or a Mozart."

"I will be satisfied," said Josef Rondek quietly, "if he becomes simply a Rondek."

"Touché," Spencer murmured with a smile. "But maybe Tony doesn't have the spark which set off his father and grandfather."

"He has it," Rondek said, "but he cannot develop it if he is allowed to squander his time on—on worthless distractions."

Spencer folded his hands behind his head and leaned back. "Twenty-five years ago, when I was just Tony's age," he said, "I also indulged in this worthless distraction, as you call it. Today I'm editor of the paper I used to deliver. Y'know," he said musingly, "Tony once told me he'd like to be a reporter some day, rather than a composer."

"And he probably will be," Rondek replied somewhat grimly, "unless he gets over this thing quickly. The boy is practically obsessed with what he calls his responsibility. You would think his life depended on his papers. And yesterday," he went on, "he came home half delirious because he had got two new customers. He was so excited he could hardly eat dinner."

Spencer grinned. "Good!"

Rondek shook his head. "It is not good, and I want you to take the route away from him."

"You want *me* to take—" Spencer paused. "That's your problem exclusively, Mr. Rondek. Yours and Marie's."

"Very well. I'll take it upon myself."

"You've convinced Marie?" Spencer asked slowly.

Rondek didn't answer.

"If you get away with it over her objections," Spencer continued, "I'll be disappointed in both of you. But before you take any definite steps I urge you to think very carefully about everything I've said."

Spencer got up and looked out the window. Then he turned and faced Rondek again. "Just the other night," he said, "I read a pretty good book on philosophy. One thought in it impressed me so much I shall always remember it. It went, 'A man's first debt is to his conscience; once it is paid in full, everything else will fall into its rightful place.' Do you recognize that?"

Rondek rose, his face a quick conflict of emotion. "You quoted it perfectly, Mr. Spencer. You flatter me indeed." Then he inclined his head in a brief formal bow and left the office.

SPENCER watched him walk across the newsroom floor. He fought back an impulse to rush after him and pour out the multitude of thoughts that tumbled crazily through his head. He wanted chiefly to tell Josef Rondek that he was a stiff selfish old man, obstinate in pride and purpose—a pride and purpose that would deprive them all of happiness unless he came to his senses.

The desire mounted, grew more compelling within him, until by the next afternoon Spencer couldn't stand it any longer. He was going out to Josef Rondek's house and tell him all those things, and more.

He didn't know what good it would do, or what irreparable harm. But, driving out toward the Rondek house, Spencer didn't care. He was at the point where bitter rage was supremely and biologically the most dominant thing within him.

He drove out Lawndale Avenue and turned down Talbott Street. It was on Talbott, two blocks from the Rondeks', that he saw it. The shock was so great Spencer almost lost control of the car.

Josef Rondek, bag slung over his shoulder, was delivering newspapers.

Spencer jammed on his brakes and came to a crazy stop against the curb. He watched Rondek deliver one paper, then another. With a sharp twinge, he saw that instead of tossing the papers on the porch, Rondek was ringing the bell and handing them to whoever answered.

When he had recovered his mental balance, Spencer drove past Rondek to the end of the street. There he parked and waited.

He got out of the car as Rondek came up. He saw the sudden shock of surprise flash over the old man's face. It was very much like the expression of a small boy caught committing some small but punishable offense. "It's quite obvious," Spencer said calmly, "what you've been doing. But what I'd like to know is *why* you've been doing it instead of Tony."

Rondek's face was composed again. "Simply," he said, "because Anton wasn't able to."

"Why?"

"It is not important," Rondek said shortly and started to move away.

"Just a minute, Mr. Rondek. I think I've got a right to know."

"But of course," Rondek replied. "After all, you *are* the editor of the Chronicle."

"That isn't what I mean, and you know it!" Spencer started to get back in the car.

"Wait!" Rondek said sharply.

Spencer turned. There was something new on Rondek's face. Something akin to capitulation, a resignation to the inevitable.

"Wait," Rondek repeated. "There is no use in my acting like this." He smiled wanly. "I have finished the route; I will tell you."

"Let's get in the car," Spencer said. Rondek climbed in after him and stared out the windshield. Finally Rondek said, "Today Anton's class went on what he called a field trip to see how the power dam operated at Clintonville. They went by bus. At three this afternoon Anton phoned from Clintonville: something had happened to the bus and it would be very late before it could be fixed and they could return. Maybe not until late tonight.

"He wanted us not to worry," Rondek went on, "but he had another concern, probably an even greater one. His paper route."

Josef Rondek paused, still staring out the windshield. "My daughter-in-law was at the library, so it was I who answered the telephone. And for the first time I heard something in my grandson's voice that I had never heard before. I don't know what it was. But it was many things that told me so much—so much that was important and real, which I had come close to losing forever.

"The newspapers had to be delivered, Anton told me. He asked me to call his friend, a certain Pokey Barnes. If Pokey couldn't, I was to call a Tippy Downes."

HE turned and looked at Spencer, a suggestion of a smile on his lips. "When I hung up, I knew more about my grandson than I had known before. I suddenly knew, too, that this paper route had to mean as much to *me* as it did to him."

Rondek glanced down at the Chronicle bag lying limp in his lap. "Neither Pokey nor Tippy was home when I called." Then he looked back at Spencer and his smile was stronger now, and there was a warmer light in his eyes.

"'A man's first debt,'" he said slowly, "'is to his conscience.'" After a very slight pause he added, "I will forever be thankful to you for reminding me."

Their eyes caught and held in a long moment of understanding of many things. "You could have phoned the Chronicle," Spencer said. There was a lifting feeling of exultation within him. "We'd have found someone to deliver the papers."

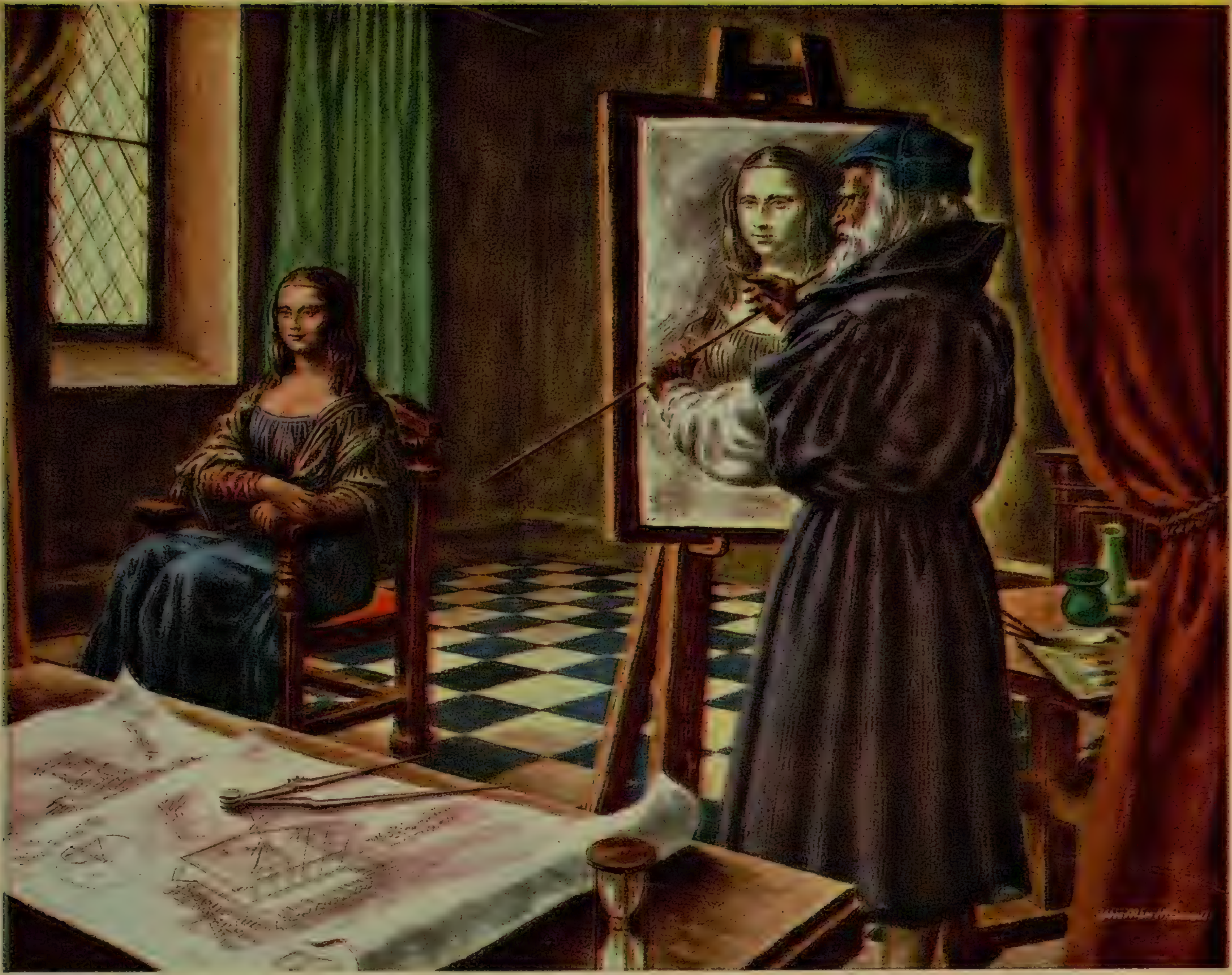
"I didn't think of it," Rondek said. "I'm glad I didn't."

Spencer started the motor. "I'm glad, too. I'll drive you home," he said.

Rondek smiled knowingly. "Marie is about through for the day. Shall we pick her up at the library?"

Spencer grinned. "By an amazing coincidence," he said, "I was just going to suggest that."

THE END



The Gunsmith and the Lady

Once a great artist left his easel to plan the arsenals and seige guns of a mighty war. The man was Leonardo da Vinci—many-sided genius of the Middle Ages. His name will never die. His work lives on—but not in guns and things of battle. It lives in the smile of a lovely lady, the Mona Lisa of the Louvre.

Over and over in our world's history the arts of peace have been abandoned to make way for the crafts of war. Something like this has happened to us in America. To soldiers, to civilians and also to Olin Industries. Like everyone else, we've had to lay aside the job of peace to speed the hour of victory and hurry the day when we can all go back to making things that folks can enjoy in security and peace.

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WHICH PICTURE FOR TONIGHT?

Continued from Page 23

call a "preview jury system." Hollywood producers, impatient to know how the public is going to like their products, have always run "sneak previews" in theaters around Los Angeles; here, lucky unwarned audiences are shown a new picture weeks before its Broadway release, and asked to comment on the picture.

A. R. I. also runs previews, but of a new type. The audiences are prechosen, to represent a fair cross section of America. The A. R. I. preview audiences are young, because people under thirty buy 65 per cent of all theater tickets. (The peak age for moving-picture attendance in this country is nineteen years and five months.) They represent the average income group of the moviegoers, knowing that nine tenths of all movie admissions are bought by those with normal family incomes of less than fifty dollars a week. The sex ratio among audiences at the moment (fifty-four women per 100 today) is carefully respected in gathering the preview crowds.

THESE "jury trials" are run in Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, and smaller communities, to get a fair geographical cross section.

At his seat, each member of the audience has a small dial which he is asked to twist to express his reaction to every scene and every stretch of dialogue. The spectator can dial "Like," "Dislike," "Like very much," or "Dull." His reactions are recorded in graph form so that the producer can tell at a glance where a member of the audience lost interest and where he became enthusiastic over the film.

Armed with this knowledge, a Hollywood company will advertise only those scenes which the juries approved. It will avoid ballyhooing the events which, they warn him, don't come off. Not only that; its advertising in a woman's magazine can emphasize the scenes which the women jurors particularly liked, for the record of their individual dials is there to guide it.

Every advertised scene in The Story of G. I. Joe was singled out by audiences at preview machines. The week of the picture's release was chosen because A. R. I. said the scientifically correct hour had struck. More than any release of recent years, this picture has been guided by the opinion-sampling technique. It had better succeed—if A. R. I. is going to keep its Hollywood clients!

Does the Gallup system of predictions work? Not always. If a picture is very brilliantly directed, the public will clasp it to its arms with much more warmth than any pre-release figures would indicate. In the same way, a sloppily done picture disappoints the public, large numbers of whom stay away from a movie they had hoped to attend.

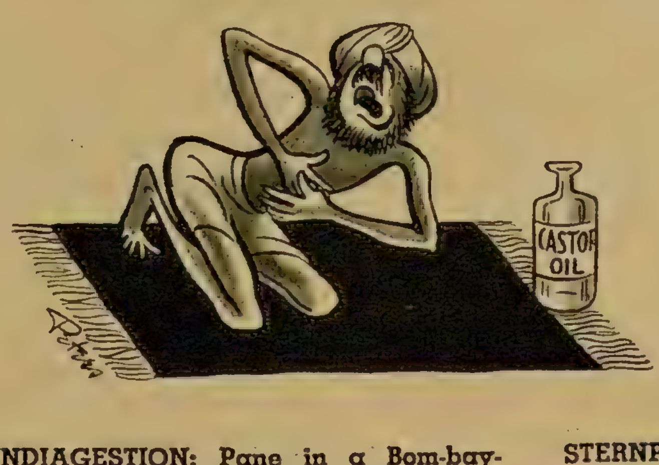
Reviews and word-of-mouth criticism after a picture is out can upset some of the most soundly based predictions if the producer has either outdone himself or fallen flat on his job.

SOMETIMES, too, the organization has pulled a historic boner because its staff has not yet learned to chart certain vagaries of public taste which it now takes into account. Army Surgeon was made at A. R. I.'s suggestion—and flopped. A. R. I. was surprised at the success of Kitty Foyle; at that time the Gallup investigators greatly underestimated the effect of advance publicity on a picture, and this one had extraordinary magazine coverage. The A. R. I. foot slipped again on How Green Was My Valley, which had such good production that it overcame the drawback of its rather somber theme. Adventures of Mark Twain was less of a success than they predicted. So was Citizen Kane.

But on most pictures Dr. Gallup's clients appear fully satisfied; they feel that he has often saved them from making costly errors. When Joan Bennett's Woman at the Window was about to be issued, the producers had almost decided on The Girl at the Window as a title. A. R. I. warned them that the public would be disappointed if this title was used; it suggested a gay musical instead of a mystery drama. The new title is believed to have helped the picture.

David Selznick held up Since You Went Away for three months on A. R. I. advice. Released at the scientifically chosen moment, it was a success. Walt Disney also has been guided by A. R. I. findings: he reissued Snow White last year, at the Gallup organization's urging, and made money by doing so.

What is the formula for making a surefire picture? A. R. I. tells clients that casting is immensely important in reaching a particular type of audience. It advises them to choose American-born actors if they want to succeed in the twenty-five-cent



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

INDIAGESTION: Pane in a Bom-bay-window.

TORTOYS: Things for a turtle to play with.

LANKLE: A gaunt gam.

CHUMBRELLA: A parasol for a pal.

TEX.TILE: Cloth made in Houston.

STERNPIKE: Highway with a severe curve.

TREE-O: Triplets growing in Brooklyn.

BIRDEN: A beakful of worms and grubs.

CO'BRA': Chest protector for a snaky dame.

TYRUNT: A five-foot despot.

TOM HENDERSON

"That's odd. I must have walked off with someone else's bundle!"

houses. Only one foreign star, Sonja Henie, is popular with low-income groups; the others, Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, Greer Garson, have their big following among the carriage trade. Your star should, if possible, be young; members of the audience like to identify themselves with the leading players, and fans under thirty go to the movies four times as often as their elders.

Granted a good star with a large following, a picture must have a "broad emotional appeal." So far as theme is concerned, A. R. I. regards Casablanca as an almost perfect picture. It had adventure, which appeals to men and to low-income groups; a strong romantic appeal, important to women of the twenty-to-thirty age group. It offered Ingrid Bergman, to draw in the carriage trade and to attract the critics; it gave the lower-income group one of its prime favorites, Humphrey Bogart. It had a song, an important consideration for the very young, and it got, in the Casablanca Conference, an unheard-of publicity break on the Page Ones of the world.

LAST year's Academy Award winner was another picture which could hardly have gone wrong, by A. R. I. findings. Tested at the end of the year, Leo McCarey's Going My Way was found to be the best picture of 1944 in the judgment of *all* groups. "It made no difference," the A. R. I. report reads, "whether they were the Saturday matinee serial fans or the fastidious three-a-year moviegoers; nothing could shake the firm hold this picture has taken on the public. It is the first time such a thing has happened in any poll we have taken."

But when it came to second choice for the year's best picture, the fans split their choices; men liked The Story of Dr. Wassell second best, women preferred Mrs. Parkington. Youngsters aged from twelve to seventeen voted for See Here, Private Hargrove, but those eighteen to thirty put Laura in second place. Small-town fans liked A Guy Named Joe, big-town audiences preferred Laura.

The pictures that the public likes best—Going My Way, Mrs. Miniver, Gone with the Wind, Stagecoach, How Green Was My Valley, etc.—are good by anybody's standards, even those of a college professor who scorns all films, or a dowager who snubs them through a lorgnette. Of that, A. R. I. advisers are sure. You are almost certain to have liked all those pictures.

But for pictures a bit below this high level, tastes vary enough to discourage anyone from trying to arrange a happy family evening at the films. Mother, in these outings, is likely to be the patsy, and to go to a picture that will bore her—for women over thirty have tastes shared by few other age groups.

And all women over thirty tend to like the same films.

Curious are the factors that determine taste. Whether a member of the audience has finished high school or college is less important in determining picture choices than you'd think, for age, sex, and income group all outweigh education. Whether a man lives in a city or a rural district doesn't make much difference in his picture tastes, either. City people are a little less fond of musicals than small-towners, but that's about all.

People of all classes like to feel that a picture was "worth while": we are still a Puritan people, a little uneasy about an admitted waste of time. A large percentage of the public, asked what type of picture they like best, will answer, "A comedy with meaning."

This is a happy circumstance for producers Frank Capra and Preston Sturges, whose formula is exactly that. But the public sometimes lies. It never admitted to the Gallup pollsters that it cared as much for gangster pictures as the box office proved it did. And those polled will say that the greatest common denominator of good pictures is humor; yet Gone with the Wind held them in their seats for four hours with hardly a glint of it.

THESE things make life difficult for A. R. I. and its clients. But trying to nail that elusive quality that makes for screen success is well worth a try. A successful picture is seen by 25,000,000 people today. The moving-picture audience is now so vast—up two fifths since the '30s—that many millions of dollars may depend on your taste and mine. A.R. I. is an attempt—often successful, but by no means sure-fire—to find out in advance what we'll want to see a year from Tuesday.

When a stranger stops you and says, "Excuse me, but what do you think of Yvonne DeCarlo?" don't think he's being frivolous. Don't imagine he's idly inquisitive. Don't assume that he is wasting his time and yours. For he's trying to do a scientific job of charting America's tastes.

THE END

Advertisement

WHEATIES
WHEATIES
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WHEATIES
SIP

"But, Joe, she has just as much right to buy them as we do!"

You can't keep such a good thing to yourself, Joe. Fact is, Wheaties are America's favorite whole wheat flakes. And they're making new friends every day. Those honey-brown, nut-sweet flakes are chuck-full of delicious eating. Just the dish . . . for your breakfast . . . tomorrow morning.

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VanRoy Bard $5

You are never really alone with a VanRoy. Solitude becomes friendly when this prince of pipes goes with you on journeys up woodland streams or over the open road. . . . Time's test confirms the supremacy of VanRoy—consistent preference of discerning smokers.

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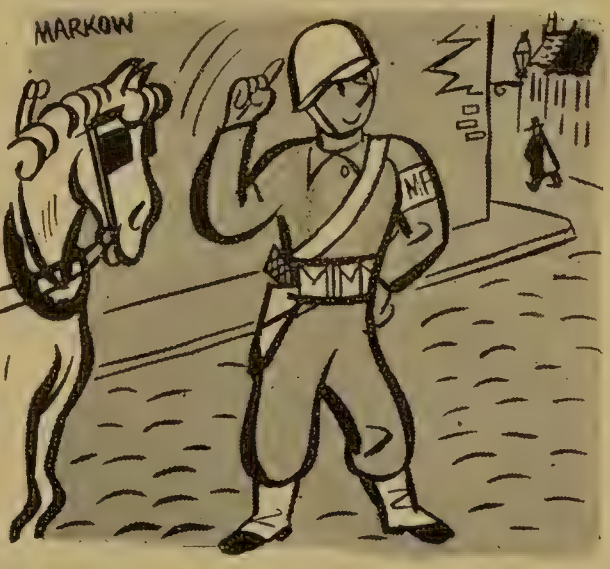
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

PFC. ALBERT JENKINS, New Orleans, La. You lose your bet. Germany invaded Poland on September 1, 1939, but Great Britain and France did not declare war on the Nazis until two days later, September 3.

* * *

Mrs. B. M., Amarillo, Texas. The Army's system of releasing veterans, announced back in May, calls for the release of men with eighty-five points and over, subject to possible changes when all the figures are in. Enlisted men get one point for each month of service since September 16, 1940; an additional one point for each month overseas; five points for each battle-participation star; five points for each wound for which the Purple Heart has been awarded; five points for each combat decoration (campaign ribbons and combat badges excluded); and twelve points for each child (to a limit of three). A temporary score of forty-four points has been set as the minimum for WACs.



Snowdrop

* * *

Mrs. J. Fremont, Los Angeles, Calif. No, you are wrong. Officers are not favored over enlisted men in the awarding of the Congressional Medal of Honor. Old Sarge checked the list of the first hundred Medals of Honor awarded in this war, and, oddly enough, they had been won by exactly fifty officers and fifty enlisted men. Couldn't ask for a cleaner split than that, could you?

* * *

R. L. S., Boston, Mass. "Kamikaze," which refers to Japanese suicide aircraft squadrons, means, literally translated, "divine wind." The tactic has been only partially successful for the Japs, because of the accuracy of our ack-ack gunners. (See Liberty, May 5, 1945.)

* * *

Lt. Ed Martin, Germany. America's Unknown Soldier was chosen in France after the last war. No one, not even Sergeant Edward F. Younger, who made the choice from among four unmarked caskets, has any idea of the Unknown Soldier's identity.

R. L., BM1c, U. S. N., FPO, San Francisco, Calif. Yes, you will need an O. K. to get married. No member of the Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard may marry without the approval of his or her senior commander. That regulation only goes for overseas marriages; no such permission is needed in the United States or Alaska.

* * *

Sgt. C. M., A. A. F., New York, N. Y. There is no such ill-mannered rivalry between the services as you describe. In fact, Vice-Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, commander of the famous Task Force 58, recently said to Major General Curtis LeMay of the B-29 Bomber Group: "We are proud to operate in the same area as a force which can do as much damage to the enemy as your force is constantly doing. May your targets always flame!" The Army and Navy are busy fighting Japan, not each other.

* * *

Richard C. Bergamo, Butte, Mont. No, you should not pay anyone a dime to help you get your pension or to aid you in receiving any of the other benefits due you under the G. I. Bill of Rights. Some unscrupulous ghouls, to whom the war has merely been an opportunity to exploit the misery and bloodshed of others, have tried to sell veterans some advice. You and every other vet can get better advice free from the Veterans Administration, from any official Veterans Information Center, or from your local bar association.

* * *

Cpl. Lewis D. Gerard, Germany. More than forty chaplains have been killed in the war thus far, and no fewer than 110 of them have been wounded.

* * *

Cpl. J. Champagne, APO, San Francisco, Calif. Under the G. I. Bill of Rights, if the bank in Milwaukee wishes to make the loan, you may start your business anywhere at all. The only territorial restriction on G. I. guaranteed loans is that you may not purchase real estate outside the continental limits of the United States or its territories with money so borrowed.

* * *

Mrs. Ben Ellis, Richmond, Va. All your son was trying to tell you when he wrote from Germany that he was now a "snowdrop" is that he has been transferred to the Military Police. M. P.s wear snow-white leggings, white cartridge belts, a white trouser belt, a white pistol holster, and a white helmet, so that they won't be struck down while directing traffic on dark highways controlled by the Army. General Eisenhower pinned the nickname "snowdrop" on the M. P.s in Africa, and it has stuck.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Photographed en route by permission of the War Department

"How you doing, soldier?"

OKAY, NURSE, says this wounded soldier's smile.

The *big* reason he's doing so well is the wonderful care the men and women of the Army Medical Corps give American wounded—*the best cared for wounded in the world.*

But *part* of the reason is just being *in America again.* That's a tonic in itself to these men who were wounded in Europe before Germany surrendered and are now on their way from debarkation ports to General Hospitals near their homes.

Pullman—by providing sleeping cars to supplement the Army's special hospital trains—is privileged to contribute to the comfort in which they make the trip.

These cars—like the one in the picture above—are probably scattered over several states, serving various railroads, when an Army call for them comes. But the way Pullman works with the railroads—through its centrally controlled "pool" of sleeping cars—enables them to be assembled quickly, even on short notice.

It takes lots of cars. And shifting troops across America to the Pacific takes lots *more.*

So, if you *have* to take a trip—and *should* be unable to get the Pullman space you want exactly when you want it—please remember that many of the wounded coming home from Europe and many men going "on to Tokyo" are *traveling Pullman, too.*

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MASSAGE
WITH THE SUSPENDED MOTOR MASSAGE MACHINE
BY Oster

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AMERICA'S NEW FOOD CZAR

Continued from Page 19

Also, in his role of lend-lease champion, he helped put the pinto bean, one of New Mexico's pet products, on British tables. His labors showed up again soon after in a Department of Agriculture recipe pamphlet which pointedly told American housewives, "Pinto Beans Preferred."

His appointment did catch a lot of news desks flat-footed, but it wasn't too astonishing. The President had met him, and taken an immediate liking to him, at a luncheon four years earlier. Encouraged, Anderson began dropping around with suggestions for Truman Committee investigations. The two became better acquainted when they went together to the funeral of Senator Alva B. Adams of Colorado in December, 1941. They saw each other occasionally at Congressional poker games, and at last year's Democratic Convention Anderson worked hard with the group that helped nominate Truman for Vice-President.

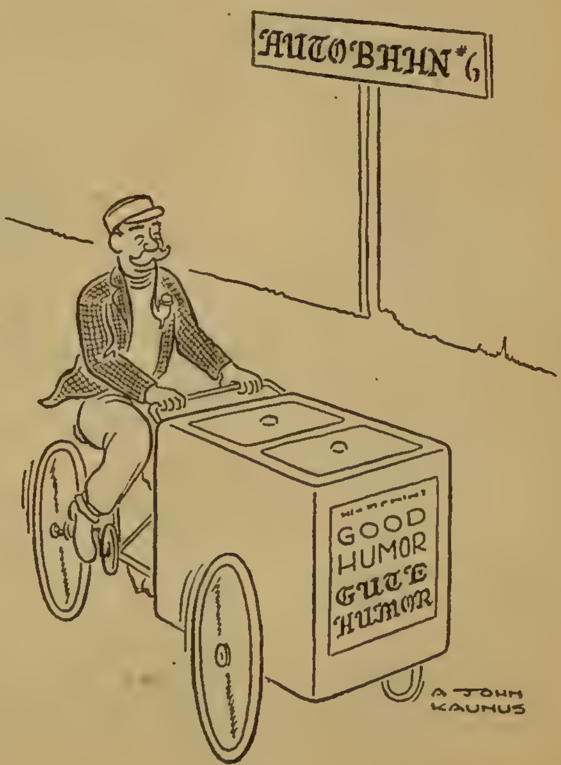
Apparently none of the Big Three farm organizations—the Farm Bureau, Grange and Farmers' Union—was consulted on his appointment, but they all approved it. Many feel that the dark horse New Mexican's independence of these widely divergent groups will turn out to be an asset.

HE really launched himself into the news last March, when civilians were warned that they'd have 12 per cent less meat during the succeeding quarter. Representative Anderson marched into Speaker Rayburn's office and declared, "Americans will want to know why."

Although the House had been trying to reduce the number of its investigating committees, Sam Rayburn agreed to back a special committee with a $10,000 appropriation to probe the meat shortage. On May 1 the Anderson Committee popped its first report, telling the story. Inside of two weeks 33,000 individuals requested copies.

The dispassionate report blamed the Army, War Food Administration, and the OPA. It urged better co-ordination of production, distribution, rationing, and pricing. It told how the current price setup made it unprofitable to fatten cattle on corn. And it recommended subsidies for cattle feeders, higher prices for hogs,

(Continued on page 76)



This unretouched continuing-action photograph, taken at night by a series of exposures on a single plate, shows a Sikorsky helicopter taking off the ground and flying straight up—a feat impossible with any other type of aircraft.

SIKORSKY HELICOPTERS *go to war*

Sikorsky helicopters have gone to war. Their unique ability to operate from confined areas adds new versatility to air support of combat units.

Routine courier service in the Philippines, speedy liaison between floating repair bases and B-29 flight strips on Saipan, dramatic rescues from inaccessible Labrador wastes and Burmese jungles—these are some of the daily jobs being done now by Sikorsky helicopters in the hands of Army and Coast Guard pilots.

More than 250 Sikorsky helicopters have already come off the production lines at Sikorsky Aircraft and Nash-Kelvinator. Although further advanced than any others in the world, they are nevertheless only in the proving stage of the long development cycle through which every new aircraft must pass to prove its worth.

Every aircraft which has contributed to American air power has passed through that development cycle—years of design and development by the private aircraft industry; then production; and then more years of testing and proving by the armed services. This process must be continued as national policy, supported by an alert public opinion, if American skies are to remain secure.

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It's There, All Right!

Blackie: "I hope the artist puts real character into our portrait, Whitey."

Whitey: "Naturally, Blackie—our picture would be incomplete without it!"

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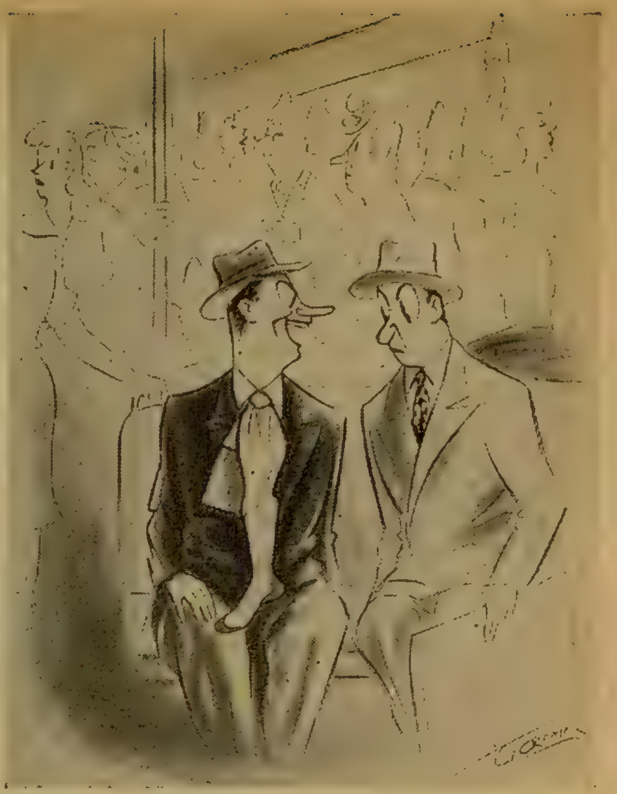


"Boy, did I dress in a hurry this morning!"

(Continued from page 74)

greater storage facilities, and special inducements to poultry and fish producers.

Significantly, three committee members —not including Chairman Anderson— added a recommendation "that the President place a single authority in charge of all phases of the food program."

Three weeks later, the next Anderson Committee report told Americans why they'd have to manage on 30 per cent less sugar for the rest of 1945. It charged the shortage to hurricane and drought, but mainly to the niggardly prices we were offering Cuban planters.

Both were the two-fisted kind of reports that President Truman himself used to turn out when the Truman Committee was lambasting the little leeches who fattened on illicit war profits.

NEVERTHELESS, when the President asked the forty-nine-year-old legislator to luncheon at the White House, the guest expected to be scolded for having assailed administration policies in the reports. Instead, the President quietly asked him how he'd like the double assignment of Secretary of Agriculture and War Food Administrator, Clint Anderson almost choked on his grapefruit, but he took the job which Carl Hatch, senior senator from New Mexico and close friend of both Anderson and Truman, had helped to swing.

However, the forthrightness of these first two reports need not have surprised anyone, for Clint Anderson had a record as a scrapper. Long interested in exposing rackets as a congressman, he had given rabble-rousing Gerald L. K. Smith, among others, many uncomfortable moments on the witness stand. A syndicated columnist congratulated him for "doing in a few weeks what the Dies Committee failed to do in six years."

But even back of his days in Congress, he had shown he could take it. When war broke out in 1917, he left school to enlist in the Army, but the medicos said he had tuberculosis. Back home, at twenty-one he heard a doctor in the bleak South Dakota hills advise his father not to hold out any hope for him.

But young Anderson vowed t. b. would never get the best of him, although he was down to 133 pounds. His meager funds took him to a New Mexico sanatorium. Doctors there were far from hopeful, but he came out eight months later, well on the way to good if not robust health.

Before he became Secretary of Agriculture, he was to be an insurance magnate in a modest but successful way; a Mason; president of Rotary International—a job in which he made an honest attempt to bat Hitler's ears in long before the world recognized Adolf as a menace; newspaper editor and New Mexico public official.

He was born October 23, 1895, in Centerville, South Dakota, youngest of three children. His father, Andrew Jay, a farmer who sold farm machinery on the side, stemmed from a long line of soil tillers in Del Carlia, Sweden. His mother, Hattie B. Presba, was the daughter of a New England farmer. Now seventy-seven, she lives in California.

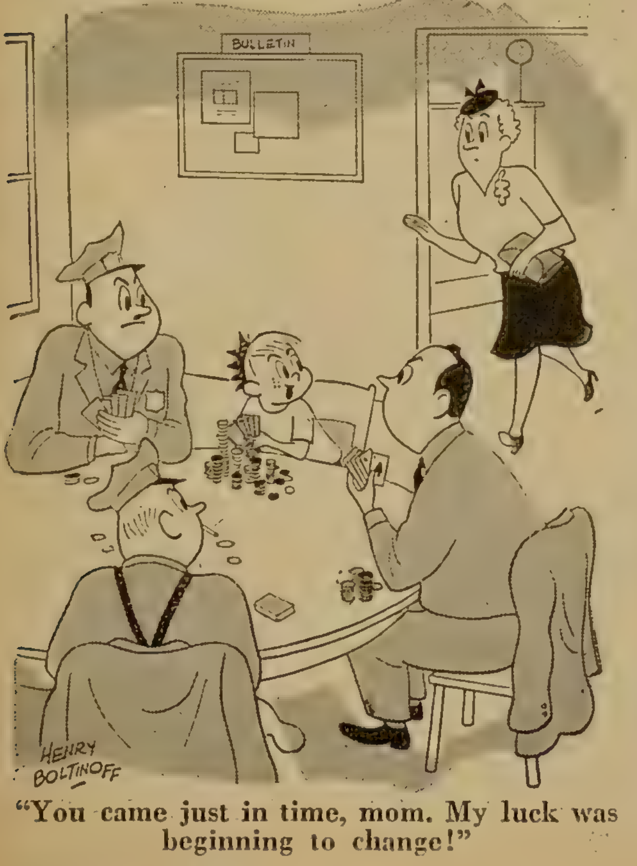
He spent his boyhood on his dad's eighty-acre farm, but he doesn't consider himself a true dirt farmer, never having plowed ground or fed hogs for a livelihood. In fact, he recently refused to pose for photographs holding a pitchfork, explaining, "You can't do that to me. I'm just an insurance man."

For two years he attended Dakota Wesleyan, a small Methodist college in Mitchell, South Dakota, and it was there he made one of his most important contacts. On Washington's Birthday, the twenty-year-old Clint went to a college dance and met attractive Henrietta McCartney, sixteen, only daughter of the town's dentist and business leader. He escorted her home that evening and saw her often before he left Mitchell to study law at the University of Michigan. Then came the war, tuberculosis, and the sad trip to New Mexico. He never expected to see again the girl he loved, and he told her to forget him. But she wrote him daily, exhibiting a faith that refused to be discouraged. Fully recovered, he married her on June 22, 1921.

AFTER he recovered his health, Anderson turned to newspaper work. He had had a taste of it on the Mitchell Republican. Now he became city editor and political writer on the Albuquerque Journal, then managing editor of Magee's Independent.

Six years of high-pressure newspaper work took their toll of his strength, however, and he switched to selling insurance. Since 1925 he has headed his own firm, the Mountain States Mutual Casualty Company, which writes mostly workmen's compensation policies.

The contacts he made in this business took him into Rotary, and ten years later, in 1932, he became the president of that international body on the strength of his



"You came just in time, mom. My luck was beginning to change!"

How the Bach Family had fun with music . . .

Great composer that he was, Johann Sebastian Bach, knew how to relax with his family. Two of his twenty children inherited his musical talent. Each would pick up an instrument and start evolving a theme. Others would join in, developing harmony, weaving in counterpoint, till the rafters shook with joyous sound.

That, incidentally, is much like the effects his genius achieved in his musical dramas. Have you ever heard the magnificent *St. Matthew Passion* or stately *Mass in B Minor* played by a Magnovox radio-phonograph?

So faithfully, so beautifully does it reproduce the world's great music that it is the choice of such great artists as Kreisler, Heifetz, Beecham, Ormandy and Horowitz. Drop into a fine store soon, and ask to hear the Magnavox side-by-side with other instruments. Compare the beauty and workmanship of cabinets; note the smooth, trouble-free action of the Magnavox. *See how much more it gives you for your money!*

Send for booklet—Every parent, every youngster, will want to read Dr. Spaeth's *"Music . . . a Priceless Heritage."* Ask for your free copy at your Magnavox dealer's or send a ten cent War Stamp to The Magnavox Company, Dept. LI-8, Fort Wayne 4, Ind.

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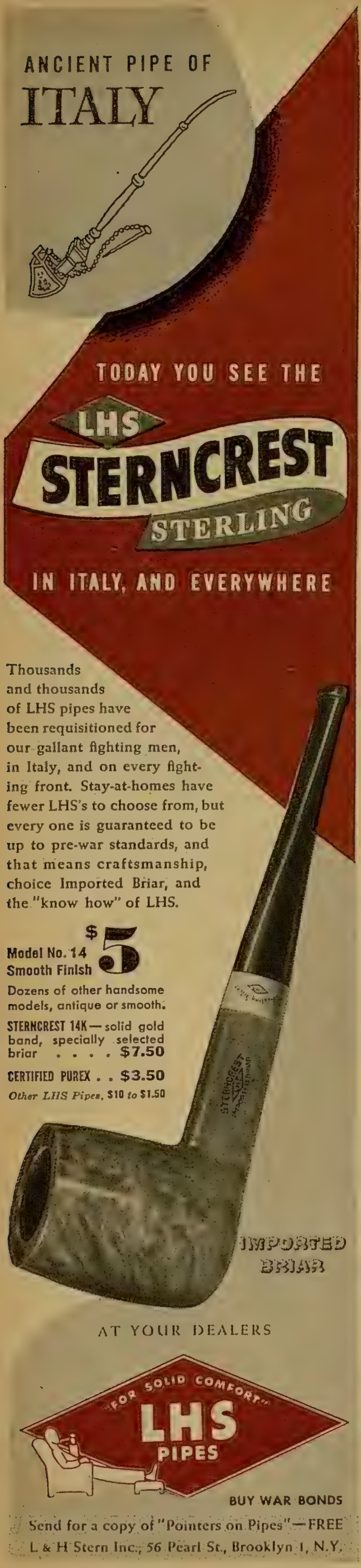
RADIO PHONOGRAPH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TODAY YOU SEE THE LHS STERNCREST STERLING IN ITALY, AND EVERYWHERE

Thousands and thousands of LHS pipes have been requisitioned for our gallant fighting men, in Italy, and on every fighting front. Stay-at-homes have fewer LHS's to choose from, but every one is guaranteed to be up to pre-war standards, and that means craftsmanship, choice Imported Briar, and the "know how" of LHS.

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series of letters in the Rotary magazine.

When Hitler excluded Jews from membership in the organization, Anderson promptly banned the German chapters. When he visited Europe in 1933, he tried to see Hitler to talk it over, but couldn't get an appointment.

Contacts also pushed him into public office. In 1933, New Mexico's state treasurer died on his first day in office. Governor Arthur Seligman speedily appointed Anderson, who could supply the required $1,000,000 bond quicker than anybody else in sight. Later, he became relief administrator for the state.

Before his elevation to the Cabinet, friends were grooming him for the office of governor. This popularity with the home folks continues in spite of an independence of thought and action that sometimes leads Anderson to flout the political precepts.

In Washington, for example, it's considered political suicide for a congressman to buy a house; back-home voters rarely relish the idea. But Clint Anderson owns the house he lives in at 6 Wesley Circle off swank Massachusetts Avenue.

Says he, "My constituents know I have a home in Albuquerque and can afford another in Washington. If they don't like it, it's too bad." He has the place furnished with hand-carved New Mexico beds, chairs, Navaho rugs and paintings. The thousands of books that line the shelves in his home and office include two collections he prizes: volumes on the historic lore of the Southwest and large quantities of Rooseveltiana, which he believes will be of great value a generation hence when, he thinks, the late President will be ranked with Lincoln.

FOR all his Washington residence and his skill as a natural mixer, Anderson detests crowded hotel lobbies, smoke-filled cocktail lounges, and all the artifices of Washington society. He dresses simply and greets callers with a friendly smile, carrying his tall figure with a slight stoop.

With no time for golf, he gets his only outdoor exercise mowing his big lawn. When he came to Washington in 1940, he was in the habit of doing some riding, but he had trouble getting used to Eastern horses. "Either I don't understand them or they don't understand me," he complained. So the Presbyterian lawmaker, who wants some day to breed Palomino ponies, shipped four horses to Washington —one for each of the Andersons. Last year, figuring he would not run again for Congress, he shipped them home, but he was prevailed on to run because he looked like the only Democrat who could win.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Libby Holman's pet story goes as follows:

Bill Jones stopped in at a pet store and was entranced by a remarkable bird that was not only beautiful to look at but also spoke fluently in eight languages. He paid a good round sum for the bird and asked to have it delivered to his home.

Reaching home at dinnertime that evening, he asked, "Has the bird come?"

"Yes, dear," his wife replied. "It's in the oven now."

"What!" he exclaimed. "In the oven? Why, that bird could speak eight languages!"

"So?" said the unperturbed frau. "Then why didn't he say something?"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

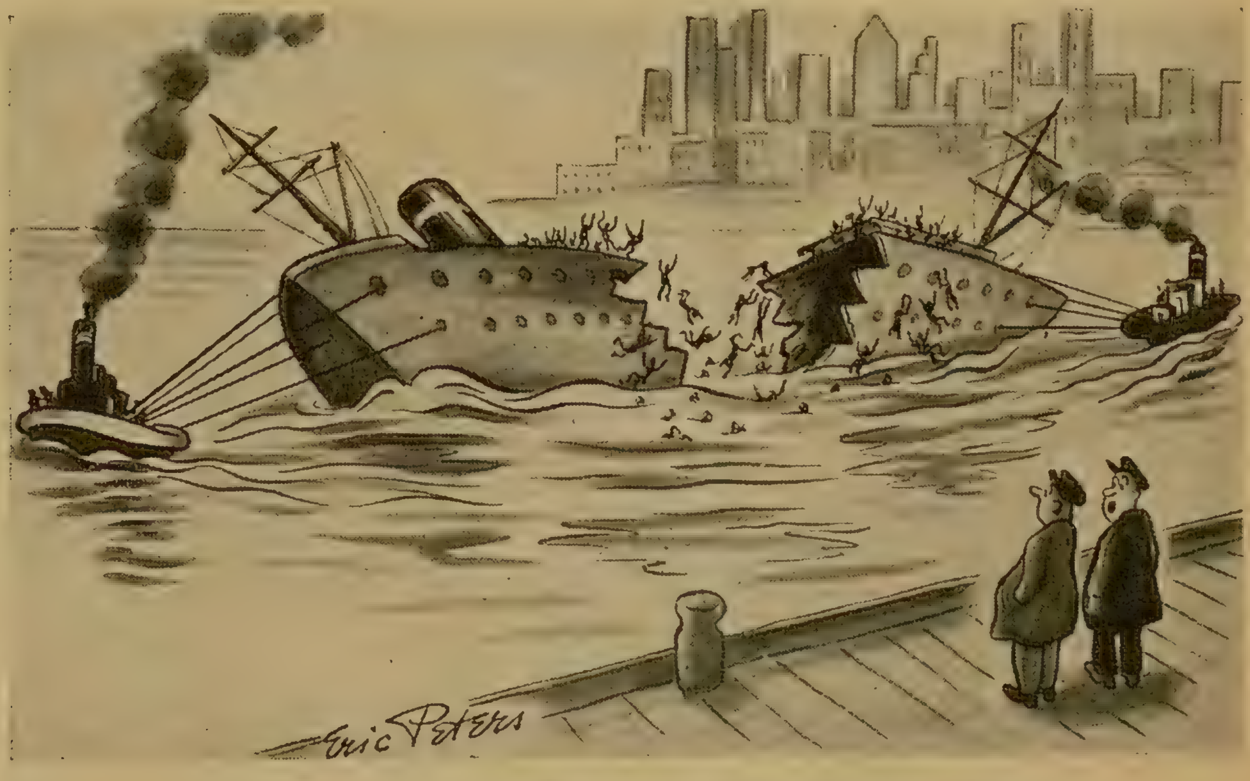
Oddly, the new Secretary of Agriculture is untouched by two scarcities that hit most of his fellow Americans. Mildly diabetic, he doesn't worry about the sugar shortage, and he joins no cigarette lines, preferring only an occasional cigar.

Although he disclaims any status as a farmer, he certainly has the facilities. He owns two South Dakota farms that total 800 acres, and a 935-acre dairy farm—the Lazy V Cross—five miles south of Albuquerque. He likes nothing better than to slip out to that irrigated and electrified establishment and get his relaxation playing at farming in an old plaid shirt and a pair of blue overalls.

Out there, under the management of nephew John Sackett, Anderson plants 450 acres to alfalfa, 100 to corn, ninety to oats, and ninety to barley. Stock includes 135 dairy cows, mostly Holstein; 300 head of Rambouillet sheep, and fifty horses that range from thoroughbreds to cow ponies.

It's no model farm, but he makes it pay, using modern farm machinery and keeping a tally with a set of double-entry books. He knows what his stock costs and what it should bring, and time and time again he has refused to butcher his calves before they reached profitable size, even though he had to borrow from his insurance business to feed them. Secretary Anderson may be an insurance man, but he'll have no difficulty talking the farmers' language.

THE END



"There was some misunderstanding about who had the job."

DAY OFF FOR DANNY

Continued from Page 29

the lines, out into the wings, to the leading edge, and the ice started to fly off. Cripes, I loved it!

And there's the moment when the motor starts to spit, and you get that funny feeling right in the seat of your pants. Some of these writer guys will start bringing in the rugged landscape below—but me, all of us in the ship, we start tracing lines in our heads. Lines that lead in a fantastic maze up above you and under you and all around you. Which one? Which one? Maybe there's something you can do. It's as though the ship were a living thing, and you were a doctor, acting quick to save the patient. Only this time, if the ship dies, the doctors die with it.

See how your thoughts go? Only, this is your day off and you can let your thoughts wander crazy as you please. "Get your mind off flying," says the lieutenant, and, cripes, you don't think of anything else but! You take in a movie housed in one of the huts, and when you come out, unconsciously you find yourself walking down toward the strip, toward the revetment where the old girl is snuggled down against the wind. You catch yourself in time and you just stand back on the side of the hill, looking down at that good old fat belly, with a couple of G. I.s working at her motors, sheltered under hoods. You turn around quick and go on back to the camp; you'd feel kind of silly if some of the guys came along. But you feel good, knowing she's down there and some good Joes are getting her ready for the morning.

THAT night there is another card game in that hut and you sit in, and you begin to find out you've been put in with a couple of swell guys. They know guys you spent a lot of time with, and some of them had even been stationed back at the Harbor long before you ever heard of the place. You write a long letter to your wife, and you read an aviation magazine, sweating it out with a poor fish who is in trouble over the Himalayas, and you fall asleep with one eye on your wrist watch.

Long before dawn you're down at the revetment, and the lieutenant is there with a big "Good morning" and all the rest of the gang, and you're in your place, bracing yourself for the take-off. You get a last glimpse of some engineers sweating out the night shift with bulldozers and steam shovels on the side of the hill. Poor guys! you think to yourself. Then the lieutenant gives her everything she'll take and you're screaming down the strip between the yellow markers. She lifts, and the wheels come up, and you relax against the rubber cushion. Boy, you think to yourself, what a ship! What a ship!

THE END

PROVERBIAL QUERY

"A fool and his money
Soon part." I agree.
This adage is constantly
Quoted at me.

But no one's specific.
I'd still like to know
How the fool in the proverb
Amassed all his dough!

—HELEN G. SUTIN.

Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

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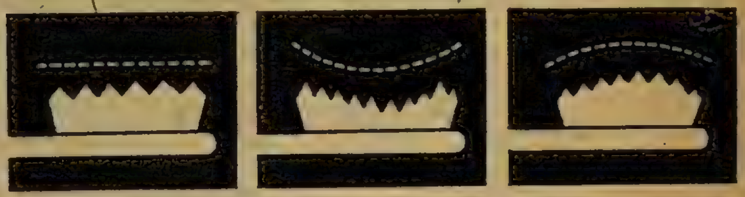
FIFTY TUFT

Straight Line Design
CLEANS TEETH BEST
SAY DENTISTS 2 TO 1

How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey

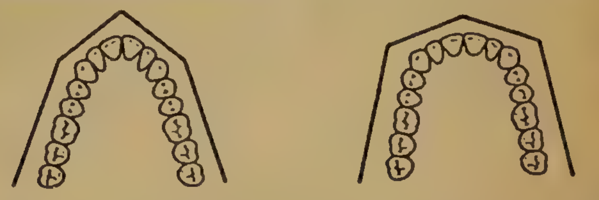
There are only these 3 basically different brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes sold today:



When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design"!

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best

Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth actually lie in a series of relatively straight lines.



These diagrams represent the two extreme types of dental arch. Even in these extremes, note that most teeth are in relatively straight lines. Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs . . . actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Get a Pepsodent Tooth Brush Today!

ANOTHER MAN'S POISON

Continued from Page 31

have been reported. Moccasin venom is particularly useful in treating victims of bleeding diseases or disorders. Venom drugs lack the habit-forming characteristics of morphine.

Venom is roughly of two types—that from cobras and corals, which acts upon the nerves and is known as neurotoxic, and that from the pit vipers—rattlers, moccasins, and copperheads in this country—whose poison breaks down blood cells and is called hemotoxic. Venoms from different kinds of snakes are never mixed. At Silver Springs, Allen cleans and crystallizes his venom before turning it over to government or commercial laboratories which prepare it for ultimate use.

ANTI-VENIN serum is made from the blood of horses which have been immunized against poison by repeated small doses over long periods of time. Such serum is stocked by most hospitals in snake-infested regions. If you should be bitten and unable to get serum in your immediate community, a call to the nearest city hospital undoubtedly would get results. By special arrangement, Allen always has a plane ready to rush serums to a snake-bite victim or to carry him where doctors want his advice.

Along with Clifford H. Pope of Chicago's Museum of Natural History and Dr. Dudley Jackson of San Antonio, he is regarded as a world authority on snake bite and its treatment. He should know about it, for he has lived through four serious encounters with rattlesnake and moccasin fangs. In February, 1944, a five-foot Florida diamondback, most dangerous of all rattlers, sank its fangs into a vein on Allen's hand and injected a large amount of venom directly into his blood stream. Allen helped direct his own treatment, although close to delirium from pain at times, and was back at work a few months after doctors had despaired of his life.

He advises all hunters and outdoors men, especially those in the East, from Pennsylvania southward, and almost everywhere in the West, to carry simple snake-bite first-aid kits in their hunting equipment. While fewer than 150 persons die from bites in the United States each year, some 1,800 persons are bitten during that time, and knowing what to do at the proper time is the best safeguard. Most large drug or sporting-goods stores sell inexpensive kits of a suction cup with rubber bulb, a sharp lance, and a tourniquet.

It is well to remember, if bitten, that only poison snakes have fangs—those of a diamondback about an inch in length, timber rattlers and cottonmouth moccasins about three eighths, the copperhead about one fourth, and the coral about one sixteenth of an inch. The coral does not strike quickly, but clings and chews the poison into its victims. Marks from its bite, however, would still show fang punctures. Bites from nonpoisonous snakes would show rows of sharp teeth but no fang marks. Incorrect treatment kills as many as does the poison itself, so one should make sure he was bitten by a poisonous type before he starts making painful cuts in the flesh.

Allen advises calmness first of all, and the realization that it's vital to do the right thing immediately. Tie a band around the bitten limb between the bite and the heart. Unless alone, the patient should lie down and stay quiet to prevent the quick flow of blood to the heart.

Disinfect a knife with a match, iodine, or alcohol, and insert its point into each wound, making cross cuts on each fang puncture at least as deep as the fang penetrated. A suction cup should be inserted over the incision if one is available, or the wound should be sucked, provided the mouth is free of abrasions or cuts. When the bulb of the suction cup is filled, it should be removed, shaken out, and applied again and again. If swelling appears in spite of the treatment, other cuts should be made and suction applied in swollen areas. A doctor should be reached quickly to give regular anti-venin treatment or blood transfusions if necessary.

JACK MARKOW

MANY treatments which grandfather swore by are known today to be anything but helpful. "Snake-bite medicine," as commonly understood, certainly does not help, since alcohol stimulates heart action and blood flow. Burning with gunpowder or cauterizing with a hot iron or acid will make matters much worse. All folk-lore remedies such as slapping on fresh-killed chicken entrails—still a common practice in many rural regions—or soaking the wound in kerosene will do no good and may lead to infection.

In Florida during the past ten years, Allen and his associates have studied 347 cases of snake bite, of which sixty-one were fatal. Of this number, ninety-nine persons were bitten on feet or legs while walking and thirty-four on hands or arms while picking an object off the ground. Obviously hunters or hikers in snake country should wear heavy boots, and should look carefully before reaching down to retrieve a quail or to pick berries. Snakes can strike horizontally two thirds of their length, and upward about half of it.

While a snake's tail does not necessarily remain alive until sundown, reflex muscular reaction may be observed for some time after the snake is killed. A Florida Negro only recently stuck his finger inside a diamondback's mouth just after the reptile's head had been severed from its body. The jaws immediately clamped shut; the Negro was bitten and died. One can imagine the snake stories that incident produced. Of such incidents, probably, are most hair-raising snake stories.

THE END

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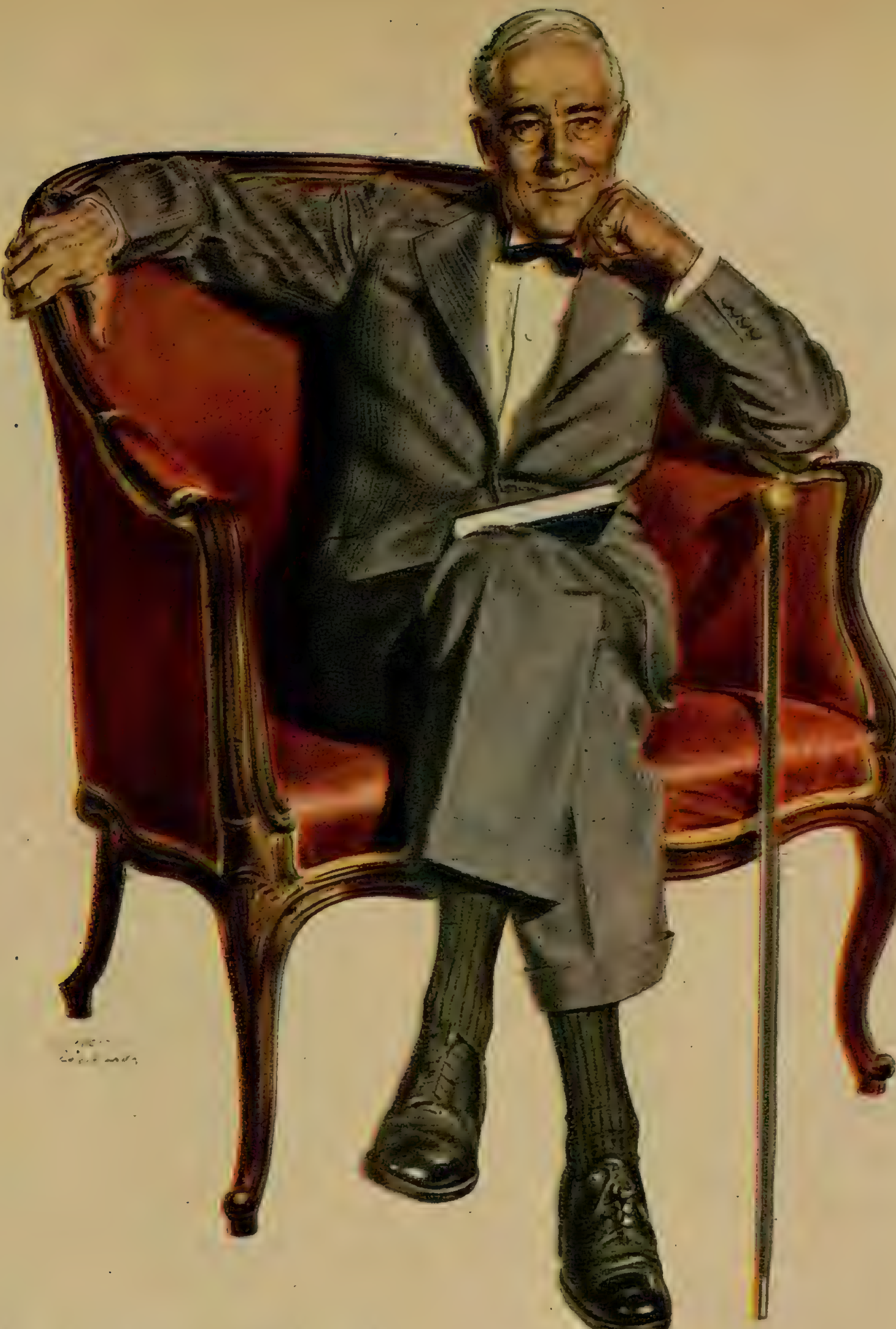
"The average man is one who thinks he isn't."—*William Jennings Bryan.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★



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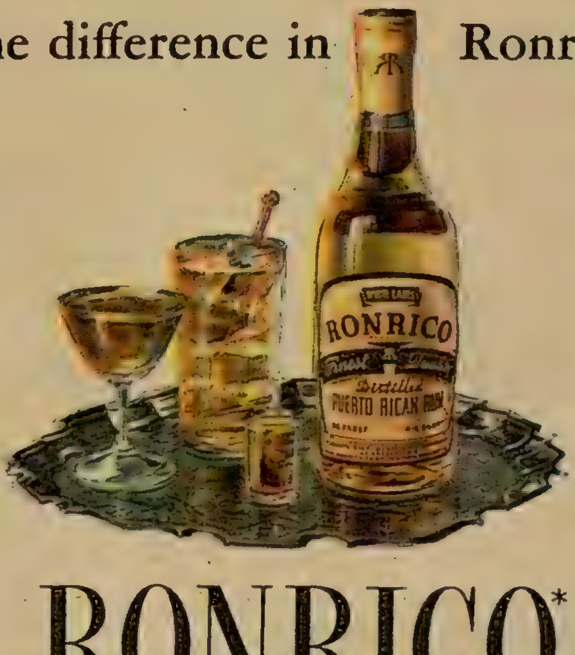

Yes, nature very kindly gives some men a mellow and distinguished character. And nature likewise mellows Ronrico into a distinguished rum. Made in Puerto Rico's oldest distillery, kept in underground vaults, Ronrico's quality is enhanced by nature and the tropical clime.

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THE FACELESS MEN

Continued from Page 41

he said. "I could not come sooner. One of our number died tonight—may his soul find peace."

To Cassidy it seemed that death must be a welcome visitor among the lepers, but he did not say this.

"We must be going now," Chang said. "Thank you, Brother Fabian, for your hospitality."

Cassidy also thanked him. He hunted for words to do more than that, but he could not find them.

"Godspeed, my son," Brother Fabian said. "I will pray for you. I will stand here and see you on your way across the valley."

WHEN Cassidy reached the level path at the foot of the hill he looked back and thought he could still see that brave patriarchal figure. But he could not be sure.

The two men were rounding a barricade on the motor road when they met Ching-li hurrying along toward the river hills. Chang looked at her closely in the moonlight, for it was unusual that a woman should be abroad at that hour. He stood in the path and greeted her. Cassidy remained some paces away.

"I trust you do not have far to travel this night," the guerrilla said, and it was half a question.

"I go to Forever Peaceful Hill," Ching-li said simply.

"What cause have you to go there?" Chang asked. Suspicion edged his question.

"I go there because it is my duty," Ching-li pleaded. "Please let me pass."

Neither Chang nor Cassidy saw the faceless men—plain-clothes men from Wangtzemiao—until they were full upon them. Ching-li gave a little gasp as the two men, having circled into the field, came up back of Chang and Cassidy. Their pistols glinted blue in the moonlight.

Cassidy suddenly felt a gun at his back. He could not move. But Chang whirled and flung himself over the edge of a tank trap cut in the road. The pit was half full of water. A bullet dug into the gravel at the edge of the hole.

The second plain-clothes man seized Ching-li and held her in front of him, leveling his pistol around her at the edge of the pit. The other man also moved so that Cassidy was between him and Chang.

All this took place in weird pantomime. Then one of the plain-clothes men spoke. It was Chinese but with an accent that sounded a little odd even to Cassidy. He could only surmise what the man said.

"You cannot run away without being killed," the plain-clothes man called to Chang, "and you cannot resist without killing the woman or the man. Please surrender."

There was no sound from the pit, and Cassidy thought that Chang might have been hit by the first shot. Then came the clack of Chang's Luger being cocked.

"Throw out your gun and come out at once—with your hands raised or we will shoot your friends."

Chang's Luger hit the ground near Ching-li's feet. Her captor picked it up. Then, sodden and muddy, Chang scrambled over the edge of the pit, raising his hands as he stood up. At the same moment the plain-clothes man fired from behind Ching-li. Chang pitched to his knees and tumbled backward into the water.

Cassidy made a hoarse outcry. The gun stabbed into his back. This stark brutality numbed him.

The plain-clothes man stepped to the edge of the pit and emptied Chang's own gun into the guerrilla's thrashing body.

Cassidy swore through his teeth but dared not lower his hands. He could feel the weight of his own pistol on his shoulder, and the thought of it hanging there was enough to madden him. Ching-li screamed and fainted. The killer pocketed Chang's pistol and went up to Cassidy.

"So—an American! This is a surprise. My commander will be delighted to see you."

He patted over Cassidy's body, ripped open his coolie jacket and took away the Colt automatic. The identification tag at Cassidy's throat caught his eye. With a jerk he snapped the silver chain that held it.

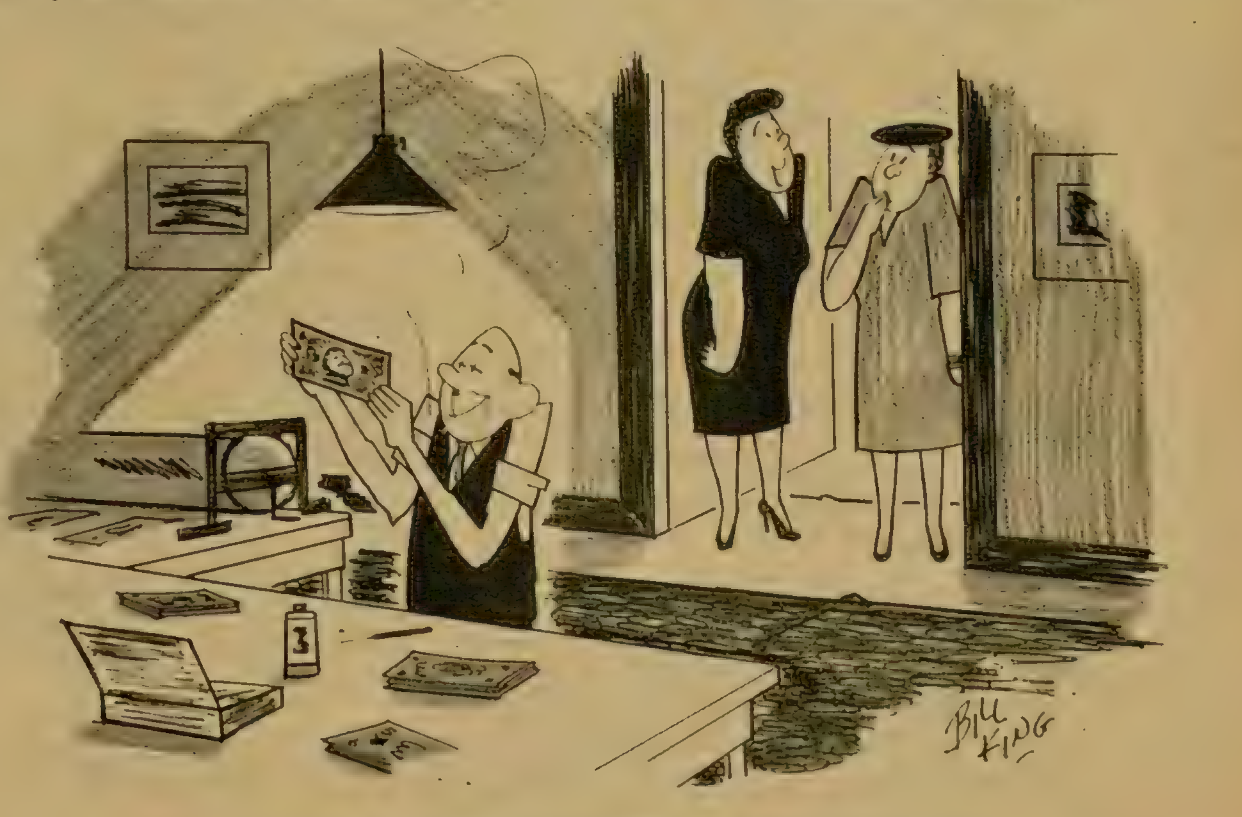
"Why don't you shoot and have it over with?" Cassidy muttered.

"Oh, that would never do now," the plain-clothes man smiled.

THAT night Ching-li and her schoolmaster husband were reunited in custody. Cassidy shared with them the little garden room of the magistrate's house. He and the schoolmaster conversed in whispers throughout the rest of the night.

Wang's English was halting and bookish—a language almost forgotten since his

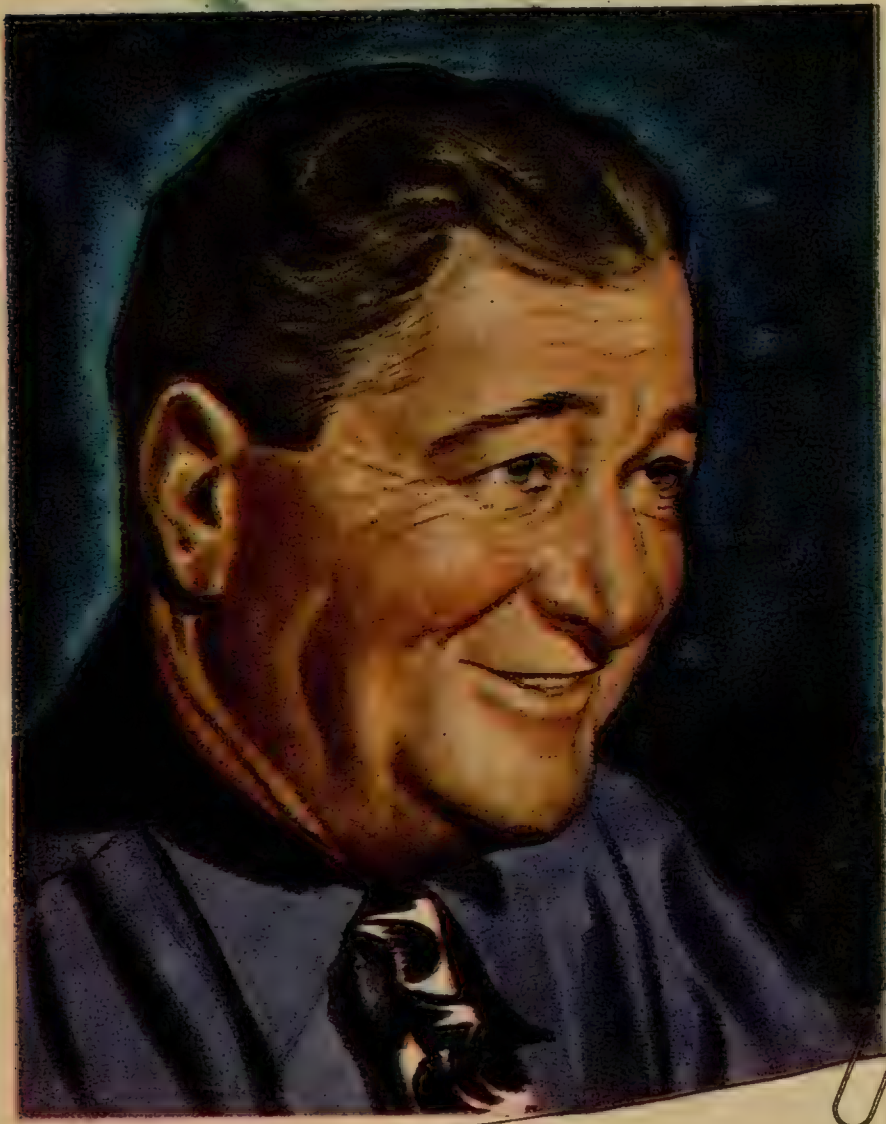
(Continued on page 84)



"I think every man should have a hobby, don't you?"

"There'll be HIGGINS BOATS to lead the way in Peace too!"

Andrew J Higgins



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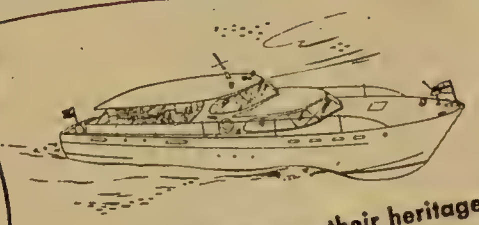

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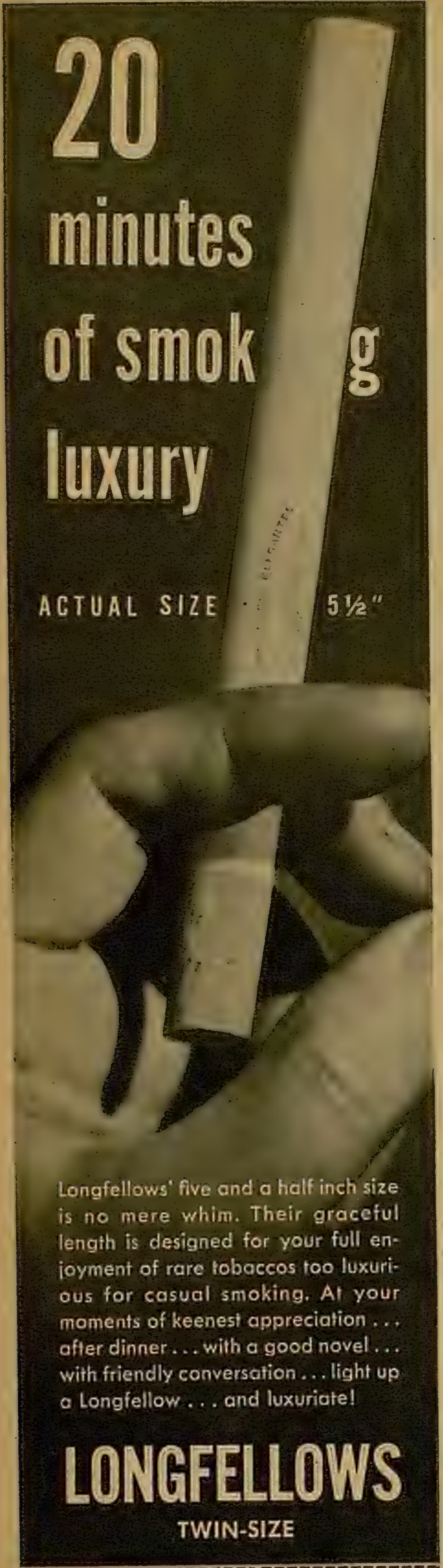

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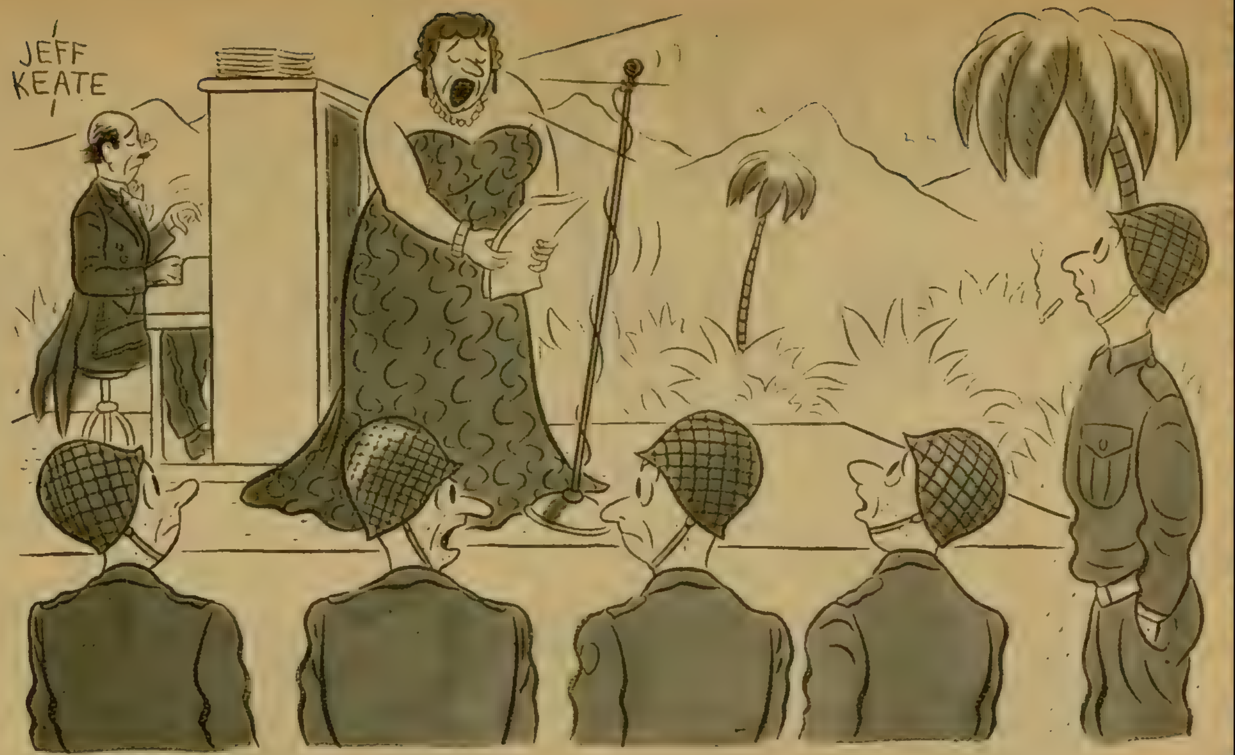


"They must think the war's just about over back home."

(*Continued from page 82*)

university years. He told Cassidy the story of Wangtzemiao, of his brothers who were now fighting for China, of the death of his father, of his marriage, and of his school.

"I worry for you and the unfortunate ones who live on Forever Peaceful Hill," Wang said. "They will surely be destroyed."

"Maybe it's just as well," Cassidy said.

"No man should dictate the hour of another's death," Wang said.

SOME time after dawn soldiers came with pieces of rope and trussed up Cassidy to take him to Major Hikawa. Two of them ushered him into the major's room. The major called Imamoto to be interpreter.

The major's preference in the matter, which he scarcely acknowledged to himself, was to make the interrogation short. He would leave soon for Forever Peaceful Hill. His pony and the skirmishing party, having come from the billeting area on the other side of town, already were waiting in the narrow dead-end street in front of garrison headquarters.

Even the errand to Forever Peaceful Hill the major wished to finish as quickly as possible. He would be happier when he could send the prisoners and his triumphant report to zone headquarters and forget them. Spread on the table before him was a military map of the Wangtzemiao region.

The major rose and invited Cassidy to sit in the big carved chair where Ching-li had sat the evening before. Imamoto stood at Cassidy's side.

"I regret that my humble surroundings limit my hospitality," the major said, and Imamoto translated. "I am sorry that you had to be bound before being brought here. But it is also for your own protection—to save you from any rashness you might contemplate.

"I have been told that the temper of Americans sometimes gets the better of their judgment."

The major smiled at his little joke and touched the tips of his slim fingers together. Then he glanced down at Cassidy's identification tag on the table.

"Your name, please."

"Cassidy—Gerald Oliver Cassidy."

"Your rank?"

"Second lieutenant."

"Branch of service?"

"Air Corps."

"Where are you stationed?"

Cassidy was quiet.

"What is your base of operations?" the major insisted.

Cassidy crossed his long legs and leaned back as comfortably as possible against his rope-bound arms.

"We may as well get this straight here and now, major. I've told you who I am, and that's the end of the story. There isn't any more. Am I a prisoner of war or am I not?"

"Unfortunately for you, Lieutenant Cassidy, you are not. You are a prisoner but not a prisoner of war. Consider the bizarre way you are dressed. You are out of uniform, my dear lieutenant, and even your own military police would have to arrest you if they found you so. You have no standing as a soldier. You have no standing at all."

Cassidy knew this was true.

"But I was taken prisoner by two of your men dressed just like I am."

"That is so," the major said, "but that doesn't alter your situation. I could have you shot as a spy for having been caught in such attire."

"You could shoot me just as quickly if I were wearing a blouse and medals," Cassidy said—"and you probably would."

"Please do not be bitter, my dear lieutenant. If you expect any consideration at all, you must be co-operative. You must speak fully and frankly with us. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Oh, I know what you mean all right."

"You must tell us all you know of your own organization and the disposition and strength of the American forces in China. You will suffer if you do not.

"On the other hand, there are rewards for those who appreciate Japan's position. There are comforts to be had at Canton, Hankow, Shanghai—even Tokyo—by those who are brave enough to help us and tell their fellow Westerners the truth about Japan.

"You need not throw your life away—for that is what you will be doing if you do not speak. You may have it and more besides. Come, my dear lieutenant, think it over. Think hard."

Cassidy, who had been studying the major as he talked, now grinned at Imamoto and asked, "Is that all? Is the major done?"

"The major awaits your answer," Imamoto said.

"Well," said Cassidy, "you can tell the major to blow it out his barracks bag."

Instantly Imamoto struck the prisoner across the mouth with the back of his hand. He would have struck again if Major Hikawa, rising from his chair, had not ordered him to attention.

"You will leave the treatment of the prisoner to me," the major said.

The adjutant bowed.

Cassidy's lips were bleeding where his teeth had cut in. As he half rose from the chair, one of the guards pushed him back.

"Go ahead, you bastards!" he screamed. "Push me around. But soon there'll be some pushing around from another direction. What happens to me doesn't count. I've done my job. I've killed your men by the hundreds! I've seen them fall squirming under my guns! I've dive-bombed your barracks! I've knocked the living hell out of you—and I'm only one guy! A hundred others will take my place. You can't win and you know it. You know it—damn you—you know it!"

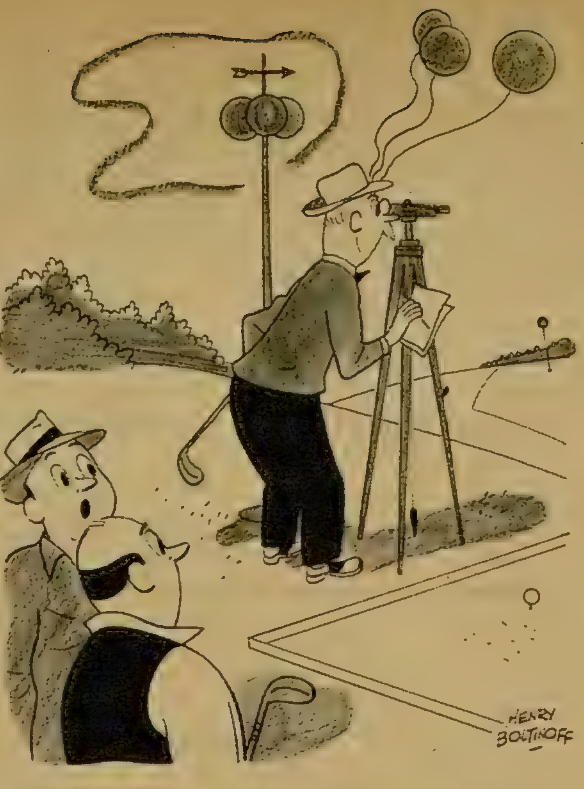
Cassidy was almost sobbing. He had wrestled out of the clutches of the guards and slipped to the floor. He was rising awkwardly when, at a nod from the major, one of the guards struck Cassidy down with the butt of his pistol.

WHEN Cassidy regained consciousness he was back in the garden room and Ching-li was sponging the throbbing pain back of his ear.

Suddenly Cassidy sat up tensely on the scattered straw. Had he been dreaming, or had he really heard it? He cupped a hand to his ear to listen. Nothing. But wait! There it was again, distant but coming closer. The music! This time he could make out the words:

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war . . ."

The hymn seemed to swell into a mighty chorus.



"He's the science professor at the university!"

THE skirmishing force had fallen in and was standing at ease on the cobbled street in front of the magistrate's house. There was one heavy machine gun, dismantled into easy burdens for the squad, and one bandy-legged little corporal had strapped to his back a tanklike contrivance to which was attached a short nozzled hose.

A little gray pony, under saddle, was haltered by the rein to the courtyard gate, awaiting the major. In his upper room, Hikawa, with Imamoto at his elbow, was going over the map for the last time. The samurai saber, in its scabbard, lay on the table.

The people of Wangtzemiao had boarded up their shop fronts and the streets were empty, but there were thousands of waiting eyes at cracks and windows. It was always so when the troops gathered.

The soldiers, under full kit, shifted from foot to foot as they waited. They were not first-line. They had had little combat experience and so welcomed any break in the monotony of garrison life that promised action. Of course none of them knew what the task was to be that day.

They were still at ease when they heard the strange song.

AROUND a near-by turn of the narrow street they came—the living dead! Brother Fabian was out in front bearing a great crucifix he had fashioned from the stripped branch of a pine tree.

"With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe . . ."

Between thirty and forty persons made up the group. A few were women, although in their rags and the tormented state of their bodies they could not be distinguished. As they approached, closing off the street, the full horror of their appearance smote the waiting soldiers.

In sudden hysteria they broke ranks against the screaming commands of their officers. One officer started firing his pistol at the lepers and at his own stampeding men. The major's waiting pony reared, snapped its rein, and clattered wildly into the street, trampling some of the soldiers.

Some of the soldiers nearest the gate retreated into the courtyard. The others bunched tightly at the end of the street against a boarded shop front. Many of them pressed handkerchiefs or their sleeves

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to their faces. Some cowered from the very sight of the lepers.

The lepers looked like risen dead. They carried no weapons but the staves that some of the more frightfully crippled ones had used to drag themselves into town. Brother Fabian stepped toward the huddling soldiers. The song stopped.

Brother Fabian shouted, and it was the voice of doom.

"Disperse!" he said. "Disperse in the name of the Lord."

Then came a crack of rifle fire, aimed at the old man. One of his followers fell, shot through the head. Another of them darted out and snatched up a sub-machine gun. He fumbled for a second with the safety catch and then turned the chattering weapon full upon the massed soldiers. They writhed in death and agony.

Brother Fabian started the song again as he moved toward the gate.

The little bandy-legged corporal, one of those who had retreated into the courtyard, confronted them at the gate, aiming his nozzled hose. A long, searing tongue of flame licked into the street. Several of the lepers fell, shrieking with new agony in their smoking rags. But one of them leaped forward, full into the flame, smothering it with his body.

The corporal fell. The lepers were upon him. He tried to crawl away from their clawing hands. They swarmed over him, tearing the harnessed tank from his shoulders. The corporal died underneath them in a gust of machine-gun fire that suddenly raked the courtyard. The gunner was crouched behind a huge stone watering trough.

All the lepers would have fallen there had not one of them turned the flame thrower on the gunner. With a hellish scream, still clutching his gun, he leaped up and lunged into the water, dying. The fire darted into every corner of the courtyard before the fuel ran out, searing and killing everything it touched.

Not more than a half dozen of the lepers now remained. Led by Brother Fabian, they hastened through the arched passageway through the house into the rear garden. The room where the prisoners were was no longer guarded. Cassidy and Wang had been straining at the window bars. They called to Brother Fabian.

Using the shaft of his crucifix for leverage, Brother Fabian pried the bars from the window. The prisoners were soon out of the room.

"Go quickly, and God be with you," Brother Fabian told them, pointing to the garden wall.

The two men and the woman quickly boosted and pulled each other onto the parapet and dropped to the other side. For one instant, Cassidy looked back before he jumped and saw Brother Fabian under the crucifix, his robe of sacking smoldering and smoking. He would remember.

The three hurried from the town over a roundabout path. Once outside Wangtzemiao, they took quick counsel. They had not been followed. At Cassidy's suggestion, they lay until nightfall in the middle of a flooded green field of rice near the town.

Once during the afternoon they heard the shouts of soldiers running along the paddy path. After dark they came out of hiding, muddy and wet and so cramped they could hardly walk, and slowly made their way toward freedom.

Days later, after they had reached free China, they heard the rest of the story.

MAJOR HIKAWA and Lieutenant Imamoto had gone to the latticed window over the courtyard when they first heard the lepers' song. They saw the first soldiers retreat through the gate. They knocked open the window and shouted orders into the tumult, but their voices were not heard.

The swift unrolling of the scene below staggered them. "What is happening? What is happening?" Major Hikawa shrilled over and over at Imamoto, as though his adjutant should know. It was all over in a few minutes. Not a soldier was left to defend the place when Brother Fabian and his five followers invaded the house.

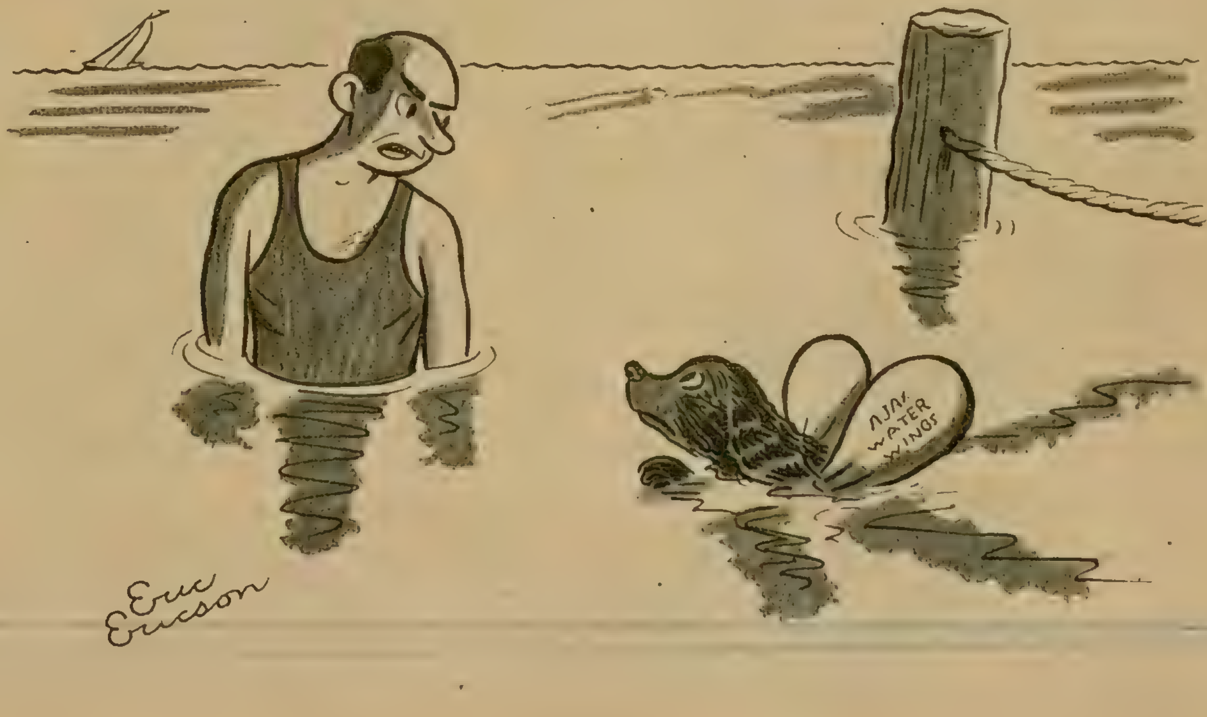
Imamoto threw the bolt on the door, the only entrance to the room, and then retreated with Hikawa to the opposite wall. With pistols drawn, they waited until the door burst open and then fired rapidly. Dead and dying piled the doorway. Brother Fabian, still holding his big crucifix, was the last to die.

Blood was streaming down his face as he crossed the room. Major Hikawa huddled against the wall, blubbering like a hysterical child.

"We are the dead," Brother Fabian shouted, raising his cross. "You shall not rest!"

Imamoto grabbed up the major's saber from the floor, lunged across the table and ran it through the old man's breast. He fell

(Continued on page 88)



"Heck of a water spaniel *you* are!"

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It's a rare experience, this drink called Plantation. Few first tasters can define their reactions.
You'll hear it mentioned as recalling a smooth liqueur. You'll find some speak of its body as "deep and rich, suggestive of great American whiskies." They will mention a boldness that makes them think of fine brandy. Plantation reveals itself magnificently in Old Fashioneds . . . Highballs and Manhattans . . . or drink it straight.

PLANTATION DISTILLED PRODUCTS, INC., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LIFE IS PLEASANT WITH PLANTATIO

(*Continued from page 86*)

with his pine-tree cross beside him. At last the lepers of Forever Peaceful Hill had found deliverance.

THE following day Major Hikawa, with Lieutenant Imamoto assisting, completed his report to zone headquarters. The major signed it with his little ivory seal, knowing that would be the last time he'd use it.

"You will forward this by the first courier," the major ordered.

"Yes, sir," Imamoto replied with a bow.

He paused at the doorway.

Hikawa dared not face him.

"Shall I make the preparations, sir?" Imamoto asked.

The major knew what he meant.

"I would be honored to assist you, sir," Imamoto added.

Major Hikawa had been waiting for this. He nodded assent without looking up.

"Yes, lieutenant, please make the preparations."

Imamoto still lingered at the door.

"Unfortunately, sir, none of the officers has the proper weapon—the *wahazashi*. I have already inquired. I assume, sir, you have none."

"What does it matter? I have my pistol."

"But, sir!"

Imamoto was horrified.

"Field conditions are often difficult, sir, but may I suggest an alternative? What would be more fitting than a bayonet from one of our fallen soldiers?"

AND so it was arranged. A bayonet would be substituted for the ceremonial short sword traditionally used in the ritual of honorable self-destruction.

That evening, the room that had been the climactic setting of Hikawa's disgrace was carefully prepared for his act of absolution.

Like an acolyte before an altar, Imamoto set a vase of carefully arranged flowers on the table. He propped against it a framed photograph of the emperor. In the middle of the floor he laid a fresh straw mat and upon the mat he laid a bayonet, freshly whetted and polished. He placed a snowy white napkin beside the bayonet.

Imamoto bowed deeply, his palms on his knees, when Major Hikawa entered. Imamoto's bow was the obeisance of a fishmonger's son to the samurai-born. The lieutenant was almost overcome when the major invited him to drink a cup of *sake* in farewell.

"I trust, sir, that everything is arranged as you wish," Imamoto said, glancing proudly about the room.

The major nodded without looking.

"You know, Imamoto," the major said, "I am not sure of myself. My nerves have been shaken."

Immediately he hated himself for confessing.

"But you must not fail, sir. I know you will not."

The major remembered the story of his own father standing in grim attendance upon his grandfather. He would show this fishmonger's son how a samurai could die. He knew also that he needed this compulsion.

"You will take my saber," Hikawa ordered bravely, "and stand near me. Strike if I falter."

The major drained his glass and then knelt upon the mat. He took up the bayonet, unfolded the napkin and wrapped it about the hilt and upper part of the blade. Imamoto took the great saber down from the wall and moved to a spot beside and slightly to the rear of the kneeling man.

The major opened his kimono and took the bayonet with both hands. He placed the point to the left of his abdomen.

"I must not weaken," he said to himself. "I dare not."

He knew what he must do. He prayed for the power to do it. His palms were already clammy upon the napkin and perspiration dewed his forehead.

If only he could fix his mind upon a beautiful thought and then thrust—thrust without conscious effort.

He fixed his eyes on the photograph of the god-emperor, but he could see only a bespectacled man astride a white horse.

His mind rebelled. It screamed in silence that the point of a knife was against the flesh. His arms quivered. Then an insane hope, tempting him to dishonor, welled within him. He turned his head to speak of it to Imamoto, but the words never came.

The big samurai saber of the Hikawas came down in a flashing arc. . . .

I HAVE taken literary license to make the story hang together. There are parts of it I will never be sure about. Cassidy was a great help, but he didn't have the whole story. Ching-li and the schoolmaster Wang I never saw. They were reported to be working among the troops at a little town just within the border of free China.

Missionary records on file at Chungking contained no such name as Brother Fabian, but some of the archives had been lost in Japanese bombing of the capital. It was certain, however, that a leper colony had been established in 1897 near Wangtzemiao.

As a news story, the whole thing was under a cloud. No self-respecting correspondent would have dared to file it as news. It sounded like those natural accretions of fact and fancy. But Cassidy swore up and down that it was Brother Fabian who pried the bars from the window of the garden room.

Considering Cassidy's condition, I suppose I never should have talked with him. The doctors said he was suffering from mental shock and exhaustion. I had told them I would take it easy, and I did try to, but the kid got excited.

"I tell you it was Brother Fabian!" he shouted at me. "I saw his robe burning. He stood there and waved to me."

I wanted to ask Cassidy if Brother Fabian couldn't have been, in actuality, not a leper but a courageous Chinese guerrilla. After all, Cassidy had seen nothing of the battle in front of the magistrate's house. But the nurse raised her hand, back of the kid, and beckoned me from the room.

The whole story was too much to believe, I say, until weeks afterward I heard Radio Tokyo broadcast a short dispatch from the China front.

"The garrison force at Wangtzemiao, in order to facilitate punitive measures, has withdrawn," the dispatch said.

"Captain Imamoto, the garrison commander, reported that the civilian population in recent days had engaged in sabotage and various acts of resistance.

"Following the withdrawal of the garrison force the Japanese Army Air Force was ordered to destroy the town. This has been done."

It was almost as if the lepers of Forever Peaceful Hill had taught Wangtzemiao how to resist.

THE END

HOLD IT!

This copy of Liberty is valuable. Save it to help lick a No. 1 war-material shortage—paper! Pack it along with all other magazines, cartons, wastebasket scraps, and newspapers. Turn it in to help wrap the 700,000 crucially needed war items that must travel to the Pacific fronts wrapped in paper. Every scrap helps!

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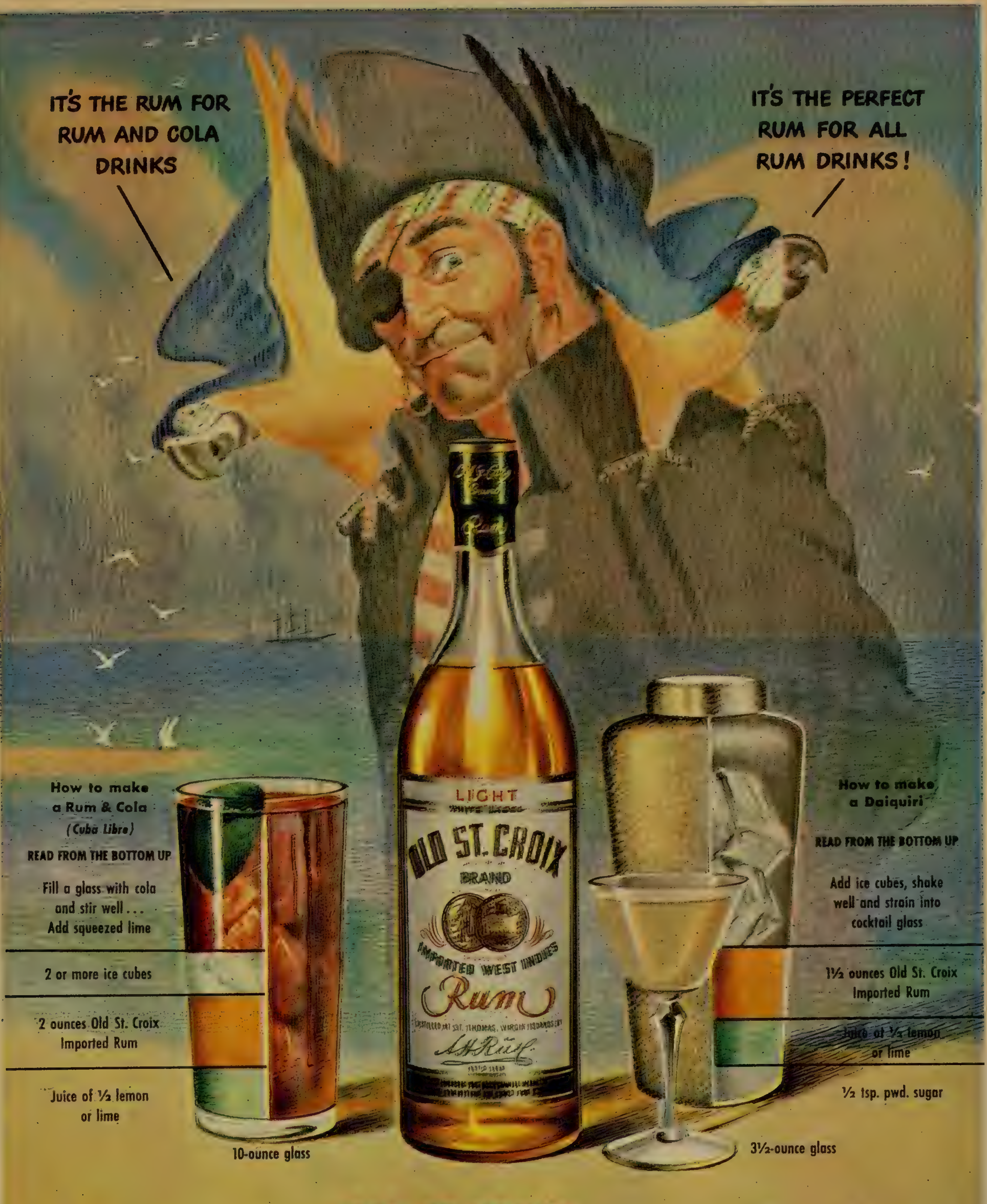
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Rum
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How to make a Rum & Cola
(Cuba Libre)

READ FROM THE BOTTOM UP

Fill a glass with cola and stir well . . . Add squeezed lime

2 or more ice cubes

2 ounces Old St. Croix Imported Rum

Juice of ½ lemon or lime

10-ounce glass

How to make a Daiquiri

READ FROM THE BOTTOM UP

Add ice cubes, shake well and strain into cocktail glass

1½ ounces Old St. Croix Imported Rum

Juice of ½ lemon or lime

½ tsp. pwd. sugar

3½-ounce glass

Every Drink's a Joy with **OLD ST. CROIX** *because the Flavor Stands Up*

(PRONOUNCED SAINT CROY)

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Imported Rum

SINCE 1838

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DAVID O. SELZNICK
presents
INGRID
BERGMAN
in her first picture since winning the Academy Award
GREGORY
PECK
in
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
SPELLBOUND
Screen Play by Ben Hecht
Released thru United Artists
A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL
picture

LIBERTY GOES

Fred MacMurray and Lynn Bari as Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Rickenbacker, *circa* 1910.

CAPTAIN EDDIE

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Fred MacMurray, Lynn Bari, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Nolan, James Gleason

CAPTAIN EDDIE is the biography of a machine-made man who once thrilled his playmates by flying off a barn roof in a baby carriage and, forty-three years later, thrilled a nation by surviving twenty-one days in a raft on the Pacific. The picture covers the time between these two events in a sweeping panorama of the years before World War I up to the present.

The life of Rickenbacker is as exciting as any story Hollywood could have concocted. It opens with the crash of a B-17, carrying Rickenbacker on a secret mission, and the floating of three life rafts. By memory flashbacks we are shown Rickenbacker's boyhood and subsequent life.

Rickenbacker decides, while still quite young, to make machines his life. An early fascination for flying almost proves fatal when Eddie pays five dollars for a ride in a 1910 Curtiss pusher plane. Upon his recovery his mother makes him promise never to fly again. He turns back to automobiles with renewed vigor. Prior to our entry into the last war, Rickenbacker was one of America's great racing drivers, and this phase of his life is depicted in a thrilling montage of racing cars, crashes, and victories. On the night of his proposal to Adelaide Frost (Lynn Bari) he is informed that the War Department has accepted him, and he is assigned to immediate overseas duty as General Pershing's chauffeur. His mother releases him from his promise and he becomes America's number one flying ace.

After nineteen days on rafts, the crewmen of the B-17 are despondent and ready to give up hope. But Rickenbacker reminds

Captain Eddie, leading U. S. ace of World War I, is decorated by the French.

Young Rickenbacker (Darryl Hickman) tries to fly from a neighbor's barn—result bad.

them of his last narrow escape—an airliner crash en route to Atlanta, when it was announced over the radio that he had died. Shortly after, a bird miraculously circles the raft and settles on Rickenbacker's head. He captures it and it is the first food the men have had.

Their rescue by Navy plane on the twenty-first day ends the picture.

Captain Eddie has to be classed as a biography, but it is an action picture from start to finish. Rickenbacker has his place in American history by reason of his exploits and narrow escapes from death, and Hollywood has recognized this exciting life as fine film fare. Beyond Rickenbacker's adventures there is a strong inspirational boost to the film, proving once more that the United States is the land of opportunity.

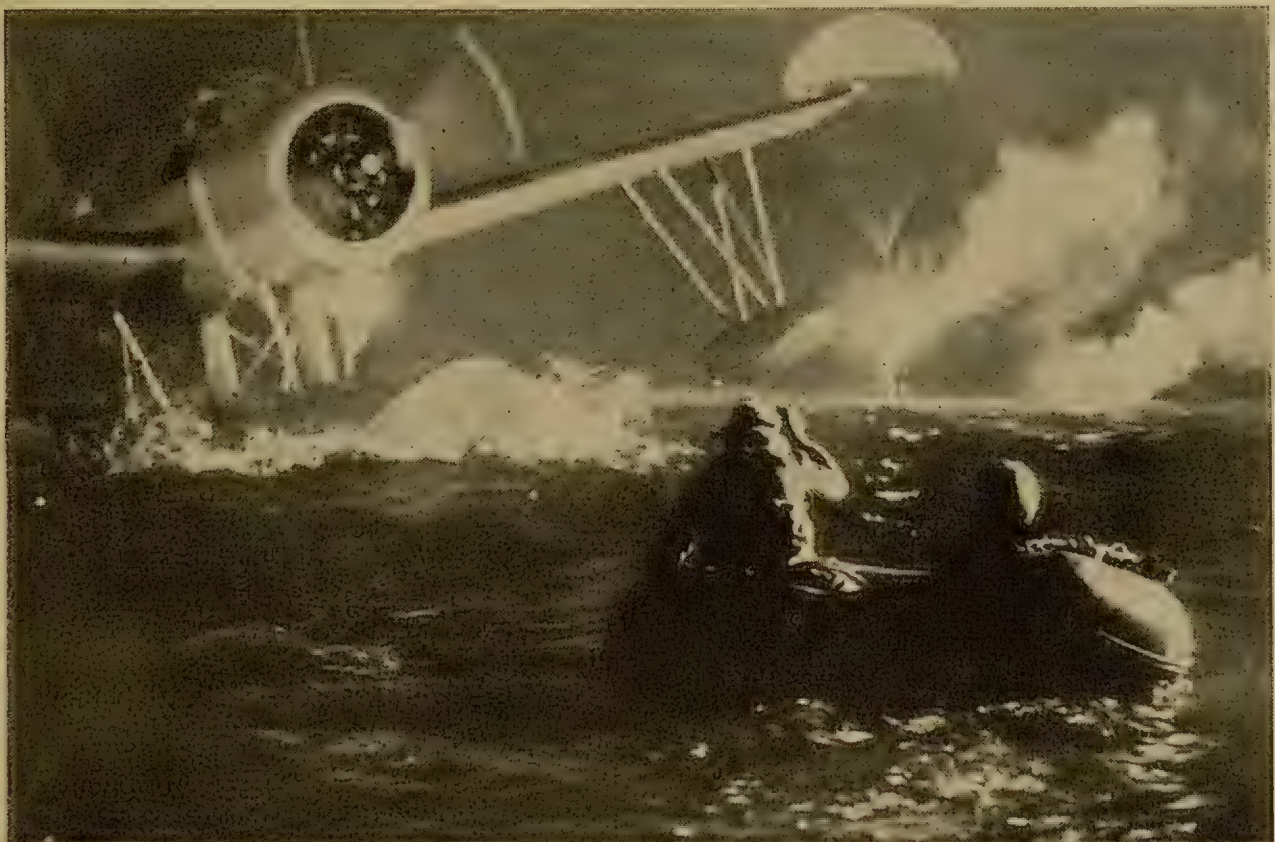
To average moviegoers, this is the story of a very lucky man; but to many American boys, it is the story of a man with vision who forged ahead from an obscure beginning to national fame.

The picture has to be accepted as fairly authentic, for Rickenbacker is still alive and healthy. It must be handy, indeed, for a studio to have the person intended for film documentation standing by as technical adviser on his own life.

To anyone who enjoys fast action, this picture is a natural. And to those who remember the 1900s, the picture packs a nostalgic punch.

Fred MacMurray does a convincing job in his portrayal of Eddie Rickenbacker, and the supporting cast move through their roles with easy grace.

Lynn Bari is exceptional as Rick's wife and sweetheart, and Lloyd Nolan does a nice job as a B-17 crewman, a verbal villain who finally understands Rickenbacker and life itself.



After twenty-one days adrift without food or water, Rickenbacker is rescued by the Navy.

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COOLER and CLEANER PIPE SMOKING

When conditions permit, cool, sweet-smoking *Kirsten* pipes will again be available at leading dealers everywhere. Right now, these fine pipes are all distributed by the armed forces to overseas service men. Scientifically designed, the *Kirsten* pre-cools each puff of smoke. Irritating tars and oils are condensed and trapped in the big radiator, leaving milder, sweeter smoke to enter the mouth, throat and lungs.

When you are able to buy your *Kirsten*, you'll be glad you waited!

Don't let up—
Buy War Bonds!

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THE Kirsten "RADIATOR" PIPE
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GO IN SWIMMING...

WITH TAMPAX!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation whatever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

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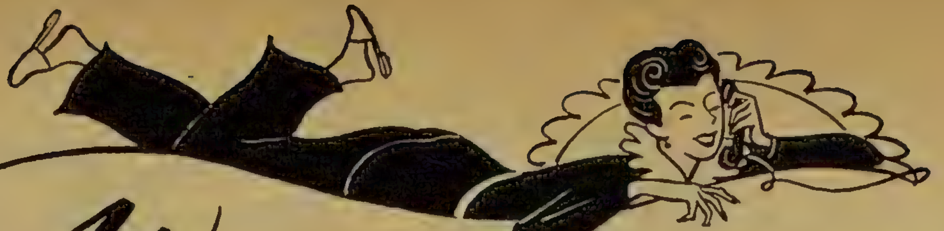
COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR

Regular
TAMPAX

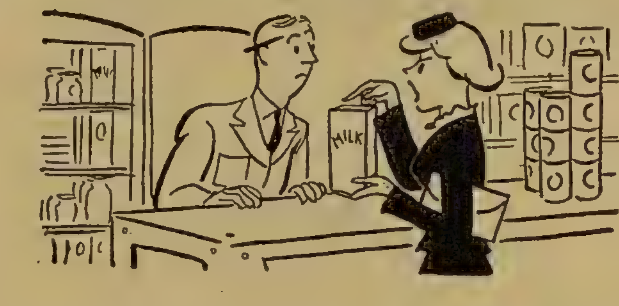
Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

Woman-Talk

TRUST DEPARTMENT: Brought up in the age of mass production, I have always respected and trusted the great chain stores and their principles. But when their principles skid, my personal trust department gets sadly disillusioned. I was about to pay for a carton of milk, plucked, self-service style, from a large refrigerator in a chain store, when I noticed the carton was stamped with Saturday's date, and here it was Tuesday! I asked the clerk two questions: 1. Where was the fresh milk kept? 2. Wasn't milk close to four days old pretty inferior stuff? He pointed to the refrigerator that usually holds cheese and told me I would find the fresh milk there.



"But, please," said he, "put this carton back where you found it. It isn't supposed to go sour till midnight—you know, ninety-six hours, or four days, after it is delivered." When I remarked that it was then late afternoon and that I wouldn't be using it until the next day, he merely shrugged. So, pals, from now on, I study the date carefully.

BLACK-MARKET ETIQUETTE: My conviction that housewives who buy black-market meat or poultry are both unpatriotic and quarter-witted was strengthened the other day in a sidewalk chat with a city neighbor. She was heading for her black-market butcher, she said, and was reluctant to go because he'd charged her $3.10 the day before for a stewing chicken that didn't weigh quite two pounds. "But," she whined, "before he told me the price, I asked him to save me some meat for today, and he promised to, and I wouldn't dare not go get it for fear he would never sell me anything else." Why she would want to perpetuate such a desperate friendship I wouldn't know. As for me, I'd rather eat soup, fish, salad, vegetables, and fruit than be so royally reamed. She added that anyone who asked or protested the butcher's prices was never allowed in the shop again, and that one man who exclaimed at an exorbitant charge the day before was told to "get the hell out." She admitted she wouldn't dare tell her husband what she had paid for the chicken, which had to be cooked in a Dutch oven for hours to render it edible. They finished it at one meal, and "he would have had indigestion all night if he had known it cost $3.10." It is true that honest butchers are more often out of meat than not, but I prefer to deal with them and eat meat less frequently. . . . While on the subject of honest butchers, let me add that my heart bleeds for them just as much as it does for us harried housewives in search of a chop. No butcher likes to tell a customer of long standing that he has nothing for her, and he is fed to the eyebrows with impatient cracks to the effect that he is playing favorites. I congratulated my own long-suffering meatman today when he gave an unruffled answer to an irascible question from a woman: "Haven't you anything without points?" Said he sadly, "Just me, madam, just me."

ENOUGH!—I'll be just as well pleased if I never see another bare full-grown female stomach, or midriff, in aggressively revealing play clothes and bathing suits. This questionable fashion should never have been offered in anything larger than a size 14 anyway. Overgenerous curves should be underexposed instead of overexposed. The worst exhibit I have witnessed to date was offered to the public gaze smack in the middle of New York's Broadway at Thirty-fourth Street, when a misguided woman strutted by in slacks, with a ducky little halter top above her unattractive bare midriff.

QUICK, HENRY, THE FLIT!

"Record the guests who have dined at your table by having them autograph the tablecloth and then, before your next dinner party, you can embroider each signature with stem stitch or simple outlining." —*From the Woman's Page of the Sun.*

Pray don't despair if you're unable
To deck the cloth upon your table
With needlework immortalizing
A dinner not too appetizing.

Why struggle to commemorate
Your tug of war to fill each plate?
Why sew designs to make you fret
For chickens that you couldn't get?

Besides, the guests that you'll invite
To dinner on some other night
Will read the names and badger you
To get their own included too.

SKIN GAME: Out of the welter of fine lotions and cosmetics concocted for susceptible summer skins by solicitous beauty houses, "Complexion Milk" especially appeals to me. Too lazy to struggle with an elaborate home make-up program, I am a pushover for any bottle that does three things at once. This particular lotion helps to ward off sunburn if used before lolling on the beach, and is soothing to a skin which managed to get burned before meeting up with the right lotion. What's more, it's an excellent powder base, it isn't sticky, and it smells wonderful!

IS IT RELIGION OR RACKET?

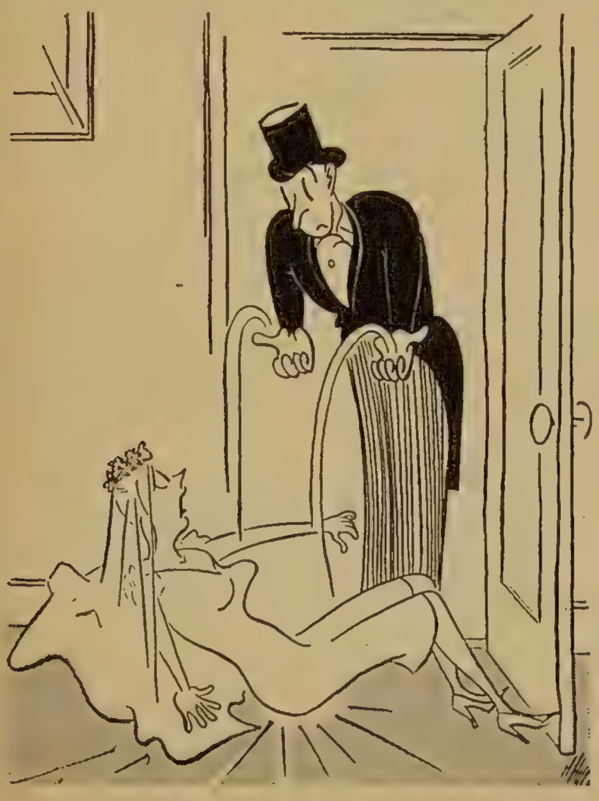
Continued from Page 24

Army's motto reads, "by doing good upon Earth."

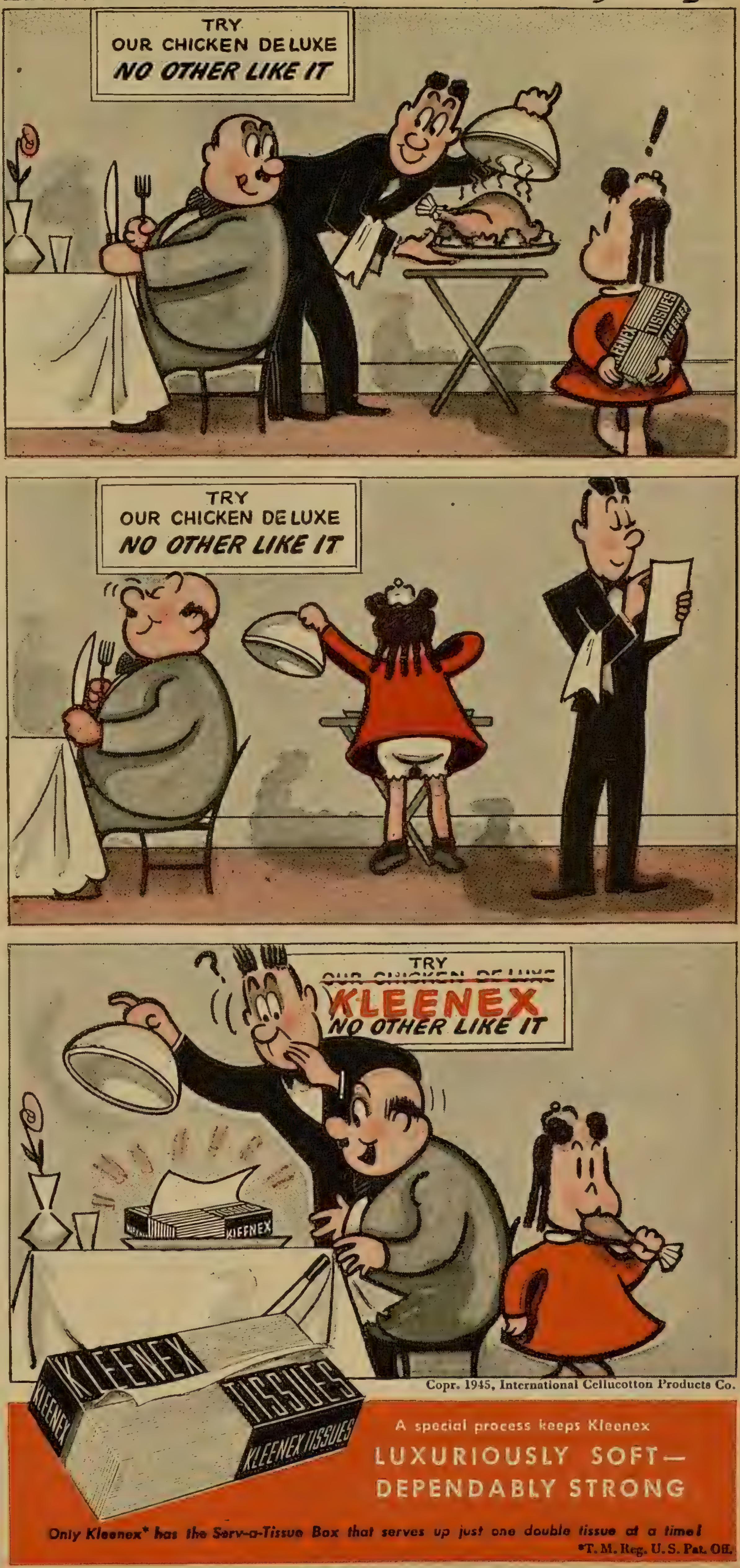
An organization known today as the American Rescue Workers is a direct, though illegitimate, offspring of the venerable Salvation Army itself. James William Duffin, the American Rescue Workers' head, has been rescuing himself from work in the usual sense since 1896. In 1900 he chartered the "American Salvation Army" in Pennsylvania, and, under pressure, he changed its name in 1910. The present operation claims to "labor for widowed mothers and fatherless children, preach the gospel, lift up the fallen, and work for God and humanity." Because of "irregularities," however, A. R. W. branches have been closed by authorities in more than twenty cities, most recently in Atlanta and Gainesville, Georgia. Its solicitors, with the approval of their superiors, have retained as much as 65 per cent of the money they collect.

IN 1943 the admitted public contributions to the Buffalo branch totaled $27,562.33. This enterprise is presided over by "Brigadier General" and Mrs. Richard M. Ives, whose income from all sources is reported at about $50,000 a year. During their A. R. W. tenure they have acquired the building which houses the mission, an eighteen-room boardinghouse, a second-hand store, a gasoline station, a seventeen-acre farm intended as a summer camp for children, four trucks, two station wagons, and two private cars—all listed as the personal property of the Iveses. The summer camp has never been opened, although a drive for funds was staged last year "to improve the site."

Philadelphia is wiser. In the Quaker City the American Rescue Workers are forbidden to solicit funds for charitable purposes. General Duffin makes his headquarters there, though, as does his son, John F., the national secretary. "Young" Duffin, fifty-one, took part in a local drive for books to be sent to servicemen. There was the usual generous response—59,000 books—but they never got overseas. Little Duffin — Junior — admitted getting $190 for 24,000 of them to be ground up into pulp. The other 35,000 were never located, though a few of them turned up



"Butterfingers!"



LITTLE LULU by Marge

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A special process keeps Kleenex

LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—
DEPENDABLY STRONG

Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double tissue at a time!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!

EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?

YOU NEED SHINOLA

● Alibis won't shine your shoes, so you might as well break down and admit that unshined shoes are not a pleasing sight. On the more serious side, you should keep in mind the fact that a shine is the sign of a healthy shoe. Regular shoe care means longer wear. And that's important to everyone in these days of shoe rationing. It will pay you to KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.

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BROWN
WAX LIQUID SHOE POLISH
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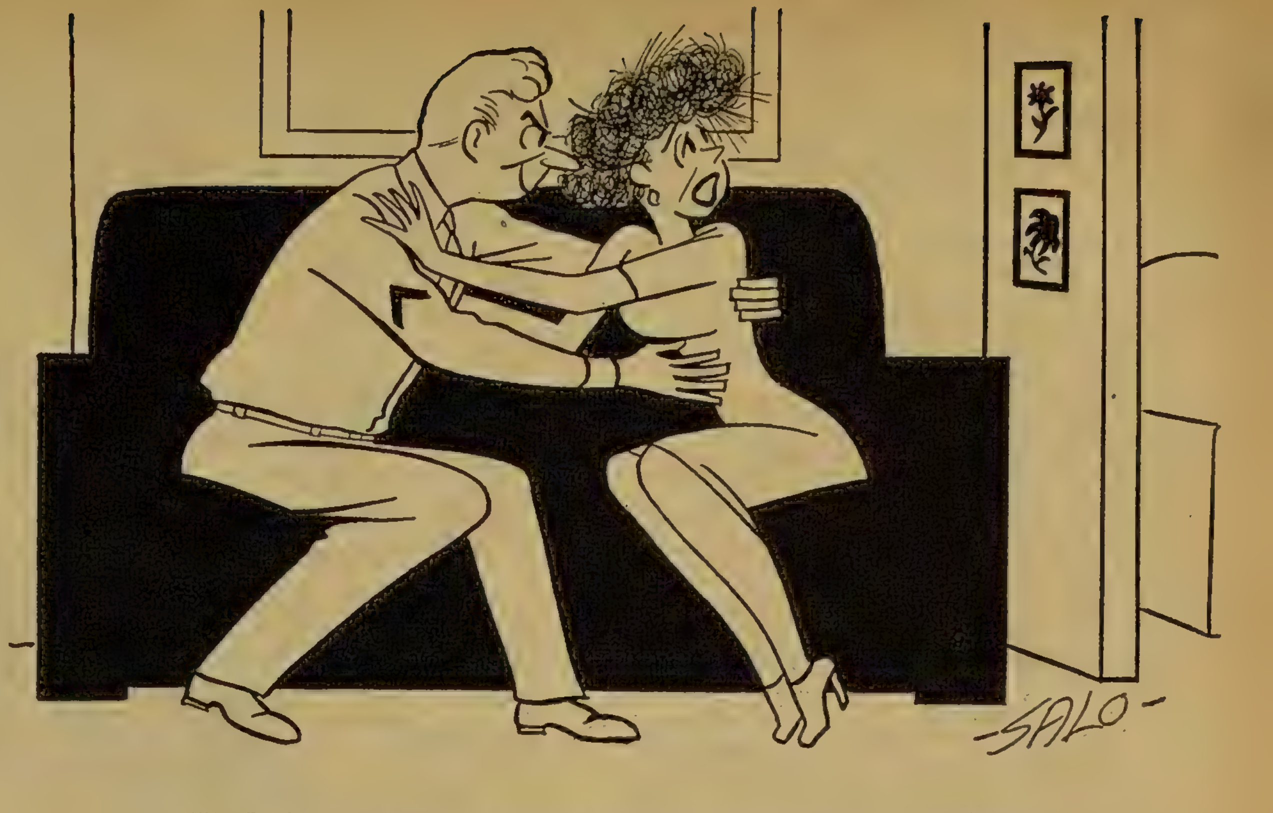
Sunburned LIPS

Sunburned lips are a kill-joy. Take CHAP STICK with you to the beach—the ball game—the golf course, and put it in your week-end bag. It's the gentle comforter *for dry, parched, cracked, feverish lips.* Especially medicated. Especially soothing. *25c.*

"Keeps Lips Fit"

FLEET'S
ChapStick



"Dad, do you know exactly what's in the G. I. Bill of Rights?"

in secondhand bookshops at nineteen cents each.

Another coast-to-coast hook-up is the Volunteers of America, whose affairs were made public when its Pittsburgh agent, Frank H. Wise, was up for income-tax fraud. National headquarters farmed out concessions all over the country. Each district chief was assessed a given sum; anything collected beyond that he was free to dispose of without accounting. Mr. Wise, on occasion, kept as much as eighty-eight cents on the dollar.

Another member of the family, Arthur, took in $14,000 in one six-month period as head of the Philadelphia branch. Of this, $1,750 was used for charity. When Scranton police picked up a solicitor who was collecting money "for underprivileged children," he testified that he kept half the take. "Adjutant" Fosso, the Scranton head, admitted that practically all the money collected for the underprivileged children had been spent "for other purposes."

A suspicious Buffalo citizen recorded a telephone conversation with a V. of A. solicitor who said the outfit was a subsidiary of the Salvation Army. The record was played back at headquarters—after which the V. of A. promptly fired the erring worker. In the neighboring city of Rochester, where the V. of A. maintain a continuous telephone solicitation, two of the solicitors had police records. Iowa refused V. of A. a permit because a previous financial report showed that out of $4,148 collected, $2,520 went for salaries, $342 for groceries, and $16 for direct cash relief.

ONLY when compelled by law do most of these so-called charities account publicly for their disbursements. Even then one might question their accuracy. Solicitors with criminal records aren't too precise about their bookkeeping.

Spurious "charities" often work through local promoters. Contracts with these gentry are of two kinds, both vicious: one allows the promoter a percentage—up to 75 per cent—of the gross, plus "expenses"; the other lets him borrow the name of the organization for a given period at a given price, and anything else he gets is his.

Once your name is entered on a promoter's "tap," or sucker list, it's there for life. The card lists each of your previous donations, and adds such pertinent information as "Won't buy tickets, gives cash," "Soft touch on religion," or "Don't ask for less than $50." Boiler-room operators frequently impersonate some prominent local personality on the telephone and solicit his acquaintances. They study his speech mannerisms carefully, and talk into glasses, through cloth-covered transmitters; pinch their nostrils, fill their mouths with food, go to any lengths for realism.

Once in the easy money, the average convert to this manner of life hates to work for his living. When mutiny split the ranks of the Samaritan Army in South Bend, Indiana, one erstwhile "major" renounced his title, became a plain "reverend," and opened his own mission. A second "major" got an appointment in another "army," this one working out of Detroit, and carried on at the old stand. A third officer began a hunt for a cheap vacant store where he, too, could start missionarying. Local authorities, convinced at this point that the deserving poor would suffer not at all by their absence, bade the trio move along.

SOME of these "missions" operate a lucrative side line by selling "certificates of ordination." In one case, the bishop's certificate cost $3.50. Duly ordained ministers are entitled to draft deferment, reduced fares on railroads, and other perquisites. New York City's Welfare Department has records of fifty religious corporations which would ordain a minister for two dollars or a bishop for five. Graduates of these diploma mills may be found at the head of hundreds of independent "missions" from coast to coast—but not, you may be sure, on the approved lists of charities in their localities.

Last year Los Angeles had more than 1,000 applications for permission to solicit for charitable purposes. The money-raising expense of the Red Cross was 2.25 per cent; for the War Chest, 4 per cent. All others averaged 19.3 per cent, and ranged from zero to 100 per cent plus. In other words, some showed deficits, many of them intentional.

Here are a few of the hundreds of "religious" phonies that have had their day in court over the country:

"The Reverend" John R. Raines, who operated the Goodwill Gospel Mission in Baltimore with an income close to $1,000 a month, tried to convince his draft board that he really was a clergyman. His pious title seemed clouded, however, by a police record of twenty-five arrests and a sabbatical leave spent in the penitentiary.

Brooklyn's "Volunteer Rescue Army," which had an estimated income of $61,000 a year but spent not more than fifteen dollars a week for charity, tops them all for showmanship. From chapels all over the city it sent out bevies of "Jingle Jills," gay and pretty girls, to bring in the stuff that jingled. The Jills got half, a "major" got a fourth, and the remaining fourth went to the "general." Where was the charity?

Another Brooklyn enterprise operated under the name of American Volunteer Army, Inc. A uniform cap, a cup, and a license to beg in the name of the "Army" were issued to panhandlers for the flat fee of five dollars a week. The solicitor kept all his collections, but had to kick in another five each week to renew his license.

There ought, of course, to be a law—and there *are* laws. But they vary greatly with states and localities; they're slow-moving and without a serious bite. Pennsylvania places the maximum "overhead" for charitable solicitations at 15 per cent. Such a law helps, as does compulsory accounting for funds. But laws cannot cure, and must avoid working a hardship on honest religious ventures. After all, a *real* church is supported by contributions, and many honest preachers have entered their calling with little formal preparation.

THE real answer is for each citizen to be chary of the way he tosses his charitable dimes, quarters, and ten spots around. Even here one runs across surprising vagaries of human nature. There is, for example, the Pittsburgh philanthropist who became an easy "tap" for every pseudo-religious pirate in town. At the urgent behest of friends, he determined to be more prudent. He joined the Better Business Bureau and faithfully phoned for background information on every solicitation that came his way. Sure enough, at the first crack, he was under treatment by a notorious gyp, and the Bureau told him so. He was outraged.

"Do you mean to say that outfit's a gyp?" he roared. "Why, the scoundrels! The dirty blackguards! I've promised them $150, but after hearing this I'm going to cut my contribution in half!"

When threatened with prosecution, your usual religious gyp beats his chest in a frenzy of spurious piety. He'll scream "Religious persecution!" and quote the Bill of Rights, the Constitution, the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms just as if he had a right to their protection. Nevertheless, relatively few prosecutions ever really go through, and the citizen must understand that he can't depend upon the law to protect his charity dollar.

He can protect it himself, however, if he will take the trouble to make a brief investigation. In virtually every city there is at least one agency that will give you the information you need for the price of a phone call—the Better Business Bureau, the Department of Welfare, Chamber of Commerce, Community Chest, or a Solicitation Control Committee.

In the last analysis, only you can put such rackets out of business. A starved racket cannot live. Thoughtless and promiscuous giving not only feeds the old rackets but breeds new ones. Be generous to legitimate charities you know you can trust, but starve out the frauds.

THE END

* * *

A Nazi Storm Trooper met a stanch Yugoslav peasant. "What are you fighting for?" he demanded. "For liberty and bread," said the peasant. The Nazi spat contemptuously. "We Germans fight for honor," he said. The peasant shrugged. "Every one fights for what they haven't got."

* * *

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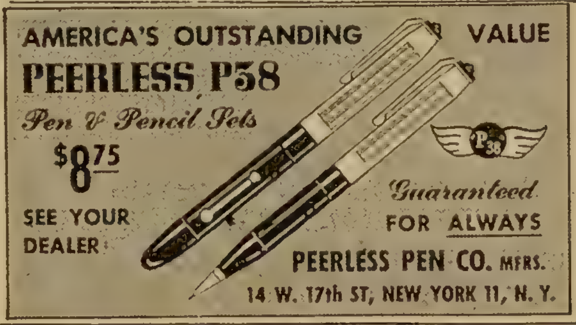
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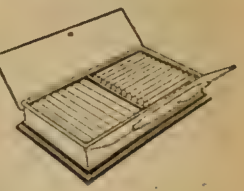
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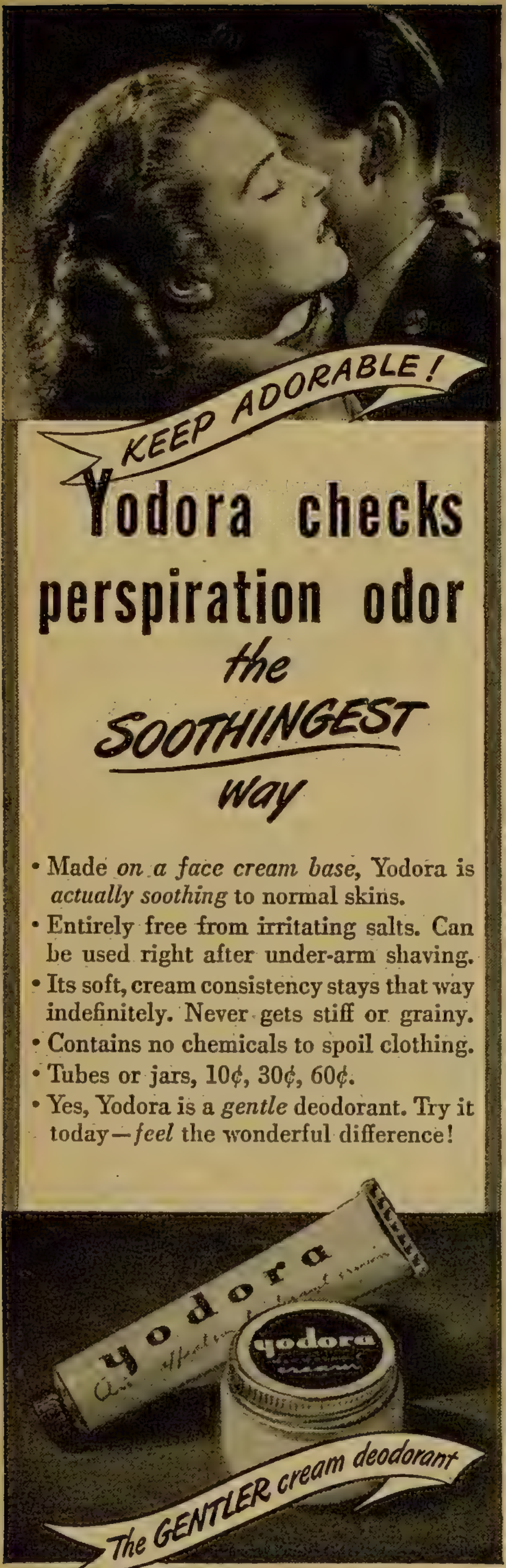
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Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Rub on a little Ice-Mint and feel the blissfully cool and soothing sensation of comfort that follows, as this frosty-white medicinal cream goes to work driving out fiery burning and aching tiredness. Grand, too, to help soften up painful corns and callouses. So don't delay—get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. At all druggists.

HERO BY DESIGN

Continued from Page 25

Kayo at Livermore, gave him thirty-five cents to eat on, and, for the first time in his life, imagined himself in a ring.

That was 1928. Six years later the boy was heavyweight champion. And at Max Baer's side, every step of the way up and down, was little Kayo, his alter ego.

Janic was a pretty good fighter himself, almost as good in the ring as out. He had sixty-nine bouts as a shamateur and 139 as a professional, only six of which he lost. He set a world record stretching one Leroy Romero in two seconds flat, very flat, and was the hottest drawing card in Oakland, with only one defeat in thirty-three scraps, when he suddenly and mysteriously retired.

Nobody could understand why he quit. He was only twenty-four, had flattened George Kasper in his last start, and he had no job or money. Yet he said he would never walk into a ring again, and he kept his word.

And nobody found out why until he told me, several years later. That explained many things—for instance, why he refused to go to anyone's home, even mine, and why he never took his hat off, and why he nearly murdered Frankie Limas one night because Frankie tried to knock his lid off.

You see, Kayo had started to become bald, and as the hair fell out, the ridges and scars of his dented skull became visible, and he could think of nothing else. And the sensitiveness of nature that had driven him from school and from home now drove him from the ring.

HE became a bootblack, a janitor, a bus boy, a bouncer. He slept in the park, in latrines, in car lots. He managed a few pugs, but most of them were like Duke Garber. "I'm not a fighter," Duke confessed one day. "I'm a lover."

None of the services wanted him, but Janic worked more angles to get *in* than the most craven draft dodgers did to stay out. He was finally sworn in August 12, 1942.

The town regarded him as a bum, a rogue on the fringe of the underworld, but to a couple of us he was one of God's noblemen. We sat up most of the night before he left at Bozo Miller's gaff, drinking champagne.

"I'm gonna be a hero," he said as we shook hands. "I'll come back da biggest hero in da Marine Corps, and all da jerks who call me a bum now'll slap me on da back and say dey knew I had it in me all da time. And all da dames who laugh at Janic now won't laugh den. Dey'll stand in line waitin' fer me to give 'em a tumble."

Pretty big talk for a little cripple, but somehow you believed it.

Most of us went overseas filled with apprehensions. But not Kayo. He went away with only one thought on his mind and in his heart: to be a hero. So he was. Life to him was as simple as all that. Just make up your mind what you really want —then get it.

JULY 27 was a clear day on Guam. Kayo's outfit, the Third Battalion of the Ninth, had marched eight miles from Cabras Island through Agaña to relieve the Twenty-first. Janic, weak with dengue, had been ordered back to the evacuation hospital by Major Hubbard, but Kayo felt a strange excitement in the air. He did not go back.

A platoon was sent to wipe out a nest of snipers; but after the Japs, commanding all vantage points, killed nine and wounded two, the outfit was withdrawn to figure a new plan. It was then, with the two wounded men lying helpless 150 yards away, that Janic told the lieutenant he was going down to give God a hand.

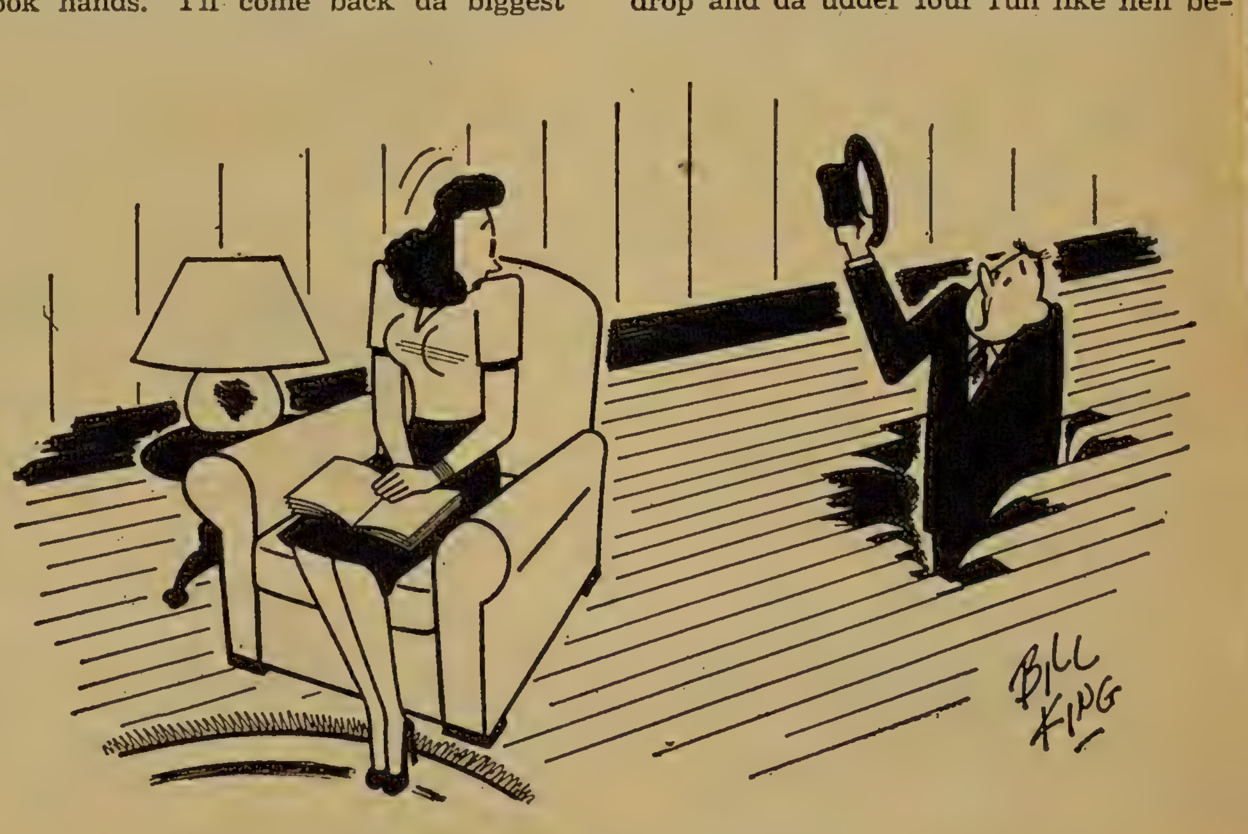
He had always carried two .45s, but now he wore neither, just a nine-inch machete hooked in the small of his back, so he could reach it with either hand, and a Thompson gun hung from his right shoulder and seven clips of ammunition. That's 119 shots.

He was in full view of the Nips all the way. They were hiding in the high kunai grass and in the caves, shifting and shooting from the ledges. Their dotted line of bullets kicked up the dirt all about him, but he stalked on. The shots came closer and closer; they were getting the range now.

"I started cursin' dem bums," he recalls, and I said, 'All right, ya bastards, now Janic goes to work.' Just den I hear somebody call out, 'Where you at? We're marines.'

"But dey don't fool Janic; dey're Japs tryin' ta trap any wounded guys hidin' and waitin' fer help. I see da grass move, and dere, a few feet in fronta me, are twelve of dem. Dey don't see me becuz I'm in da high grass.

"'Here I am, ya dirty bastards,' I say, openin' up my tommy gun. Eight of 'em drop and da udder four run like hell be-



"Mabel, I've just *got* to see you!"

A Problem in Multiplication

X 26,000,000 = ?

Take the case of John Smith, average American:

For over three years now, he's been buying War Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. He's been putting away a good chunk of his earnings regularly—week in, week out.

He's accumulating money—maybe for the first time in his life. He's building up a reserve. He's taking advantage of higher wages to put himself in a solid financial position.

Now suppose *everybody* in the Payroll Plan—everybody who's earning more than he or she needs to live on—does what John Smith is doing. In other words, suppose you multiply John Smith by 26 million.

What do you get?

Why—you get a whole country that's just like John Smith! A solid, strong, healthy, prosperous America where everybody can work and earn and live in peace and comfort when this war is done.

For a country *can't help* being, as a whole, just what its people are individually!

If enough John Smiths are sound—their country's *got* to be!

The kind of future that America will have—that you and your family will have—is in your hands.

Right now, you have a grip on a *wonderful* future. Don't let loose of it for a second.

Hang onto your War Bonds!

BUY ALL THE BONDS YOU CAN

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LIBERTY MAGAZINE

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

fore I can plug 'em. Y' remember what one of dem Greeks said: A coward is a stubum who in an emergency t'inks wit' his legs.

"Den I hear one of my buddies callin' me. He knew I was dere. Tommy guns talk different from any other.

" 'I knew ya'd come, Janic,' he said, 'but ya shouldn't. Get t'hell back while ya can, or you'll get killed.'

" 'Dat's my privilege,' I tells him. He's hit in da leg and his whole right side's paralyzed. While I'm tryin' ta bandage him, da grass moves. I let da bums have it and about twenty fall like duckpins. Dem bums don't like tommy guns.

"FIFTEEN feet away I find da udder marine. A bullet had gone t'rough his neck and dere's blood all over him.

" 'Save yaself, Janic,' he says, and I t'row him over my right shoulder. We hadn't gone t'ree steps when he hollers, 'Japs!' Right den I turned and wit' my right duke pumped my tommy gun. An' it wasn't a second too soon. I tore da Nip in two jes as he cocked his carbine. If my buddy hadn't warned me, I'd been shot in da back—me, Janic!

"Den I picked up da ot'er kid, but couldn't sling him on my left shoulder becuz I was hurt dere. So I fix his hands round my neck and drag him. I'd gone about ten feet when I see da grass move 'bout six feet away. I give 'em a burst. Only two dat time. I remember steppin' on da hand of one as we went t'rough.

"Ya don't remember many details, t'ings happen so quick. But we crossed a little creek and I kep' shootin' at da ledges. We musta gone forty yards when one of da kids slumps off. My damn back'd caved in. I rolled him in a hole dat was mostly concealed, den I took da ot'er kid up da hill and behind a tree where he'd be safe.

"Den I felt da grass move and I'm ready to give 'em a burst when t'ree Med Corps men from da Twenty-first stick deir heads out. 'I shoulda shot ya. Ya shoulda warned me,' I tol' 'em. Den I guided 'em to da two kids and watched 'em while dey gave 'em two blood transfusions. One kep' passin' out alla time but finally made it.

"Da Japs are still givin' us hell from da ledges, and jes before da stretcher bearers arrive I fire at my last mess of snipers. Dem twelve shots cleaned out da gun.

"I slept good dat night. I'd got what I came after. I wuz a hero."

When Congressman John Tolan said he would recommend him for the Congressional Medal, Kayo replied, "It don't make no difference whether I get it. Dere's two mothers who'll bless me da rest of deir days, and dat's better'n a medal. Anyway, everybuddy knows by now I'm a hero."

After he told me the story, I asked him the names of his two comrades.

"I dunno for sure," he confessed. "One was a private, I think his name's Melton. Da ot'er is a corporal. Somebuddy sez his name sounds like Stoosie. I never did find out deir first names. I call everybuddy Champ. Dey're marines, ain't dey?"

THERE it is, Ed. As common as corn on the cob? No, far *more* common. There are millions of Janics out there, millions of heroes, and lots of nice kids who at this moment are losing arms, legs, and life itself. Many are greater heroes than Janic, but nobody will know about them or hear what they have done, except maybe a pal or two. That makes no difference to them, dead or alive. They gave what they had, all they had, and if we who are left don't know what they gave, or why, the loss is not theirs but ours.

Sincerely,
ART COHN.

THE END

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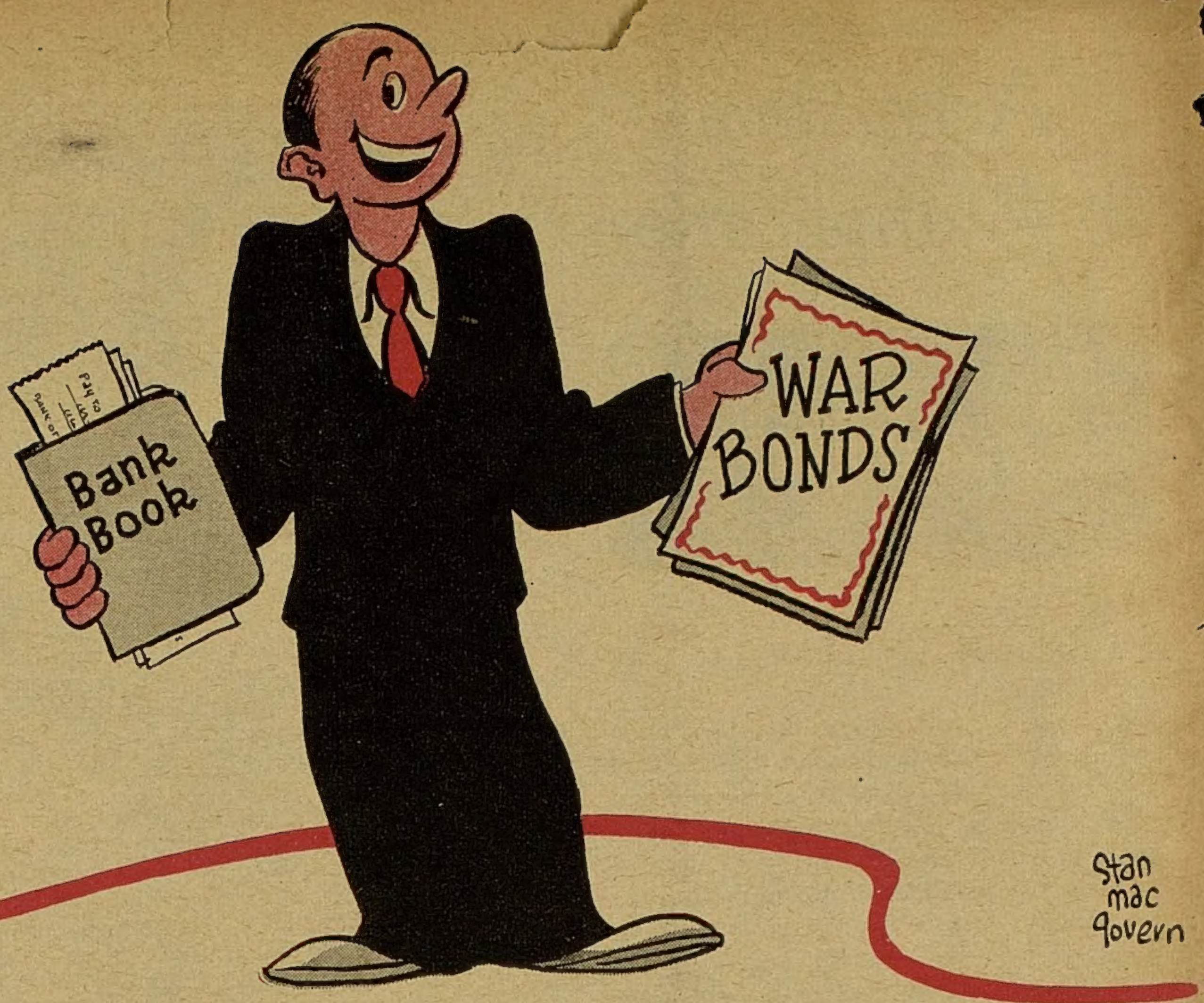


THE GREAT AMERICAN NEST EGG

EVER since Americans in sizable numbers began to find a dollar or two left in their pockets over and above the bare cost of staying alive, economists and theorists have worried over what they call the "inflationary gap." By this term they mean the amount of buying power in people's hands in excess of the quantity of goods and services available on which to spend it.

The boys with slide rules get into quite a dither for fear all the people with excess money will some day bust loose and start outbidding one another for everything in sight. A couple of years ago, when statistics first began to show there was considerable excess money around, this was an ever present topic of conversation among those whose wisdom is presumed to be so great they can direct the energies of us all so as to arrive at desirable goals.

Nowadays the term "inflationary gap" isn't in so much favor; presumably because none of the predictions of the economists regarding it have worked out. Despite piled-up buying power, continually piling higher, the public has not indulged in buying sprees and seems to handle its excess funds pretty sensibly. Large amounts have gone into war bonds of the E series. In addition, the public has probably participated to a greater extent than it is given credit for in the purchase of the coupon bonds of larger denomination. Much private debt has been liquidated and hefty sockfuls undoubtedly have been put away here and there.

But, though the term itself is not used much any more, fear of the inflationary gap persists. It should be evident by now, however, that there is less danger of inflation through the public losing its head than through the actions of government. Far from trying to outbid one another, people welcome effective price control. Far from having holes burnt in their pockets, most folks who have accumulated a stake want to hold on to it. They don't itch to spend their money on buying sprees, nor do they relish the prospect of using it to keep alive during reconversion.

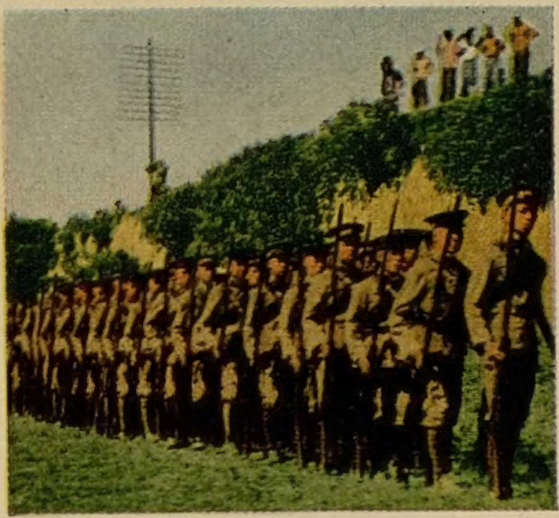
Men of experience with money have always maintained the hardest money to save is the first hundred dollars. After that it comes much easier. There is a certain psychology that makes people who get a little money ahead proud of it and anxious to add to it. They work harder, budget more carefully, and develop more of a sense of responsibility. It's a pleasant feeling to have a little money and most people like to see it grow.

Rather than spend time worrying about the public going haywire, our officials would be better advised to hold the lid on prices while facilitating in every way the start of peacetime production and jobs. If we can rapidly bridge the reconversion gap, the great American nest egg, possessed for the first time so widely, can be saved and made to grow

Liberty
... FOR ALL

The immortal story of China

1900 **WITH THREE** thousand years of history lost in antiquity, China is an up-again, down-again nation. At the turn of the Century, the "Boxers" fought Europeans in China and lost. This was in Corby's 42nd year of Canadian fame.



1928 **AFTER FORMOSA** and Manchuria were lost to Japan, and after seven years of Civil War, Nanking Chinese overcame the militarists at Peking, hoped to unite China under democratic government. China's star was rising as Corby's reached its 70th year of renown in Canada.

1937 **JAPAN FORCES** the "China incident" at Marco Polo Bridge; bombs and blockades Chinese ports. China began a retreating fight for existence. Great mass movement of people and factories to the interior took place in Corby's 79th year as a grand Canadian name.

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Reserve
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BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
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Look for me
on every
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CORBY'S

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PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*
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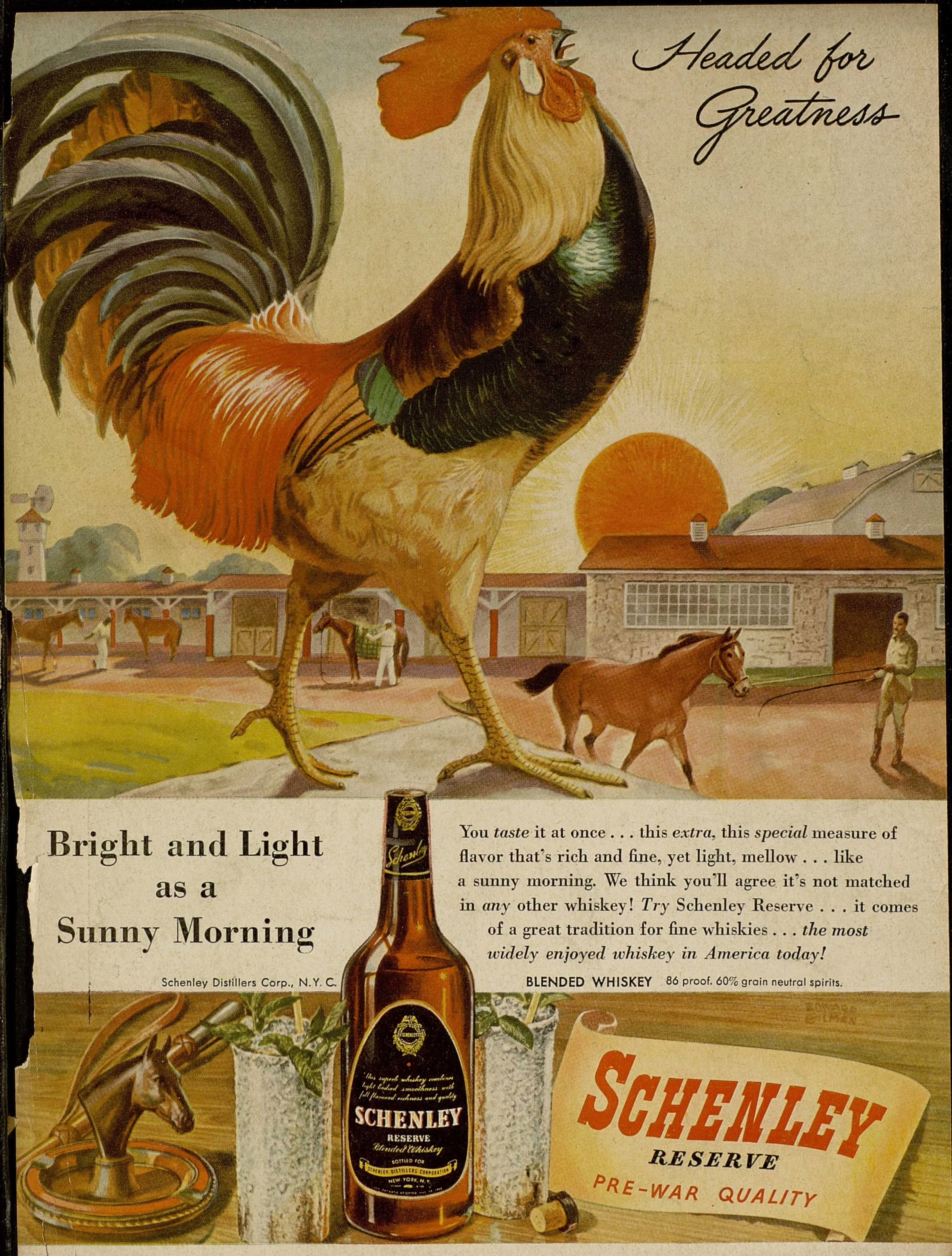

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